THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Spelling Reform

Last month we quoted an account of a panic in 33 A. D. from William Stearns Davis's *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome*. The same book calls our attention to the fact that the Romans suffered not only from panics but also from "spelling reform" enthusiasts. The Emperor Claudius was one. He undertook to introduce three new letters into the alphabet for the purpose of making spelling more scientific, but, as might have been imagined, this "improvement," though used in some inscriptions in his reign, did not survive its author.

O. Henry's Last Story

The January issue of *Short Stories* contains "Stickney and the Necktie," the unfinished fragment of the last tale written by the late Sidney Porter. As a general rule we do not care much for fragments of this kind, but this is an exception. True, it is just a little exasperating not to know what happened to Stickney. But if we do not have the tale we at least have the introduction, and it is an introduction very typical of the talented man who wrote it. The conventional advice to persons engaged in the work of writing short stories is to make introductions as brief as possible and allow nothing to interfere with the narrative; but there are exceptions and O. Henry was one. Rudyard Kipling is another. We should analyse the best story that he ever wrote, "The Man Who Would be King," as ninety per cent. introduction and ten per cent. tale.

A Suffragette Concession

Mlle. Marcel Tinayre was recently in London for the purpose of lecturing on the subject of the Parisian woman of to-day. During her visit she met Miss Christabel Pankhurst, and the French woman asked the English suffragette if she did not think that clever women were all the better for being pretty and charming. Miss Pankhurst said that she did. "But," commented Mlle. Tinayre afterward, "I am

FLORENCE BARCLAY

Miss Barclay's "The Rosary" has unquestionably been the surprise book of the year. As will be seen from the compilation of the lists on later pages, it has far surpassed all other books in consecutive appearances among the "Six best sellers."

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THOMAS DIXON AS HIS OWN LEADING MAN

afraid she agreed so readily partly because she did not understand French very well."

Perhaps it is because we have so much respect for Mr. Jack London as a novelist that Mr. London as a playwright,—or perhaps it would be more exact to say Mr. London as the author of the published play *Theft*—so thoroughly exasperates us. For, taken all in all, *Theft* is about as poor a piece of work as a man of talent could be guilty of perpetrating. With Mr. London's ideas of political economy we have no quarrel. They are the ideas probably held by most of the reasoning men of the country to-day. But for his exposition of them in the wooden characters, and the ridiculous situations of *Theft,* we have nothing but the most outspoken criticism. The purpose play is very much needed in this country, but first of all it must be a good play, which *Theft* is not. We suggest to Mr. London that before he attempts to give *Theft* a successor he re-

Mr. London's "Theft"

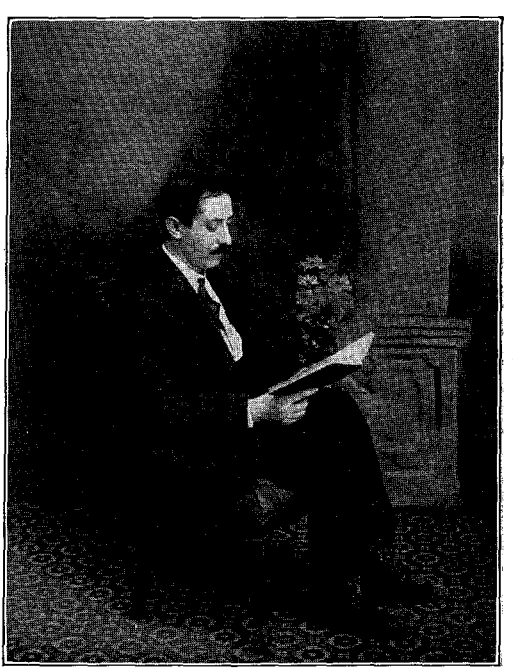
read the purpose plays of the younger Dumas.

Last year we printed a picture of Mr. Hall Caine showing the Manx novelist as understudy in a part in one of his own plays. Mr. Thomas Dixon has recently been playing a similar rôle. A few weeks ago the leading man in Mr. Dixon's play *The Sins of the Father* was drowned at Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina. There was no understudy for the part, and rather than have any of the dates for which the company was booked cancelled, Mr. Dixon, on the day following the tragedy, went on the stage himself. Newspaper clippings from various Southern cities in which *The Sins of the Father* has appeared seem to indicate that Mr. Dixon is far from being a poor actor.

Mr. Dixon on the Stage

Poets, nowadays, may be practical men, and their poetry is likely to be the result of determined morality, of an intense will to do their work well. Where is the old, Bohemian spirit of Henry Murger, the

An Anachronism in Bohemia



RICCARDO CORDIFERRO

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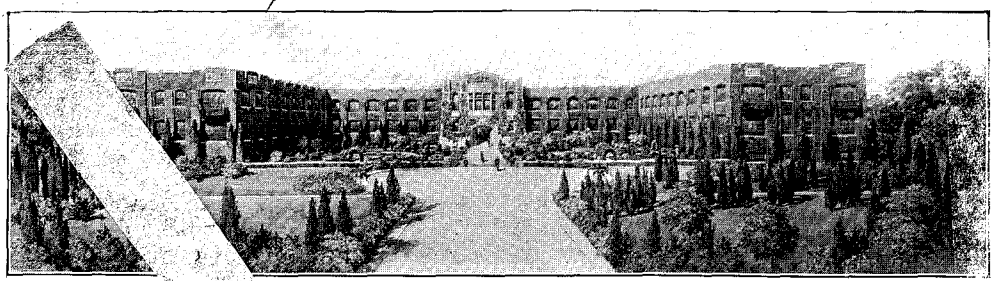

COUNTRY LIFE PRE[illegible] NEW HOME OF MESSRS. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY AT GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND

time-honoured belie[illegible] he poet must be more careless, [illegible] improvident, more unaccountable [illegible] ore unexpected than other men [illegible] ough the spirit of Murger may hav[illegible] me relatively extinct in our Ame[illegible] world, yet it has lived very vividly [illegible] certain groups of foreigners in N[illegible] rk. Even there, however, it shows [illegible] f partial decay, as it did even in th[illegible] pages of Murger's book, when the successful artists and poets would longer dine at cheap table d'hôtes.

The recent appearance of a volume of verses, in pure Italian, called *Singhiozzi E Sogghigni,* by Riccardo Cordiferro, published by the *Araldo Italiano,* covers a wide range of Bohemian, poetical creations, stretching back to 1893 and continuing to the present time. In 1893 was founded *La Follia,* an Italian weekly journal. Two brothers, recently arrived from the vicinity of Naples, were the editors, publishers and contributors. The paper consisted of two pages, mainly poetry, suggesting the spontaneous passion of the lower part of the Italian peninsula. Riccardo Cordiferro was the poet and his brother Marziale was the "practical" man. Speech was free, and after a while, Riccardo Cordiferro sometimes wrote his poems for the next issue of the paper from the interior of a jail where he had been unkindly imprisoned for criminal libel. Both brothers ate when they had the chance, and the appearance of the paper was in the hands of Providence, and, therefore, irregular. Gradually quite a little band of orthodox Bohemians gathered about the devoted pair, and the paper grew, Cordiferro pouring in his verses every day and the prose-writers increasing in numbers and "news" sense.

After a while, the practical Marziale actually married and, with a rapidly increasing family, began to lean toward the charm of the strictly bourgeois life. Also he made political connections and the Italian quarter grew. Now he has a house, servants, and is a prosperous person and is not often seen in the lowly cafés of the Italian quarter. He is a "solid" man. His brother, Riccardo Cordiferro, however, keeps the old traditions relatively intact. He is better dressed than of old and a little more regular, and the paper now has ten or twelve pages and many advertisements, and the temptation for a poet to see the eloquence of American ideas is very strong. Yet Cordiferro still nurses the Muse, and the present volume, which is a collection of poetry largely published in *La Follia* during this entire historical period, shows in the latter pages almost as much fiery spontaneity as in the earlier. And Cordiferro proudly maintains that, in spite of his clothes and the money he can borrow from his brother, he is still a poet at heart—a contention with a good deal of basis when one examines this book, so full of tumultuous feeling and lyric emotion.

Emily Putnam

The fact that before her marriage to George Haven Putnam, the publisher, Emily James Putnam, author of *The Lady,* was dean of Barnard College, lends an element of peculiar personal interest to her treatment of woman's social and economic status

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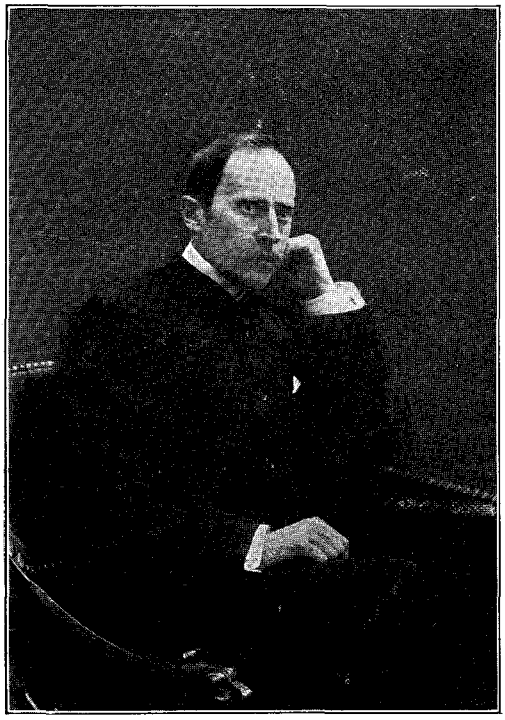
in all ages, especially when she touches upon the difficulty of "the female of the favoured social class" in finding a more independent career than is afforded by marriage. Miss Jane Addams, whose book, *Twenty Years at Hull-House,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, has found such a career as head of the Chicago institution which she established, and where her position is not unlike that of the Lady Abbess of the Dark Ages. Mrs. Putnam devotes a chapter to this type of the lady, and finds in her the most complete freedom of development that woman has ever enjoyed in European society. "The lady abbess is in some sort the descendant of the amazon," she remarks with the neatness of paradox and epigram which characterises her writing throughout. One would have thought that the headship of a prominent and well-endowed college for women would, in our day, provide something of the same opportunity. Evidently Mrs. Putnam does not find it so, or she would not have abandoned a position which, on the face of it, would seem to be so advantageous for the brilliant and ambitious woman. For her, the women's college of to-day must be a less successful institution from the feminist point of view than the mediæval convent. Indeed, she says as much, and attributes the inferiority of the latter to the fact that "the college for women has arisen at a time when colleges in general are under a cloud." However this may be, Mrs. Putnam's practical admission of the failure of women's colleges to change the status of the sex, and to achieve independence of man and of marriage, affords a striking vindication of Tennyson's "mid-Victorian" point of view as expressed in "The Princess."

EMILY JAMES PUTNAM



ROMAIN ROLLAND

Romain Rolland

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the English translator of *Jean-Christophe,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is responsible for the following account of its author, Romain Rolland, in his preface to the American edition:

M. Rolland was born in 1866 at Clamercy, in the centre of France, of a French family of pure descent, and educated in Paris and Rome. At Rome, in 1890, he met Malwida von Wey-

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senburg, a German lady who had taken refuge in England after the Revolution of 1848, and there knew Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledin, Rollin, and Louis Blanc. Later, in Italy, she counted among her friends Wagner, Liszt, Lenbach, Nietzsche, Garibaldi, and Ibsen. She died in 1903. Rolland came to her with Tolstoyan ideas, and with her wide knowledge of men and movements she helped him to discover his own ideas. In her *Memoires d'une Idealiste* she wrote of him: "In this young Frenchmen I discovered the same idealism, the same lofty aspiration, the same profound grasp of every great intellectual manifestation that I had already found in the greatest men of other nationalities." The germ of *Jean-Christophe* was conceived during this period—the "Wanderjahre"—of M. Rolland's life. On his return to Paris he became associated with a movement toward the renascence of the theatre as a social machine, and wrote several plays. He has since been a musical critic and a lecturer on musc and art at the Sorbonne. He has written Lives of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, and Hugo Wolf. Always his endeavour has been the pursuit of the heroic. To him the great men are the men of absolute truth. Jean-Christophe must have the truth and tell the truth, at all costs, in despite of circumstance, in despite of himself, in despite even of life. It is his law. It is M. Rolland's law.

France and the Woman

The other day two men were discussing contemporary French literature in the office of this magazine. Though both were fairly familiar with the field, they were forced to admit that they could think of not a single new man of promise who had appeared during the last year or two, with the possible exception of Romain Rolland. Rostand, it was agreed, had achieved his best work, and would probably do nothing more of equal importance to his *Cyrano*. It is a singular fact that the one writer whose books are looked forward to with eagerness as real literary events is the veteran Anatole France. As in London, so in Paris this is the age of the literary reprint, and the men who, a few years ago, were displaying exceptional talent, have disappeared, have died, have taken up causes of one kind or another—or have entered the Academy. Once, not long since, there was a "movement." Now there is none. The Dreyfus affair shattered it, just as the Oscar Wilde case broke up an analogous movement in England. In Paris to-day, whatever vital creative energy there is left seems largely monopolised by the women. Not long ago the Académie Goncourt, which has recently elected Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile

MADAME DE REGNIER

and first wife of the late Catulle Mendès, to full membership, refused to open its prizes to women, and the women, under the auspices of a woman's magazine, founded an academy of their own. The first woman novelist to win the prize of five thousand francs which it offered for the best novel of the year was Colette Yver, with her *Princesses de Science*. She is now one of the few French novelists of high rank. There are, however, many other women who write clever fiction, among whom may be mentioned Marcelle Tinayre, Daniel Lesueur, Myriam Harry, Pierre de Coulevain, Gerard d'Houville (the pen name of Mme. de Regnier, who is also the daughter of the late Heredia), Comtesse Matthieu de

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MADAME LUCIE DELARUE-MADRUS

Noailles, and Rachilde of the *Mercure de France*.

If women to-day have annexed the field of French fiction, they have not rested there, but have taken over that of poetry as well. It has been said that one reason for the recent falling off in the number of new poets is the opportunity now afforded for a class of intelligent and artistic young men in the delicate mechanical construction of flying-machines. Whether this is so, or whether it is merely that every considerable poetic movement, like that of the "Pléiade" or of "Symbolisme," is followed by an efflorescence of feminine versification, the fact remains that the new French poets of distinction to-day in France are largely women. M. Jean de Gourmont, in his *Muses d'Aujourd'hui*, gives portraits and studies of eleven of them. Some of the novelists are poets also, as in the case of Mme. de Noailles and Gerard d'Houville, who are the most distinguished members of this group. The former, particularly, though of mingled Greek and Roumanian blood, is a type of the French "grande dame litteraire," and holds an eminent place in the social as well as in the literary life of the capital. The masculine critics take her work quite seriously, though a few have poked some fun at the excesses of her sentimental nature-worship, and have represented her as swooning with emotion at the sight of a kitchen garden. All these women are sentimental, bizarre, and ill-restrained, and seem possessed to express the inmost secrets of their woman's natures. Perhaps the most extreme from this point of view is Lucie Delarue-Madrus, wife of the Dr. Madrus who has translated the whole of the *Arabian Nights* into literal French. She is represented by M. de Gourmont as carrying on the tastes of her Norman ancestors in her love of adventures and voyages. At one time she lived much in Algiers, and published many poems in the *Ahkbar*, interpreting the delights of the desert. Renée Vivien (the pen-name of Pauline Tarn) is a French woman poet who has died recently. She was of mixed race, as of cosmopolitan culture, drawing her inspiration about equally from Swinburne, Sappho, and the Norwegian. Her poetry expressed a curiously perverse and complicated spirit, and revived strangely exotic moods of femininism. More, perhaps, than any of the others, she was known to Americans, both personally and in her books, and she once visited this country. Then there is also Jane Catulle Mendès, the widow of the dead poet, who seemed to have an

JANE CATULLE MENDÈS

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affinity for literary ladies, since both of his wives wrote, and wrote well. A young American once called on Madame Mendès. He could speak no word of French, she could speak no word of English. But he presented her with his book of verse, and she presented him with hers, so the interview was, no doubt, thoroughly satisfactory to both of them.

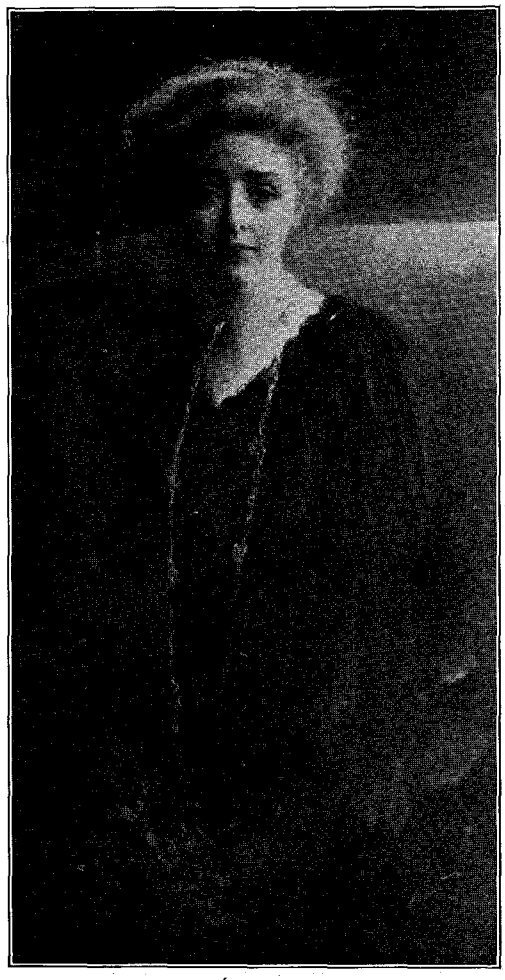
In Various Styles

We have received from Paris, from the publishing house of Bernard Grasset, a book entitled *à la Manière de,* by Paul Reboux and Charles Muller. It does not impress us as having any extraordinary cleverness, but it is a book that should be called to the attention of every one who has an interest in the curiosities of literature. A former volume of the same nature and with the same title was published in 1908, and according to the publishers twenty editions were needed to supply the demand. It must be borne in mind, however, that in France an edition usually consists of five hundred copies.

In *After the Manner Of* the authors attempt to imitate the works of a number of well-known writers, most of whom belong to the present generation. These imitations are in no sense parodies, like Thackeray's *Prize Novelists* or Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels.* For example, when, in "The Man With the Wax Ear," Messieurs Reboux and Muller attempt to reproduce the style of Conan Doyle and the methods of Sherlock Holmes they are sincerely endeavouring to keep as close as possible to the original model. Frankly speaking, "The Man With the Wax Ear" is not a success. The most curious feature of the volume is by all means "La Parure," by Charles Dickens, Edmond de Goncourt, Emile Zola and Alphonse Daudet. "The Necklace" is simply the old story by Guy de Maupassant which has been translated so often, incorporated in so many collections of tales, and so often referred to as summing up the absolute perfection of short-story telling. Here is the plan and the divisions.

I. A small clerk (Loisel). His wife wishes to go to the ball. She has no jewels. A friend (Mme. Forestier), very rich, will lend them to her.

II. The toilet. The ball. The hidden orchestra (as at the Countess de G.). The wife's success. Departure at dawn.



RENÉE VIVIEN

III. Return to the home. The necklace is lost. How return it? They buy one like it (40,000 francs); and naturally bills, debts, progressive ruin. The existence of paupers.

IV. Ten years later. Meeting with Mme. Forestier. (They have not seen each other since. Astonishment: "How you have changed!" etc.) Mme. Loisel tells all. Emotion of Mme. Forestier. "But my poor

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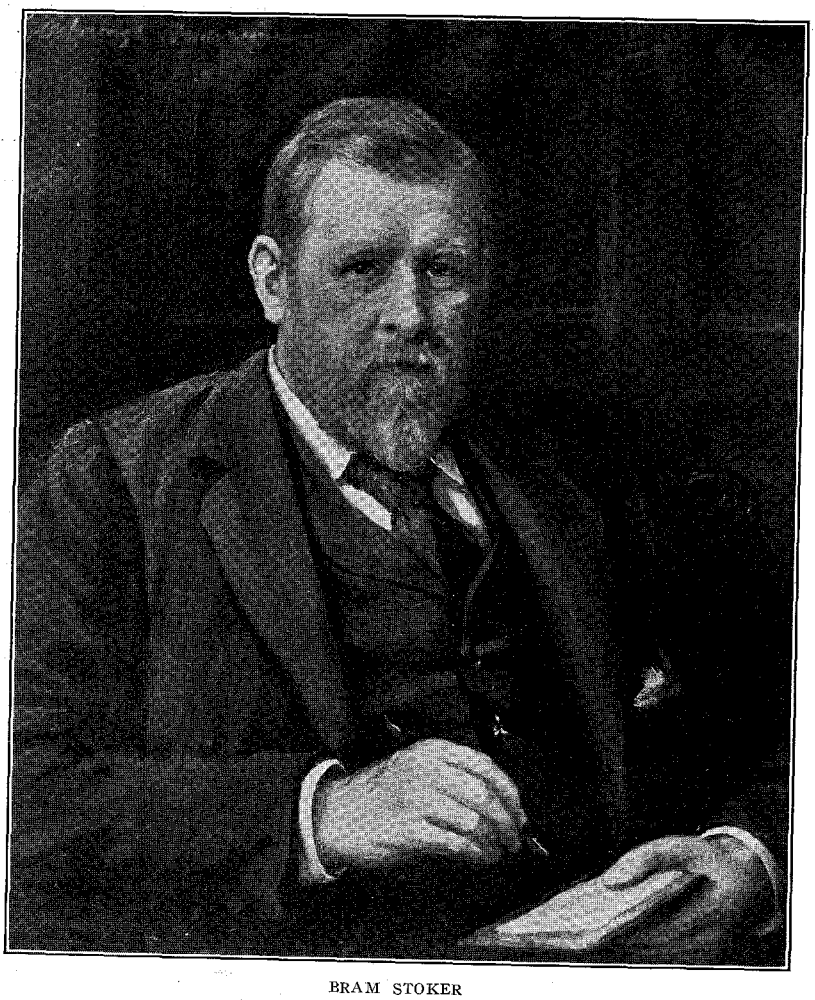

BRAM STOKER

Mathilde, the necklace was paste! It was worth at most 500 francs." (Conclusion.)

Each of the authors named takes one of these divisions. Part one is in the manner of Dickens, Part II in that of De Goncourt; Part III in the realistic tone of Zola; and Part IV in the style of Alphonse Daudet. The last named contributes an addition to the tale that should thoroughly satisfy all those persons who hold out for the happy ending. After Mme. Forestier has told of the small value of the original necklace Mme. Loisel rushes to her husband with the joyful news that they are rich. Madame Forestier returns the 39,500 francs that was not due her, and the Loisels buy a pretty little home in the country which they name after the necklace, and in which they live happy ever after.

The Real Mlle. de Maupin

Mr. Bram Stoker, in his *Famous Impostors,* recalls the fact, which we think most persons have forgotten, that the inspiration of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was a real person, whose life, if less coloured by romance, was quite as adventurous as that of the heroine of Théophile Gautier's strange novel. The Mademoiselle de Maupin of real life was a singer in the Paris Opera at the end of the seventeenth century. When very young she was married to a man named Maupin, but soon

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ran away with a fencing master named Serane, who taught her all his tricks with the foils, and made her an extraordinary swordswoman in an age when swordsmanship had an important place in social life. Possibly with the desire of giving this accomplishment a freer rein, the young woman adopted the garb and mannerisms of a man. In this disguise she made love to and ran away with the daughter of a Marseilles merchant. They were pursued, and sought refuge in a convent. Once inside, however, it was not so easy to get out, until La Maupin hit upon the device of hiding her companion in the coffin that had been prepared for a nun who had just died. Once outside, she set fire to the building to cover up her tracks, and they escaped to a neighbouring village.

There they remained hidden for some weeks, but finally an attempt was made to arrest the ostensible man. La Maupin's superb swordsmanship enabled her to kill one of the would-be captors and dangerously wound two others. Eventually she was apprehended, cast into prison, and condemned to be burned. But fate had other adventures in store for her, and soon she was back in Paris again, and a favourite at the Opera. Her life as a man had developed her truculent tendencies, and one day, being displeased at one of the comedians, she soundly caned him in the presence of the audience. Her violence grew with the years. On one occasion she went to a ball given by a prince of the blood attired as a man. As a result of a quarrel about a woman she was challenged by three different men—each of whom, when the consequent fight came on, she ran through the body, after which she returned to the ball. After another duel, in which she wounded her man, she went to Brussels, and lived under the protection of Count Albert of Bavaria, the Elector. When the Elector attempted to dismiss her, and sent her a sum of money by the servile hand of the husband of the woman who had supplanted her in his affections, she flung the money at the bearer's head and then kicked him downstairs. It is pleasant to learn that she finally got absolution for her sins, and died in all the odour of sanctity.

Perhaps the strangest and least familiar of all the tales which Mr. Stoker retells in *Famous Impostors* is that which he entitles "The Bisley Boy." It is founded on the curious tradition that Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England, was in reality a man, and that this explains all her eccentricities and her unwillingness to entertain any project for her marriage. According to the tradition, when the little Princess Elizabeth was a child, and her chances of succession to the throne were the slightest, she was living in seclusion at Bisley. Her father, Henry the Eighth, announced his intention of visiting her, but a few hours before his arrival Elizabeth was taken suddenly ill, and died. Those to whom the child had been entrusted were panic-stricken, and did not dare to break the news to the king. As it was impossible to find a little girl of suitable age and resemblance, a boy was dressed up in the princess's clothes, and accepted by the royal father, who had seen his daughter only two or three times during her infancy. The first step taken, retreat was impossible, and the Bisley Boy grew up to reign for many years as Elizabeth, Queen of England. Mr. Stoker professes to believe that the theory is really worth some consideration.

Best Sellers of 1910

Some weeks ago a New York newspaper whose chief assets seem to be a good cartoonist and a fairly entertaining humorous department, printed an editorial on the BOOKMAN's list of "best sellers." It was couched in a fine "the time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things" tone, and went on to say that the BOOKMAN was all wrong in calling attention to books that were in most cases ephemeral and sensational, and that if any books should be exploited they should be the "best" books and not the best selling. We have no fault to find with the editorial beyond the fact that it impressed us as being rather trite and dull. The contentions were as sound and as time-

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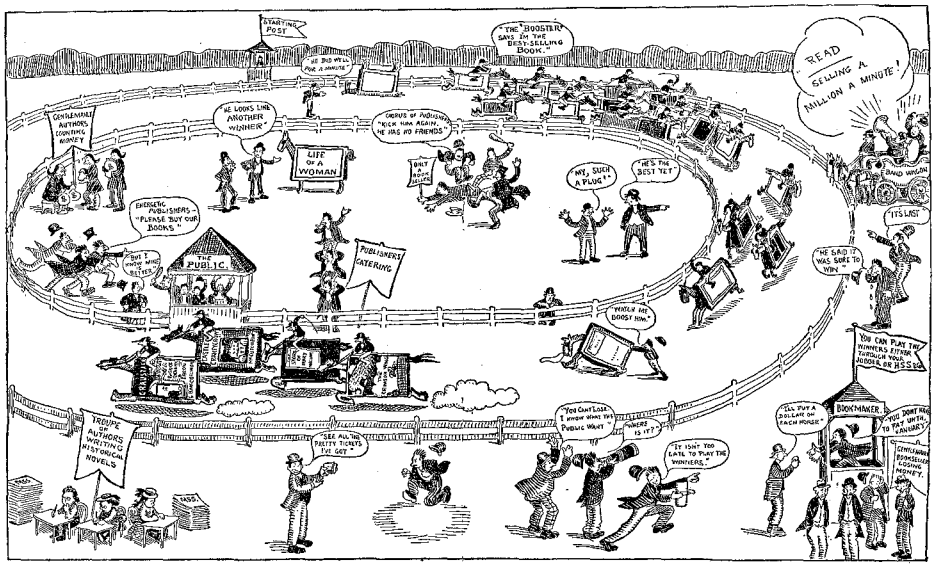
worn as the maxims of school-room copy books. We have no illusions about the BOOKMAN'S list of "best sellers" nor about this annual summing up which appears in every January number. To say in print that of the thirty novels which during a certain year appeared in the lists nineteen were written by men and eleven by women, or that in such a month Mr. Churchill's novel led Mr. McCutcheon's novel by twenty-four points, is not to produce literature of the first order. On the other hand we sincerely believe this summing up, stereotyped as it is, to be both valuable and significant. That it has some interest we know, because it is always so very widely quoted.



HORSE RACING AND BOOKSELLING. BY JOHN T. M'CUTCHEON

Courtesy of H. S. Stone and Company

There is nothing easier in the world than to be amused and sarcastic over a list of "best sellers." Neither cultivation nor literary perception is necessary. There comes a time, however, when common sense and common justice calls for some kind of retort. Obviously being a "best seller" does not make a book literature. But also obviously, popularity, like "rejection" in the slips that sometimes go with returned manuscripts from magazine offices, "does not necessarily imply lack of merit," and the "best seller" is often a great deal better book than some of us are willing to concede. Let us go back sixty or seventy years and think what a list of "best sellers" compiled then would have showed. In the England of 1847, let us say, such a list would probably contain two or three titles now entirely forgotten. But we are morally certain that Mr. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* would have appeared, and also the then latest book by Charles Dickens. A French list of approximately the same period would unquestionably have shown M. Eugène Sue's *Le Juif Errant* and *Les Mystères de Paris* as strong contenders, while the more enduring works of M. de Balzac would have had to be content with places rather far down. Then too very close to first place would have been found *M. le Comte de Monte Cristo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires* of the good Dumas. Fifteen years after Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* was the "best seller" of its day, as was Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* somewhat later.

Coming back to our sheep, we can say, as we have often said before, that the year has been respectable, but in no way remarkable. In fact, it has been just a good, average year. The last month of 1909 showed Rex Beach's *The Silver Horde* in first place, followed by George

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Barr McCutcheon's *Truxton King*. Then came William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man*, Harold MacGrath's *The Goose Girl*, Robert W. Chambers's *The Danger Mark*, and Robert Hichens's *Bella Donna*. Entirely a man's list. But the January list was a little more chivalrous. Thomas Nelson Page's *John Marvel, Assistant* was first with 195 points, and the books by Mr. Hichens, Mr. McCutcheon and Mr. Beach respectively second, third and fourth, and fifth, with Mr. De Morgan's *It Never Can Happen Again* sixth, but *Little Sister Snow* was third, and Mrs. Rinehart's *When a Man Marries* fifth. In the lists of the February number, Ralph Connor's *The Foreigner* held first place with 223 points, followed by *Little Sister Snow, John Marvel, When a Man Marries, Truxton King* and *The Silver Horde*.

The March list brought some decided changes. Mrs. Rinehart's *When a Man Marries* held first place by a lead of 42 points. *The Foreigner*, the leader of the previous month, was second and *John Marvel, Assistant*, third. Two new books, *Lord Loveland Discovers America*, by the Williamsons, and *Passers-By*, by Partridge, were fourth and fifth. Tied for sixth place, with 100 points each, were *The Silver Horde* and *Truxton King*. The contenders in the February lists were well eliminated by the time the April lists were printed. Only *When a Man Marries*, which occupied third place, remained. In the lead was *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*, followed by *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. *The Man Outside* was fourth, *Passers-By* fifth, and *The Calling of Dan Matthews* sixth. Although *The Kingdom of Slender Swords* was still the leader in May the lists showed some radical changes. Gertrude Atherton's *Tower of Ivory* was second, and *The House of the Whispering Pines* third. In fourth place was Florence Barclay's *The Rosary*, a book destined to enjoy a rather enduring popularity. Fifth was *Lord Loveland Discovers America*, and sixth David Graham Phillips's *White Magic*.

A new book by Winston Churchill had appeared, and in the June list it was not surprising to find *A Modern Chronicle* the leader with a total of 382 points. To indicate the immense advantage Mr. Churchill's book had over its competitors it is necessary only to say that the point total of the second book, *White Magic*, was 95. *The Rosary* was third, and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Merton, Colonist*, fourth. Tied for fifth and sixth places were Octave Thanet's *By Inheritance* and *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*. In July *A Modern Chronicle* was again first with 303 points. The success of *The Inner Shrine* the previous year had apparently not been forgotten, for *The Wild Olive*, by the same anonymous author, was second with 176 points. *The Rosary* was third, E. Phillips Oppenheim's *The Illustrious Prince* fourth, *Lady Merton, Colonist*, fifth, and *The Man Higher Up* sixth. The July order was reversed in August, for *The Wild Olive* had passed *A Modern Chronicle*, and held the lead with 274 points as against 232 points for the Churchill book. For the third successive month *The Rosary* was in third place. The other positions on the list were held by new books: MacGrath's *A Splendid Hazard*, Locke's *Simon the Jester*, and Watt's *Nathan Burke*.

In the September lists *The Wild Olive* was again first. *The Rosary*, which had been growing steadily stronger, was second, and *Simon the Jester* third. *A Modern Chronicle* had dropped to fourth place. Fifth and sixth were *A Splendid Hazard* and *Nathan Burke*. In October *The Rosary* appeared for the sixth consecutive time in the list, and this time it occupied first place with 281 points. Second was *The Wild Olive*, third *Simon the Jester*, fourth *The Window at the White Cat*, fifth *Nathan Burke*, and sixth *A Modern Chronicle*, which seemed to have run its course. In November, it was again *The Rosary*, first, followed by Mrs. Rinehart's *The Window at the White Cat*. New books by Robert W. Chambers and George Barr McCutcheon, *Ailsa Paige* and *The Rose in the Ring*, held third and fourth places respectively. Mrs. Thurston's *Max* was fifth and *The Wild Olive* sixth. The last month of 1910 showed *The Rosary* again in the

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lead, closely followed by *Max*. Mr. McCutcheon's *The Rose in the Ring* was third, and another book by Florence Barclay, *The Mistress of Shenstone*, fourth. In fifth and six places respectively were *The Window at the White Cat* and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's *Molly Make-Believe*.

JANUARY

1. John Marvel, Assistant..... 195
2. Bella Donna..... 149
3. Little Sister Snow..... 133
4. Truxton King..... 125
5. The Silver Horde..... 118
6. When a Man Marries..... 78
   It Never Can Happen Again..... 78

FEBRUARY

1. The Foreigner..... 223
2. Little Sister Snow..... 180
3. John Marvel, Assistant..... 162
4. When a Man Marries..... 156
5. Truxton King..... 119
6. The Silver Horde..... 116

MARCH

1. When a Man Marries..... 182
2. The Foreigner..... 140
3. John Marvel, Assistant..... 128
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America.... 127
5. Passers-By 125
6. The Silver Horde..... 100
   Truxton King..... 100

APRIL

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords..... 229
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America.... 177
3. When a Man Marries..... 92
4. The Man Outside..... 78
5. Passers-By 58
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews..... 57

MAY

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords... 193
2. Tower of Ivory..... 145
3. The House of the Whispering Pines.. 120
4. The Rosary..... 98
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America.... 90
6. White Magic..... 79

JUNE

1. A Modern Chronicle..... 382
2. White Magic..... 95
3. The Rosary..... 89
4. Lady Merton, Colonist..... 80
5. By Inheritance..... 66
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords..... 66

JULY

1. A Modern Chronicle..... 303
2. The Wild Olive..... 176
3. The Rosary..... 147
4. The Illustrious Prince..... 75
5. Lady Merton, Colonist..... 72
6. The Man Higher Up..... 47

AUGUST

1. The Wild Olive..... 274
2. A Modern Chronicle..... 232
3. The Rosary..... 201
4. A Splendid Hazard..... 156
5. Simon the Jester..... 146
6. Nathan Burke..... 87

SEPTEMBER

1. The Wild Olive..... 240
2. The Rosary..... 212
3. Simon the Jester..... 186
4. A Modern Chronicle..... 139
5. A Splendid Hazard..... 117
6. Nathan Burke..... 71

OCTOBER

1. The Rosary 281
2. The Wild Olive..... 202
3. Simon the Jester..... 140
4. The Window at the White Cat..... 110
5. Nathan Burke 88
6. A Modern Chronicle..... 69

NOVEMBER

1. The Rosary 266
2. The Window at the White Cat..... 162
3. Ailsa Paige 162
4. The Rose in the Ring..... 144
5. Max 87
6. The Wild Olive..... 65

DECEMBER

1. The Rosary 189
2. Max 185
3. The Rose in the Ring..... 117
4. The Mistress of Shenstone..... 115
5. The Window at the White Cat..... 83
6. Molly Make-Believe 80

This is one way of estimating the relative popularity of the books of 1910.

EIGHT TIMES MENTIONED

The Rosary.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

A Modern Chronicle, The Wild Olive.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

When a Man Marries.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

John Marvel, Assistant, Truxton King, The Silver Horde, Lord Loveland Discovers America, The Kingdom of Slender Swords, Simon the Jester, Nathan Burke, The Window at the White Cat.

TWICE MENTIONED

Little Sister Snow, The Foreigner, Passers-

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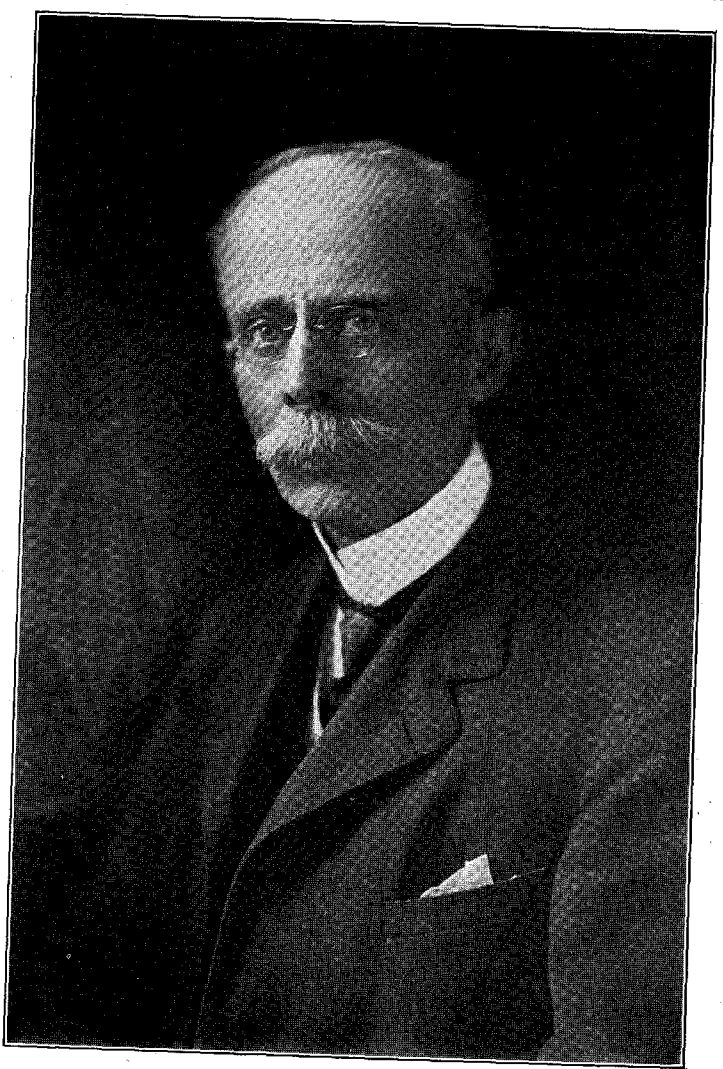
By, White Magic, Lady Merton, Colonist, A Splendid Hazard, The Rose in the Ring, Max.

ONCE MENTIONED

Bella Donna, It Never Can Happen Again, The Man Outside, The Calling of Dan Matthews, Tower of Ivory, The House of the Whispering Pines, By Inheritance, The Illustrious Prince, The Man Higher Up, Ailsa Paige, The Mistress of Shenstone, Molly Make-Believe.



JOHNSON BRIGHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER IN LITERATURE"

In the lists for 1910 thirty-two books were represented as against twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six in 1908, thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905, thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1902, twenty-nine in 1901 and twenty-nine in 1900. Of the thirty-two books of 1910 one, *The Wild Olive*, was published anonymously, and one, *Lord Loveland Discovers America*, was the result of a collaboration. Of the thirty-two known authors thus represented (including Mr. and Mrs. Williamson) eighteen were men and fourteen women. Eight and a half of the books are of foreign authorship, the half representing the English part of the Williamson collaboration.

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ALFRED DE MUSSET AND HONORÉ DE BALZAC
Caricature attributed to Théophile Gautier (1835)
(*Collection of M. Adolphe Jullien*)

Some Bankers in Fiction

Mr. Johnson Brigham, the State Librarian of Iowa, has written a book, *The Banker in Literature,* which is issued by The Bankers Publishing Company of New York. It impresses us as being a serious, conscientious, and comparatively valuable compilation. The third part of the volume is devoted to "Some Notable Bankers in Fiction," and in reading it we are forced to the conclusion that the banker, as such, has been subjected to some rather hard knocks at the hands of the novelist. It is not surprising that the two professions should have had little sympathy for each other. Men of genius, comments Mr. Brigham, cannot quite comprehend the importance given the word "collateral" by professional lenders of money. Balzac, always in financial difficulties through his extraordinary business ideas, naturally regarded the banker with no very favourable eye. For example, there was his Baron de Nucingen, who was the husband of one of the daughters of Père Goriot, who forced his way into society with his money, and was not very scrupulous as to how he made it. Another Balzacian banker is Turcaret, of whom it is said that "he bargains over art, beneficence, and love; he would bargain with the Pope for a dispensation." A more amiable banker of Balzac's novels is Monsieur Des Grassins, who plays a considerable part in *Eugénie Grandet.*

The bankers whom Thackeray describes are not quite so unpleasant as those of whom Balzac writes, but they are far from being of heroic mould. Indeed, in the person of the banker Sir Barnes Newcome, we have one of the most repellent little sneaks in all fiction. Brian and Hobson Newcome are respectable British citizens, and for all we know, men perfectly fair dealing in their transactions; but with the memory of their exceedingly chilly reception of Colonel Thomas Newcome no one will be inclined to think of them very warmly. In referring to Major Arthur Pendennis's advice to his nephew Mr. Brigham is guilty of an unimportant but curious little blunder. It is one of those odd little mistakes that somehow help a book rather than mar it, because it gives the reader the impression that the author is writing from his reading and not from his research. Four bankers are picked out from Dickens's characters—each one in a class by himself. First, there is the unpractical and entirely amiable Mr. Meagles of *Little Dorrit.* In the same book we meet Mr. Merdle, the forerunner of the modern captain of industry, who brings hundreds to ruin, and finally commits suicide by opening his veins in a public bath. In *Hard Times* there is Joe Bounderby, the banker who at the

THE EAGLES OF THOUGHT AND STYLE
Eugène Sue Alexandre Dumas
Victor Hugo H. de Balzac
From a Comic Drawing by Tony Johannot

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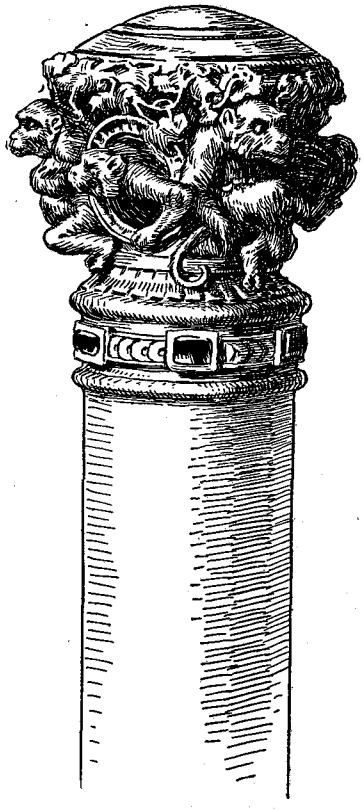
age of fifty marries the twenty-year-old Louise Gradgrind. Finally, there is Mr. Lorry of *A Tale of Two Cities,* a man of deep feeling, encased in the formalities of his calling and held to strict service by respect entertained for a great house.



BALZAC'S FAMOUS STICK

The most prominent banker in the pages of Alexander Dumas is the Baron Danglars, of whom the less said the better, for certainly a more consummate rascal never forged a lying accusation. Another melodramatic villain is Crawford of Bulwer Lytton's *The Disowned,* who was said to have been drawn from the notorious banker Fauntleroy, who was executed for forgery in 1824. The Rothschilds, the modern Medici, play a conspicuous part in the novels of Disraeli. In *Coningsby,* which Thackeray parodied so cruelly, the family is represented by the extraordinary Sidonia. In *Endymion,* the Rothschilds are known as the Neuchatels. The banker Torvald Helmer, the husband of Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House,* is an eminently respectable representative of a class. Some bankers in American fiction are J. Wetherby Stull of Frank R. Stockton's *The Hundredth Man;* Foster P. Blodgett of Paul Leicester Ford's *The Story of an Untold Love;* Norman Wentworth of Thomas Nelson Page's *Gordon Keith;* F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter* and Wescott's inimitable *David Harum.*

A New Balzac

While there have been a number of books about Balzac published in the last ten or twelve years, one cannot in reason resent a new one if it possesses any degree of merit. The latest one is from the pen of Mr. Frederick Lawton, who wrote *The Third French Republic.* It impresses us as being more an entertaining book than a profound study. Balzac is one of those men who is best understood after one has heard the ninety and nine more or less important anecdotes concerning him. His impetuosity, his enthusiasms, his extravagances, his avarices, his social and political ambitions, and the manifestations of these traits, all serve to throw light on the pages of his wonderful Human Comedy. Mr. Lawton's is filled with anecdotes and some of them appear almost new. The illustration of the book is really admirable. It shows discrimination, and a knowledge of what we think the kind of person who will best appreciate such a volume wants.

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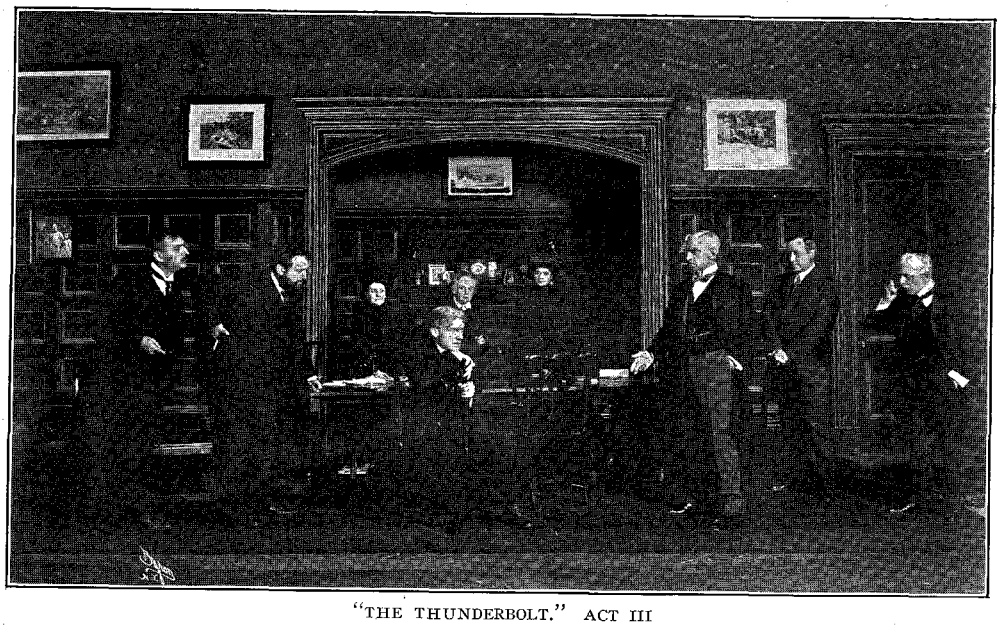

"THE THUNDERBOLT." ACT III

The thunderbolt falls upon the family council of the Mortimores.

PINERO'S "THE THUNDERBOLT"

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE can be no finer pleasure than to watch with understanding the doing of a worthy work that is done supremely well. This fine pleasure, which may be derived only rarely from the contemporary drama, is now afforded by the production at the New Theatre of *The Thunderbolt: An Episode in the History of a Provincial Family*, by Sir Arthur Pinero. This play was written before *Mid-Channel*. When it was produced in London during the spring of 1908, it was not rewarded with a popular success. The majority of theatre-goers judge a play not by its art but by its subject-matter; and in London the majority dismissed the story of *The Thunderbolt* as "unpleasant." The commercial managers who had acquired the American rights deemed discretion the better part of valour, and the piece, with us, had to wait for a production at an uncommercial theatre. During its brief career, the New Theatre has never done anything that more emphatically justifies its existence as an institution than to set this great work by our most eminent living dramatist before that minority of the general mass of theatre-goers who know enough about life to appreciate its penetrant veracity and who know enough about art to appreciate its technical perfection. In order to derive the fullest satisfaction from a great work of art, it is necessary, in the words of Edgar Allan Poe, to "contemplate it with a kindred art." Sir Arthur Pinero pays his auditors the compliment of asking from them an activity of mind that is answerable to his own. To call *The Thunderbolt* "unpleasant" is to confess an incapacity for those finer pleasures that are based upon experience and education, the pleasure of recognising truth in a wise delineation of life and the pleasure of following point by point the unfaltering development of a faultless pattern.

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There can be no safer formula for making a great play than to start out with a conventional plot and, while retaining most of its familiar incidents, to make the old fabric look strange and new by telling the truth about it. To populate such a plot with living characters so real that they assume dominion over it, and thus to shift the emphasis from the element of incident to the element of character, to reject at crucial moments the expected in favour of the true—in other words, to pluck out the heart of the mystery that has hitherto lain latent in the story—this is the surest way to achieve in the drama a work of original imagination. *The Thunderbolt* tells anew the old story of the lost and stolen will, and two of its four acts come to a climax in scenes of confession and cross-examination; but in Sir Arthur's drama this familiar plot is set forth no longer for its own sake, but rather for the sake of laying bare the inmost nature of the various members of a provincial British family.

The Mortimores—James, Stephen, Thaddeus, and their wives, Rose, and her husband, Colonel Ponting—are all (excepting Mrs. Thaddeus) well along in their forties and fifties. They are middle-class people, devoid of breeding and of education; but they are respectable and sturdy, and are generally esteemed in the small town of Singlehampton, where they live. They have been, in the worldly sense, only moderately successful—James, as a contractor and builder, Stephen as a local editor, Rose as a climber in London society, and Thaddeus (the most likable of the lot) as a professor of music. Their comparative eminence in their little town has given them a habit of assumption which they have found it difficult to maintain upon their slender means. The men have become brawling and embittered, the women incisive and acidulous. They had an elder brother, Edward, who ran away from Singlehampton at an early age and subsequently amassed a very large fortune as a brewer. They have always chosen to look upon Edward as the black sheep of the family; but when, in his last illness, he is persuaded by his solicitor to send for them to say a final farewell, they all rush pell-mell to his house in the city of Linchpool in the hope of inheriting some of the wealth that he has earned by the (to them) disreputable business of brewing beer. In the first act they are exhibited at a conference with their lawyers in a room immediately below that in which the dead body of their brother is lying. They have learned, with surprise and trepidation, that Edward has left an illegitimate daughter, named Helen Thornhill, a girl of twenty-four, now an art student in Paris, of whom their dead brother was always very fond. They have been instructed also that unless Edward has made a will in Helen's favour, all of his vast estate will fall in equal shares to them, the next of kin. A diligent search has not revealed the existence of a will. The situation calls forth all of the cupidity that is latent in their various temperaments. They argue, quarrel, agree, dissent, and reconcile themselves as they severally grasp at the money that an unexpected chance has dropped among them. When Helen arrives, they grudgingly offer her a curtailed allowance; and this she proudly and somewhat bitterly refuses. She, the only one among them all who knew and loved the dead man, will not accept any of his money as a charity from the harpies who are preying upon him.

A month passes, during which the solicitors advertise without result for information concerning a possible will. Helen is visiting Thaddeus and his wife, whom she dislikes much less than the other members of the family. She has grown very fond of their children. Mrs. Thaddeus is by far the best wife and mother among the Mortimores; but she has always been despised and insulted by her sisters-in-law because her father kept a grocery shop. This attitude on the part of her relatives by marriage has won Helen's sympathy for Mrs. Thaddeus. Furthermore, Mrs. Thaddeus has been very nervous for some time and has not been sleeping well. On the eve of a family conference to settle the estate, Mrs. Thaddeus breaks down and confesses to her husband that just before Edward's death she discovered in his safe a will in which he left all his wealth to a young woman in Paris—who was at

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that time unknown to her, but who was in fact his daughter, Helen Thornhill—and that she destroyed this will and cast the pieces into the river Linch. Her husband goes to the family conference, and, substituting himself for his wife in the story that he has to tell, flings this thunderbolt into the midst of the clawing, cackling harpies. They are completely stunned, until somebody discovers a slight inconsistency in the story that has been told to them. They then ply Thaddeus with questions which become more and more embarrassing, until at last he is broken down and forced to confess that his wife and not himself destroyed the will. Then everybody rushes to the house of Thaddeus to see if anything may yet be saved from the ruin of their hopes.

Helen, facing the alternative of sending Mrs. Thaddeus to prison, chooses to compromise and to divide the estate with the relatives of her father. Thaddeus and his wife renounce their share, but Helen insists that it shall be settled on their children. Much to the general disgust, she insists also that a share shall be given to a hospital in Linchpool in memory of her father. Her attitude, in this last act, is not magnanimous nor sentimental; it is merely generous and right. The play closes with a suggestion that she may ultimately find a life companion in a young curate, named Trist, who has been lodging with Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus.

This framework is decorated with a scathing satire of that sordidness which seethes to the surface of shallow natures when they are suddenly stirred by the prospect of a great wealth which they have never done anything to deserve. All that is mean and nasty in the natures of the Mortimores is called forth by the situation into which they are cast. Assuredly—to use the language of Macbeth—they make a sorry sight. Helen depicts them truly in the second act when she says, "But I'm sure it isn't good, morally, for me to be here. . . . If I remained here, all that's bad in my nature would come out on top." Yet, on the other hand, it is likely that most of the people in the audience who dare to call these characters "unpleasant" would behave in much the same way if they were flung suddenly into a similar situation. As Trist says, in the play, "Their faults of manner and breeding are precisely the faults a reasonable, dispassionate person would have no difficulty in excusing." And, as Thaddeus says, even more justly, in his final defence of his wife, "You've seen her at a disadvantage—a terrible disadvantage. Few—few pass through life without being seen—once—or oftener—at a disadvantage." The Mortimores are sordid and despicable people, if you will; but few people would show themselves otherwise than sordid and despicable if they saw two hundred thousand dollars hovering nearly within their grasp.

Technically, this play is notable in so many points that we can call attention to only a small proportion of them in the brief space of a review. In the first act no fewer than twelve people are introduced upon the stage, and scarcely for a moment are less than eight people gathered upon the scene. Yet not only is an intricate story completely expounded in this initial act, but also the characters of all these dozen people are intimately drawn, in a dialogue that flutters all around the stage in crisp sentences and phrases that reveal entirely the individual natures of the speakers. Only a playwright can fully realise the difficulty of this technical task and the grace of its accomplishment.—In the third act, Thaddeus tells over again, almost word for word, the story which he has wrung from his wife at the climax of the preceding act; and yet this second hurling of the thunderbolt does not strike the audience as a repetition. Indeed, the second telling of the story is, in the theatre, more effective than the first. This fact indicates conclusively that what is of chief importance in this drama is not the incidents themselves but the effect of the incidents upon the characters assembled. The audience listens breathlessly to the retelling of an already familiar story in order to watch the effect that it produces on the listeners upon the stage.—Whereas a lesser dramatist would have rung down his third curtain on the collapse of Thaddeus at the conclusion of his confession, Pinero appends a scene which is terribly

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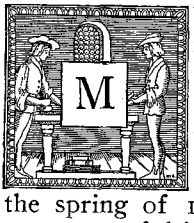
comic, in order to work out to the last hateful and laughable detail the effect of the confession on the other members of the family.—Whereas almost any other author would have succumbed to the temptation to sentimentalise over Helen's generosity in the last act, Pinero carries off the situation in a mood that is serenely stern. When Mrs. Thaddeus sinks weeping at the feet of Helen, the latter, in the very moment of forgiving her, walks away from her instead of helping her to rise. And, at the end, Helen suggests that no word should pass between the woman who has wronged her and herself for the next six months; after which —and here is the human point—she hopes that Mrs. Thaddeus will again invite her for a visit.

Humanly, *The Thunderbolt* is unique in many ways. It is one of the few great plays of history in which there is no love story. It is merely suggested that, at some time subsequent to the play, Helen may possibly fall in love with Trist. Not for a single moment is attention called to the fact that any of the other characters is, in the sexual sense, a man or a woman. This is, in modern art, and especially in the art of Pinero, a remarkable departure from the usual. Pinero's later plays have dealt nearly always with some intricacy of relation between the sexes; and all contemporary art is drenched with what—to use a German-sounding word—we may call sex-consciousness. In this, our modern art belies the modesty of nature; for in actual life it is only now and then that we are conscious of our sex. Most of the time we are not males or females, but merely human beings. And it is gratifying to observe a play in which all the people are exhibited upon the common ground of human nature, without awareness of diversity of sex.—It is especially notable, in *The Thunderbolt,* that the crime of destroying the will and the consequent crime of lying about the circumstances of its destruction, are committed impulsively by the two people in the Mortimore family who are, from first to last, the most likable of the lot. This is a very subtle point in the psychology of personal obliquity. Mrs. Thaddeus, who destroys the will, is a better person than the other women who merely profit by her crime; and Thaddeus, who tells an elaborate lie, has a truer nature than the brothers who detect him in his falsity. This great ethical principle, that people must be judged not by their unpremeditated deeds but by their abiding and essential personality, was clearly expounded by the wisest of all men, Dante Alighieri; but it is often lost sight of in modern art by men whose vision is less clear than that of Sir Arthur Pinero.

TOLSTOY AT SIXTY

BY NADINE HELBIG



MY love for Tolstoy is nearly half a century old. As a young woman I read *War and Peace,* later *Anna Karénina,* and in a decisive moment of my life, in the spring of 1887, two books made a very powerful impression upon me: Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan Ilitsch* and Thoreau's *Walden,* in which Emerson's friend so charmingly and so simply describes his hermit life in the beautiful woods beside the clear lake. I was overwhelmed by a longing to make Tolstoy's acquaintance, to enter into personal relations with him, and with inexpressible pleasure I availed myself of the opportunity that soon presented itself unsought. A young friend and neighbour of Tolstoy, Prince Simon Abamelek Lazareff, visited us, and promised my daughter and me to introduce us to him. In order not to come as an entire stranger, I sent to Count Leo

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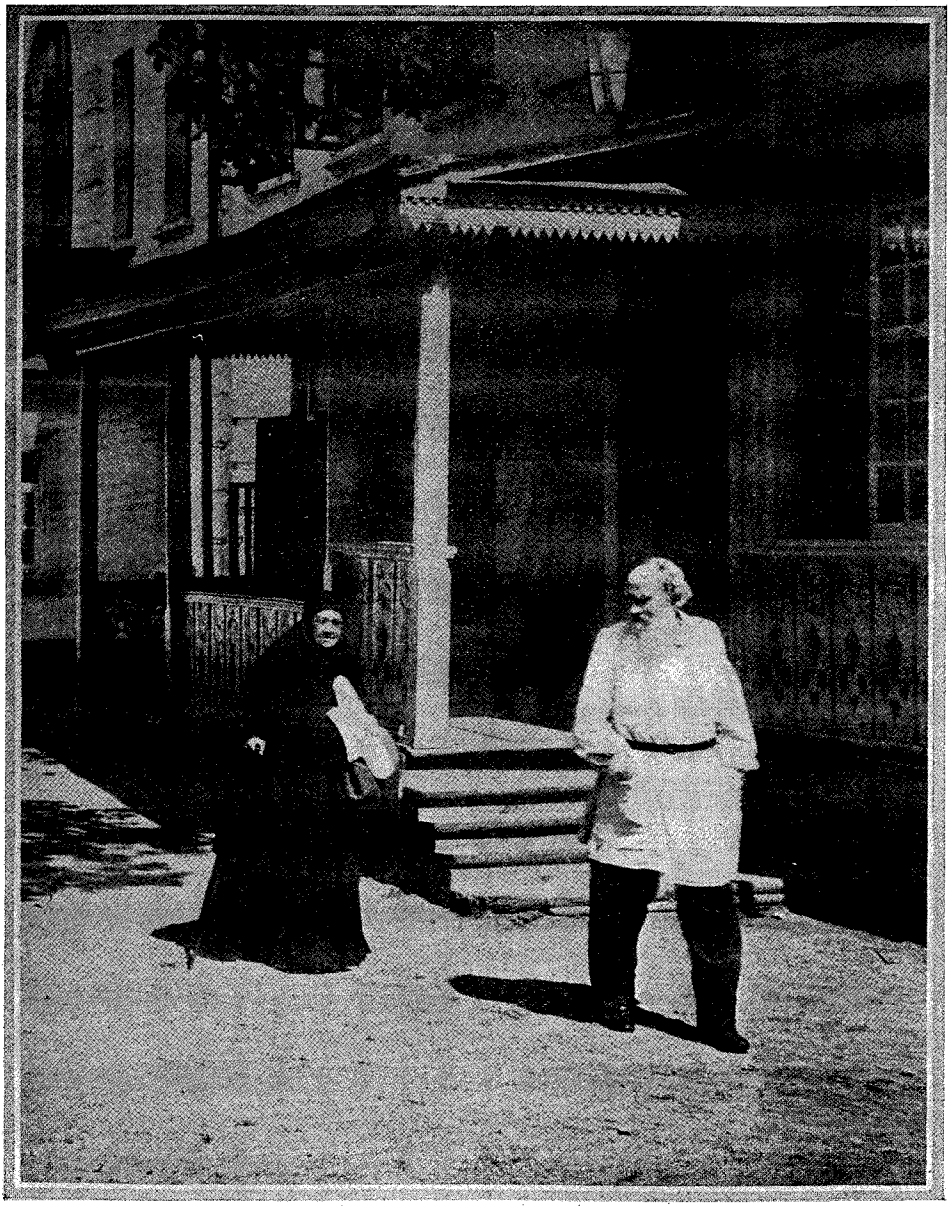
Nicolaievitsch Tolstoy, by the prince, Thoreau's book.

Scarcely had I reached Moscow, when I reminded the prince of his promise, and early in July my daughter Lili and I left my "white-stoned, golden domed native city of Moscow." I had often made the same journey when a child in a roomy travelling carriage drawn by six horses, and the rapid railway ride seemed a swift recapitulation of old impressions. At the end of seven hours we reached Tula, dined, and early the next morning were ready for the joyous drive, which was at last to lead us to the long desired goal, like pilgrims to the Kaaba.

Our troika fairly flew over the highway. At the end of three hours the



THE LAST DEPARTURE—TOLSTOY LEAVING HIS HOME

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horses turned to the right, and we were soon in Yasnaya Poliana, where an extremely cordial reception awaited us. I was taken at once to the Count, who greeted me like an old acquaintance. This I owed to my dear Thoreau, whose book Leo Nicolaievitsch at once took out of his pocket. He spoke with genuine love and reverence of this glorious man, who led so beautiful a life in his beloved woods, in the little hut built with his own hands from the trees he had himself felled, alone with his Homer, sustaining himself with the vegetables he planted and tended, the strawberries and blackberries the forest so lavishly offered him, bathing in the cool pond at sunrise and, when his work was finished, thinking kindly of mankind, whose life greeted him through the distant whistle of the locomotives. Perfectly happy in his absence of wants, he gradually learned to distinguish the notes and songs of the various birds. Rabbits and squirrels were his beloved companions, who had the same rights as himself. "I have the bad habit," said Tolstoy, "of marking with coloured pencils the passages in books which particularly please me, and it is not my fault if your little volume bears on almost every page red, blue, and green crosses and lines; to be frank, I should be very happy if you would give it to me." And I was still more happy to lay Thoreau's book and my own heart, at the same time, at Tolstoy's feet.

Merry voices from the garden lured us to the balcony. My daughter had not lost her time. She had made the acquaintance of the Countess, her three daughters, and half a dozen of the latter's girl friends, and in a few minutes she was on intimate terms with them all. Tolstoy heard her gay, joyous laugh and said: "Whoever laughs in that way will always be happy!" The little party soon disappeared in the direction of the woods, where, after the dusty drive, a bath in the clear stream was doubly welcome; and the Count took me into the wild and therefore doubly poetic garden, to the wide avenue, where the gigantic smooth trunks of the old lindens stood under the protecting roof of their dark foliage like the pillars of an ancient temple. To me it was as solemn as a temple.

In the house a meal awaited us that seemed better suited to Homeric heroes than to Tolstoy's æsthetic theories. There was a large party at table: the Count and Countess, their three daughters, Tania, Mascha, Sacha; three sons, Leon, Michel, André, Madame Kaminsky, the sister of Countess Sophia Andreievna, and her daughter, several young girl friends, teachers, governesses, artists, a General who had arrived in a comfortable travelling carriage, and a student who had come from Moscow on foot. All did full justice to the meal, all felt at home, and in a happy, social mood.

The image of Count Tolstoy, as he sat there, happy among his joyous, rising family, his friends, his followers, remains in my memory. He joked with the children, he teased the young girls, he was charming to all. His conversation was stimulating and intellectual, but he soon glided on to his crotchets. He stamped every science, every art as not only useless, but positively harmful. Then my pert daughter could not help asking why, under such circumstances, he could endure to have pianos, sheet-music, violin-cases in the dining-room. He now confessed that, though art, was harmful, he enjoyed nothing more than occasionally playing one of Mozart's sonatas with violin accompaniment, and should like to have all his children play upon some instrument. Therefore he had in the country a very excellent young Polish violinist, whom he immediately presented to me. Meanwhile my daughter had already taken possession of the violin, tuned it, and begged the Count to do her the honour of playing a sonata by Mozart with her.

It went very well. The Count played simply, yet with feeling, in spite of his work-stiffened fingers; my daughter did her very best, both players were satisfied with themselves and each other (and this is the main point). Amid gay and stimulating talk, the hour grew late; the full moon had risen; it was time to say farewell, and this farewell was as hard for Lili as for me. Then a chorus of entreaties arose, old and young, large and small, all begged us to stay, there was always room in Yasnaya Poliana. Tempting indeed! But we had left our baggage at

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the hotel in Tula, and were obliged to go back there, but we were compelled to promise to return to Yasnaya early the next morning.

The joyous thought of the cordial invitation gave us only brief repose, we waked very early and drove merrily over the now familiar road to Yasnaya Poliana. It was Monday, and haying time; all who could work were in the fields and meadows; only a few half naked children were playing among the pigs in the deserted village streets. Scarcely twenty hours before we had passed over the road with Prince Abamelek as strangers, now we came as friends, almost like members of the family, sure that Tolstoy's heart and house would be open to us. And how cordially we were received by parents and children, old and young! The young people took my daughter at once to the great meadow to turn the hay, the Count was at work in his study, Countess Sophia Andreievna devoted herself to me.

She is an extremely remarkable woman, and it is rarely that Heaven, with the aid of Cupid, bestows upon a great genius a life-companion so perfectly suited to him. If it is not usually easy to live peaceably with husbands, the geniuses and saints (next to the absolute fools and scoundrels) are the most difficult to manage. Now Sophia Andreievna's husband was both genius and saint. So her task was doubly hard—and she thanks God for it! And she toiled more than any other woman for husband and children. Her life has been no easy one. A physician's daughter, she married very early. It was a genuine love-match. The young couple moved into the country, where most of her children were born. Many died little beyond infancy, and she had great trouble in rearing the others. They lived comfortably, free from care, until one day, shortly before our arrival, Tolstoy surprised her with the information that he had given his land and money to his peasants, that the life of leisure was now over; it was sinful to live otherwise than by the labour of the hands, the sweat of the brow!

This was a hard blow for the careful housewife, the delicate mother of nine children. Six sons and three daughters to educate and provide for. Fortunately her courage and wisdom are as great as her maternal love. Though he had given away all his property, an inexhaustible source of wealth still remained: his literary work. This she stipulated for from her husband, and took charge of its publication. With inflexible energy she attends to everything, down to the smallest detail; she deals with printing offices and booksellers, decides upon paper and type, arranges for new editions of the older works, translations into all languages, keeps accounts of the sales in all quarters of the world. Thanks to her untiring energy, her practical mind, there had been no external change in the family life, they lived in the utmost comfort; Yasnaya Poliana and their house in Moscow still afforded, as before, the widest hospitality to all relatives, friends, acquaintances, unknown admirers and worshippers of Tolstoy, men and women from every country.

The Countess has always worked busily with her husband, and she told me much that was interesting about his methods. He threw his ideas upon paper just as they happened to come to him, and gave her the loose sheets. She copied them, leaving wide margins on the paper. The Count read the copy and revised the whole, after which he again handed it to her to copy. This second sketch was once more revised by him, copied by her and her daughters, and so it often went on *ad infinitum*. At the same time he had a very high opinion of his wife's talents. The declaration of love in *Anna Karénina* may serve as an instance: "Write what I said when I asked for your hand, you probably remember," he said to her. What he wrote was usually something that he had himself experienced or which had happened in the immediate vicinity. Anna Karénina was the mistress of a neighbouring estate, the terrible final tragedy occurred at the nearest railway station, he saw the dead body with his own eyes. Everything stimulated him—trivial events awoke slumbering ideas which he worked up into masterpieces.

New guests had come from Moscow. Old friends, new acquaintances, the genuine *Laterna magica*. After dinner

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we visited in the great orchard the Kirghiz, who had come from Samara to prepare the kumiss prescribed for the Count by the physician. Count Leo had great sympathy for these worthy folk who set up housekeeping everywhere. The mare whose milk, prepared in a special way, becomes kumiss is their most valuable possession. On the journey she carries the whole property of her owners, the blankets laid together for the quickly erected tents, the primitive loom, a few coverlets, a few cooking utensils. "We need nothing more," Tolstoy said. Perhaps he was right!

"And the morning and evening were the second day!" And the second evening again brought farewell, and this departure was infinitely more sorrowful than the previous one. Tolstoy and the whole family earnestly entreated us to stay with them, but we had promised to go the next day to visit an old aunt and her three daughters near Serpuchov, and we thought the fulfilment of this promise a duty. In shaking hands for the last time, we could not help asking the Count whether we might come again some time in the future. His answer was touching: "Come after ten hours, or after ten days, after ten months, after ten years, you will always be welcome, but it would be best if you would simply remain here with us." We parted with heavy hearts and drove back to Tula in silence.

A Russian proverb says: "The morning is wiser than the evening." The next morning the clever and simple thought came to me that we might telegraph to our relatives and defer the visit for a few days. A telegram was sent to the aunt, the troika was ordered again, and away flew the three horses. The sky seemed bluer, our joy idealised the landscape, never had the bells on the horses sounded so merry, our impatience prolonged the way. Just before the end of the trip, we ordered the bells to be muffled in order to drive noiselessly into the grounds, where everything was still silent. Our baggage was placed under a tree, we sat down on our trunks, and waited as still as mice for whatever might come.

What did come was Count Leo Tolstoy in his own person, barefoot, in his linen blouse, with his scythe on his shoulder. He had made his round through the village and, on his way home, mowed a piece of meadowland that he had not finished the day before. His pleasure, when he discovered us sitting upon our trunks, was touching, and I need not add that it was mutual. Tania, Tolstoy's oldest daughter, joyously gave up her chamber to us, and we settled ourselves for a longer stay. We passed ten happy, never-to-be-forgotten days under that hospitable roof. We were permitted to share the life of the beloved great man, helping in the merry work, learning, and often also teaching.

The hour of rising in the morning was not too early. The Count went down into the village, and helped there, wherever help was needed, with counsel and deed. Meanwhile, people who wanted to see and talk with him came from all directions. In the garden under the big pine tree a motley throng daily awaited him—students, peasants from far and near, pilgrims, of whom countless numbers, men, women, and children, year in and year out, are passing through holy Russia, and beyond her frontiers. After the many tombs and relics of dead saints they now wished to see and talk with a living one. Though many cherished doubts whether he was a saint of the right kind, every one found in him comfort for his troubles, and good, vigorous counsel, that stimulated to action. For all he had earnest words bubbling from the living, inexhaustible spring of his intellect, his heart, his faith. He, on his part, learned much from the pilgrims. They gave him the material for two of his most beautiful tales: *Three Old Men* and *Two Old Men*.

Many sick people also came, on whom the Count and Countess gladly bestowed good advice and medicine. As my mother had trained me from childhood in this kind of activity, I took special interest in these seekers for aid. A poor gipsy woman brought her beautiful, half naked brown boy with severe burns. Salve was given to her, with linen rags, which she was to spread with the salve and lay upon the burns, and she was told to wash the rags clean after each use of them. Remembering old experiences, I advised her, on the contrary, to put the salve on the fresh leaves of the plantago.

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which grew luxuriantly by every stream. The simplicity of this treatment made a great impression upon the Count, and I was at once installed as medical adviser. But my fame rose sky-high, when I had given the Count himself a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and, by this very simple remedy, relieved him of severe heartburn, from which he had suffered for years. After the consultation, tea was usually taken in the garden; at half past ten the Count entered his study, and the house became quiet. Every one could do whatever he chose, but there must be no noise. One day I had a pot of paste made, and took possession of a pile of torn sheets of music which lay in confused but by no means picturesque disorder in a corner. I stuck together many which had long been considered hopelessly lost, among them several of the Count's favourite pieces, which I played to him that evening to his own and the general pleasure.

While thus usefully occupied, the Count's second son sat down at the piano, and asked me questions which, on so short an acquaintance, seemed to me strange: What was he to become, what should he do? He did not like study; from a child it had always been his dream to become a gay officer, and now his father's principles did not allow him to take up the military career, the only one to which he felt attracted. The answer was so difficult, that I have made none up to the present hour. Meanwhile he has become an author, to be sure without ever being in danger of obscuring his father's fame.

At luncheon the whole family and the guests met. All related the events of the morning; the Count listened, praised or censured where praise and blame were needed, and in all cases gave good, practical counsel. He praised my patient mending of the music, and when all had again returned to their various employments, he came to me with a garment over his arm, and asked if I could mend clothing also. It was an old overcoat, which he had worn and loved many years, and which the Countess had condemned to be given away as hopelessly used up. I understand full well this affection for old garments around which cling associations both pleasant and painful; so I was the very best person to whom the great man could have turned. We laid the patient on the table and subjected it to a conscientious examination. The Count knew the bad places (they were numerous), but it was purely a surgical case: ripped sewing, several rents, buttons "conspicuous by their absence." But the article so delightfully suggested the open air, the woods and the fields that, besides my knowledge as a good housekeeper and mother, old hunting instincts of a long previous existence woke within me, and I willingly seized the needle. That very evening I had the pleasure of seeing the Count return from his work in the fields in his beloved old overcoat, without holes and with almost as many buttons as Hoffmann's Little Zach needed to wear the order of the green-spotted tiger. In her husband's delight Countess Sophia Andrievna readily forgave me for this intrusion into her province.

Charming pictures hover before my eyes: a young forest with a group of pretty girls in gay clothes. They are looking for mushrooms. I see them again on the great meadow beside the little stream, like large bright flowers in the grass. They toss the hay, pile it into high cocks, then play merry pranks, sing ringing songs, and among them I see the Count's tall, powerful figure, I hear his kindly voice, as he encourages them to work and play. One evening especially lingers in my memory, during which Count Leo Nikolaevitsch delivered a long speech about his beloved Russian peasants. He praised their ability, their readiness to help one another, their capacity for sacrifice, their unaffected naturalness. Here his daughter Tatiana interrupted: "Papa, don't talk to me about their naturalness! You know better than I how closely they cling to the traditional form, in their daily life, as well as in religion. They have established modes of expression for every important event of their lives, which have been inherited for centuries by generation after generation. Let us suppose that you are a peasant and are telling me, your daughter, that such a young fellow has asked you to give me to him for his wife." She

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threw herself at her father's feet (she chanced to be in peasant costume) and began a recitative rising to the utmost vehemence: "Oh! Batiuscha, do not give me to the strange man who will take me away from you, to the mother-in-law, who will make me work day and night, who will beat me! Let me stay with you, keep my girlhood in your house, spin and weave for you, nurse you in your old age, close your eyes in death!" The scene was really very touching, and tears filled my eyes. Then came the lamenting after the death of the husband: "Oh! my supporter, why have you abandoned me! Oh! light of my eyes, I am now left alone in the world! Who will feed, and punish, and rear the children? and so forth."—Well, I was beginning to weep too! The Count was compelled to admit, somewhat dejectedly, that Tatiana was right: he had not thought of the traditional formalism.

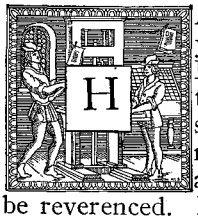
Never to be forgotten, too, is the evening when the young Polish violinist whom I have previously mentioned asked me to play with him Beethoven's sonata for the piano and violin, his favourite piece, which he had not been able to give for a long time on account of not having a good accompanist on the piano. Tolstoy listened more and more intently—he had the first movement repeated, and went away in silence as soon as the last notes of the sonata were played, without having taken his usual cordial farewell of us, his family, and his guests.

During the night his *Kreutzer-Sonata* originated in all its savage power. He sent it in manuscript to my Roman home soon after. Tolstoy was the best listener to whom I have ever played. He forgot himself and all his surroundings, the expression of his face changed according to the meaning of the piece, tears flowed down his cheeks at many a beautiful adagio, and we then heard him say: "Tania, bring me a clean handkerchief, I have certainly taken cold to-day!" I usually had to play Beethoven and Schumann to him, he had not much appreciation of Bach — on the other hand, with Liszt, and still more with Wagner, one could make him fairly furious.

He cherished the same hatred against everything which dealt in the most distant degree with esoteric knowledge and demonstration. Shortly before my departure we had a vehement argument over magnetism, whose demonstrations he considered pure charlatanism. On my leaving he asked when he might hope to have us visit him again, and I promised to return when magnetism was recognised by the scientific world. "Don't say that," he answered, "for I hope to see you again soon, and magnetism is and will remain an infamous swindle!" A few weeks later, on the journey back to Rome, I had in Berlin the satisfaction of seeing the first volume of Charcot's *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, and sent it to Tolstoy.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A RUSSIAN BOOKSELLER

BY IVAN NARODNY



AVING been for many years a bookseller in Russia I have found that to the Russian a book is something sacred and mysterious. To him it is almost a fetish, a thing to be reverenced. He never regards it as a piece of furniture or a decoration. To the half educated peasant it is the silent speech of the divine mysteries; to the educated reader it is the message of genius. A Russian never buys an edition de luxe to keep for show. If he has one it probably has been presented to him by some one else on some important occasion. I can hardly think of any sets of a hundred or four hundred dollar edi-

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tions or of a prescription for a five-foot book shelf. The Russians would laugh at any prescriptions for a family library, even if such prescriptions had been suggested by men like Tolstoy or Turgéneff.

When the present Czar was the heir-apparent and made a trip in the Orient, Prince Uchtomsky and one of the best Russian artists were invited to accompany the imperial traveller and write the book of his travels. The book was published gorgeously and nothing was spared to make it artistic, interesting and attractive. Brockhaus and Company in Leipzig were subsidised to bring out a German edition at the same time. The Russian edition was of one thousand copies and the price was fifty rubles a copy. It was really a very beautiful work and one would suppose it would have had a big sale. At that time all the higher Russian nobility was favourably disposed to the court and many big retail sellers made a propaganda among their customers, counting on a large sale. I, being at that time the manager of a provincial bookstore, took personally a copy to the governor of the province, feeling sure that he would buy it. But to my surprise he replied:

"I might have been induced to buy a new book by Tchekhoff or Korolenko for such a price, but as to buying that book, I have no interest in it at all. I would not buy it for five rubles, for I do not keep books for their appearance or for the names of their authors. I like to have books which I read and reread with reverence."

Thus the book of the Czarevitche's travels in the Orient was a failure and I believe that hardly more than a hundred copies of it were sold in the bookstores. Finally it was taken out of sale by the Minister of the Court and distributed as a souvenir for the palace employees or as presents for the members of the Imperial family.

About the same time a publisher brought out a collection of essays by Hertzen, a famous Russian exiled writer. It was a primitive paper-covered edition, and as it was prohibited by the Censor, only a few copies were left with each retail dealer. I procured five or ten copies and covered them with the covers of the orthodox prayer book, so that if a search were made by the police, the prohibited books would not be discovered in my store. The original price of each copy was five rubles, but I placed it at ten. In less than a week the books were sold, and I had scores of customers who offered me twenty rubles for a copy if I would get it for them. But the fact was I could not get them at any price. It is not unusual for a bookseller to sell prohibited literature for a double price or triple price. I sold *Siberia and the Exile System*, by George Kennan, for five to ten rubles a copy, although it was listed at only one ruble.

This may give a slight idea of the peculiarity of the Russian reader and also illustrate the fact that in Russia one appreciates more the thought and the spirit of the work than the fame of its author or the binding. I am positive that if a Russian Prime-Minister should write something his book would find scarcely a buyer, because of his social prominence. General Kuropatkin wrote a book on the Russo-Japanese War and the expectation was that it would be a great success, yet of the foreign editions ten times more were sold than of the Russian. About ten years ago the Grand Duke Constantine published a volume of his poems and one would think that the people would have bought it out of sheer curiosity. But the publisher told me that not two hundred copies have been sold since the book appeared.

To succeed in Russia a book must have three pronounced qualities. It must first of all have a strong dramatic element, which is based upon true psychological characterisation. Next, it must have a thought and strong emotional appeal; and finally it must have an individual originality, which fascinates the reader either with some temporary social political problem or with the treatment of the momentary moods of society. In America a book must make a hit immediately or it is a failure, but in Russia a good book comes to the surface after several years. Gorky and Andrieff were the only Russian writers who made their reputation in two or three years; but Tolstoy, Turgéneff and Dostoyevsky were able to succeed only in the course of from six to ten years.

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Very often books that have but little significance in their native country become the greatest "sellers" abroad. Some of the American authors who are almost forgotten in their own country are still in high demand in Russia. For example, Henry George, Bret Harte, Cooper and Longfellow. I cannot imagine a Russian student of literature or an average reader who does not have the books of these American authors on their shelves. The works of Emerson, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, the biographies of Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are and remain the most popular American books in Russia.

A Russian reader likes to read only such American books as are tinged with the wild adventurous life of the new world, something that smacks of the aboriginal, of the Indians; or which expresses such original elements as are supposed to represent the spirit of the American people. The Russian average reader as a rule imagines America as a country of absolute freedom and happiness of which he dreams as of an idyllic paradise. Nobody likes to read American fiction that sounds like a cheap imitation of the European. They do not like American writers who are occupied with clever plots or with social scandals. The Russian demands that America offer something typical of its soul both in ideas and in conception. Many Russian publishers have tried again and again to bring out such books as have succeeded in America, but nearly all have failed.

The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair, and *Looking Backward,* by Bellamy, were the only popular books of the American "sellers" that succeeded in Russia. Their success was due to their socialistic qualities and they were published at a time when the spirit of socialism had reached its culmination. But these books both died in their early youth. Nothing is now heard of them, though a few years ago they sold by hundreds of thousands of copies. Few English authors have made in Russia such a success as Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. In the beginning of this century they attracted attention and made a great sensation. But whether they will continue to sell is hard to predict.

At the same time Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche created a furor and their works were published in half a dozen various editions. The Sunday editor of every newspaper had to print something by these literary gods in his Sunday section. Circles and clubs for their propaganda were founded everywhere. Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche were discussed alike by high society and by the literary vagabonds. It was a real fad for a time. Only now under the pressure of new idols they are gradually disappearing and giving place.

For some three or four years Gorky and Walt Whitman were the objects of a literary cult. Their books were to be seen on tables in private houses and in clubs, and their portraits were placed like holy pictures in places of honour in bookstores and in public halls. Just as an orthodox religious peasant crosses himself every time he passes a holy picture, just so a follower of these literary idols bowed reverently before the masterpieces of Walt Whitman and Gorky. Many of the Russian authors that have had a great success abroad are at home almost neglected. Of Turgéneff and Andrieff less is sold in Russia than abroad. Tchekhoff, Dostoyevsky and Korolenko are but little known in America, but they are at present Russia's most popular authors.

Pessimistic realism has for fifty years dominated Russian fiction. Yet in a very different key is the work of a new writer, who has probably made the biggest sensation in modern Russian literature. Arzibasheff is the literary hero of Russia of to-day. Of his *Sanin* over a million copies have been sold in one year, although his recent novels have created less furor. He is a modern Boccaccio, the impressionist of an erotic fiction. His style is vivid and fascinating, but he so reeks with sensualism that he leaves Maupassant far behind.

Russian readers differ not only in their literary tastes, but also, as here, in their point of view. A book of fiction must not only fascinate the intellect but also it must touch the heart. It must be direct, simple and natural as if the author were telling a story verbally. In Russia the writer of fiction has not only to undergo the severe training of the journalist and

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the literary critic, but also he has to be a student of psychology, sociology and arts before he attempts to make a career as a novelist. This may be best illustrated by my own experience. I was a journalist for two years, for three years I was a bookseller and then for some years longer a literary critic. I had published many short stories in the periodicals, yet I did not yet dare to write my individual style of fiction, over which I had worked for over ten years, until men like Dr. Tchekhoff, Professor Schroeder and Tolstoy found something to appreciate in my stories. However, my first attempts at originality were soon nipped in the bud, when the Russian Government, unable to agree with my efforts, made me a prisoner for four years in St. Petersburg. After my release political persecution forced me to leave my country, probably forever, and thus to become an author in a new country and in the midst of a new life.

SMOKE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I have watched the smoke ascending from the work-shops of the world,
Blowing in an endless spiral as it soared,
Till it seemed to reach high heaven when it valiantly upcurled—
Labour's incense (whispered Mammon) to the Lord.

But I saw, as in a vision, the wan profiles of the poor
In the outline of the smoke against the sky;
And I saw their anguished bodies that no longer could endure,
Sweeping upward—and I thought I heard them sigh.

Yet the mighty lords of labour, they who prosper in the sun
While the darkness of the engine-room is deep,
Tell us this is their grey tribute for another day's work done,
This the token of *their* thanks before they sleep.

But I know it is the breath of them who labour in the mills,
I know it is a portion of each soul
Who has known the stifling, chained-up years, the grind that slowly kills,
As I watch the velvet columns upward roll.

Thick and thicker swings the whirlwind up the ladder of the night,
Dense and denser sweeps the twilight's punctual cloud;
If this be Toil's great censor swung with Wealth's tumultuous might,
Then with shame, O Lord, with shame my head is bowed.

For Thy children in our keeping lose a little day by day,
Thin and thinner toward high heaven blows their breath,
And I know that from the chimneys that are black and tall and grey,
Each sunset moves an army unto Death!

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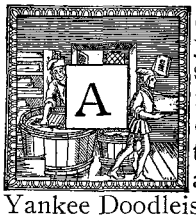
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

IX—The Military Novel

(Transcribed from an interview with Lieutenant Torney, U. S. A.)



S a general rule, I believe you will discover that the so-called military novels follow closely the so-called military plays in the matter of militant inaccuracy and snickerable Yankee Doodleism. To be direct, the soldier fiction, year in and year out, is the same old dish of mush. In a recent magazine, a writer stated the facts nicely when he said: "First of all, there must be a court-martial. Folks have read in the newspapers that such things occur in that vague existence known as 'army life.' This court-martial, of course, arose from a 'scandal.' The scandal occurred at a 'post.' We all read the papers and we all know that such scandals are about all that occur at posts. According to our newspaper information and our playwrights, almost all the officers are drunkards, murderers and liars—except the hero—and the bulk of the American army is made up of bums and comic old Irishmen." What "applies" to the "military" plays applies as well to the alleged military novels, at least as I have found them. To be sure, once in a long, long while, a worthy military drama such as *Secret Service* is revealed, but not even in that generous period of time does an entirely worthy military novel put in an appearance.

It is a sorry fact that most of the fiction dealing with the United States Army in one phase or another should have as its plot groundwork the much overworked "post scandal." Your arguing opponents will tell you that the lack of romance and colour about our army life compels this resorting to antique themes as the *only* themes from which to develop a really interesting piece of military fiction. I am speaking, of course, only of the class of fiction usually described by the dubious adjective "popular." To be sure, the United States Army probably is not enveloped in the glamorous scarlet and purple and twining gold of the armies of Europe, but simple blue may nevertheless cover many a stirring and even stimulating incident capable of fiction expansion. An actual military incident done into fiction form must make better reading than a spectacular and futile exploitation of a cheap stock theme made to masquerade in army uniform. Ambrose Bierce has succeeded admirably, in his collection of short stories called *In the Midst of Life,* in presenting several vivid little photographs of genuine soldierdom without resorting to the antiquated, clap-trap theme trunks in the military garrets. The late Stephen Crane, wielding a broad brush, painted a stirring campaign picture that must live in the mind of both soldier and civilian—and I have heard it asserted that Crane never smelled the powder of battle! But Crane, alas! was one in a thousand among rifle and sabre imaginations. Captain Charles King, although of considerably less literary skill and despite a predilection toward the cut-and-dried military novel plots, is nevertheless a careful worker and, lack what they may, his stories are seldom inaccurate in their major technical details. I recall a visit Captain King made to my quarters when I was a cadet at West Point. He was gathering material for a novel dealing with cadet life and, by personal communication with the cadets, he gained all the information he desired at first hand. Captain King realised the absolute ineffectuality of military stories written "from a distance." That is precisely the manner in which many of the sales-counter army life stories are written. Speaking of the fiction dealing with cadet life at West Point alone, I venture that in at least half the stories you will find the "love element" of the narrative centred in the officers' quarters. Captain King was never guilty of such an error. He appreciated full well that, save for a

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specified period on Saturday afternoons, cadets are not permitted in those quarters. In many other stories I have read, however, I found cadets strolling in and out of the officers' quarters all day long. This is but one flaw. But it indicates with sufficient clarity, I trust, the impossibility of executing a military novel dealing with military facts and details unless the writer knows his ground, whether he be of it or merely on it.

Obviously, an acquaintance with the details of army life is not always necessary in the writing of the fiction freely termed "military." Some such recent novel, for example, as *A Philippine Romance,* from the pen of a woman—Lillian Hathaway Mearns—may or may not be satisfactory according to one's taste for this sort of thing. The story concerns the adventures of an army officer in a warring Philippine province, set against a background of "Philippine life" as interpreted by the author from her own observations in the country of which she writes. But novels like this, while they may be characterised by some persons as "military," are, it seems to me, rather the plain everyday garden species of fiction clothed in army uniform.

There is a certain class of fiction manufacturers who frequently seek to bolster up a weak-kneed story with "clanking sabres" and "glistening bayonets." They know little, if anything, about the life of a soldier in the army, but they make their hero a captain, assign him to a fort somewhere out West, preferably Kansas, and think it enough. In the works of these volunteer writers of fiction, sabres are always "clanking" and bayonets are always "glistening." That is their thorough and entire knowledge. There is no surer way to scent the beginner. Your authentic commander of the pen never betrays himself by such commonplaces. He knows that sabres are not clanking all the time and that even bayonets sometimes do not glisten. Constructively, it may be suggested that the United States Army is fertile with valid and as yet virgin themes. It is not, as the novelists would have us believe, a scandal-doodle army. West Point, Headquarters at Washington, Governor's Island, the various army posts are each and all replete with effective material. The recruiting stations offer another good field; so, too, do the national guard and the training schools at Sandy Hook and Willett's Point. There is romance in the career of a private in the standing army—often as much as in the career of his officers. Writers, however, insist upon hitting the "high spots" and the "high spots" only. They can see in their pen's eye only "colonels" and "captains" and "captains' wives" and the other stock figures in the melodrama. They can see no romance in anything but battle, no realism in anything but gunpowder.

The recent considerable revival of the military drama may be a forerunner of a deluge of new military novels. The widely read *Ailsa Paige,* although a military novel of the '60's, seemed to point out a path for other novelists and, indeed, even as we speak, venturesome brothers of Mr. Chambers may be deep in their studios putting the final touches on military novels of this later era. Let these, however, remember that it is one thing to write a military novel of a half century ago that will be acceptable and quite another to write one of to-day that will stand the same searchlight of so-termed "inside" criticism. You have heard the story of the small boy at school who, when his teacher said, "Johnny, what did Sherman's men eat on their march to the sea?" replied: "Raw onions!" That was not the answer the teacher expected, to be sure, but she knew she could not flatly contradict Johnny. It was possible the soldiers *had* eaten raw onions as well as horse flesh—the histories did not tell—and Johnny was wise enough to realise it. So it is with the novels. It is pretty hard to contradict things that possibly might have happened, even if we honestly believe they did not happen. But, when we speak of our own times, we *know.* Then must the novelist who would render his details secure have a care. It is a case of horse flesh then, not onions. And the "raw onion fictionist" must suffer. "Navy fiction," I am given to understand, is satisfactory even to the "inside" critic. Why may not army fiction be the same?

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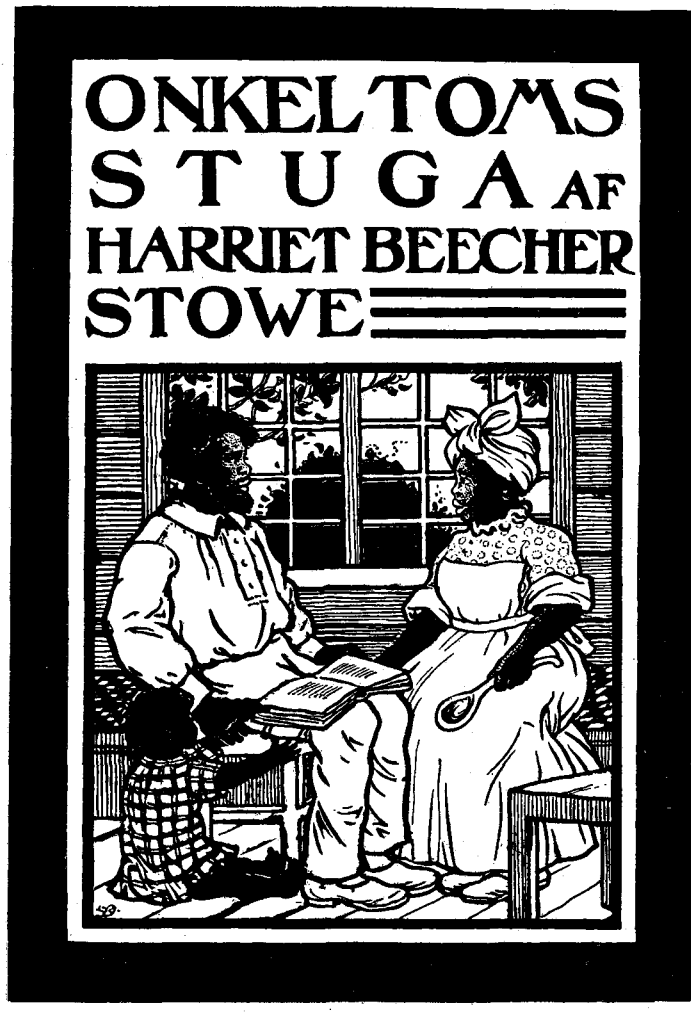

COVER DESIGN OF A SWEDISH EDITION OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

THE BOOK ARTS OF SWEDEN

BY WILLIAM ALLEN

THOUGH Americans have been fairly careful to keep abreast with contemporary north European literature, we have taken comparatively little interest in what northern countries are doing in the arts of printing and book-decoration. The average well-informed book-lover would probably pause in confusion if asked to name a celebrated north European publisher, printer or illustrator. This is particularly to be said of a knowledge, or, to be more correct, a lack of knowledge of the book-arts of Scandanavia, particularly of those of Sweden. And yet Swedish publishers are giving encouragement to fine book-making that is, in truth, not only a renaissance of the Swedish book-arts of two centuries ago, but a movement that is taking tremendous strides

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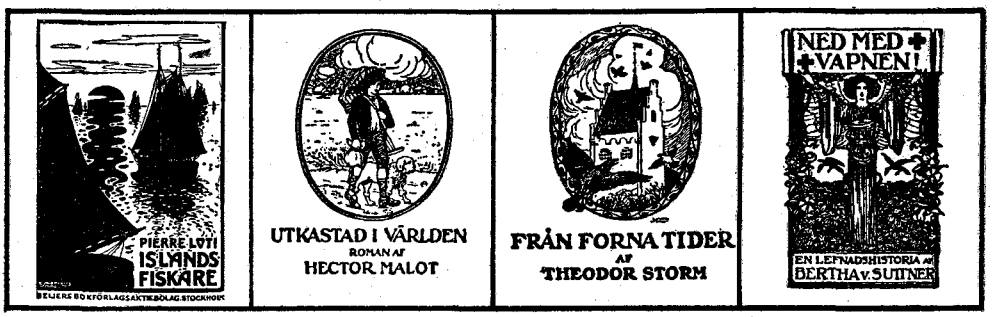

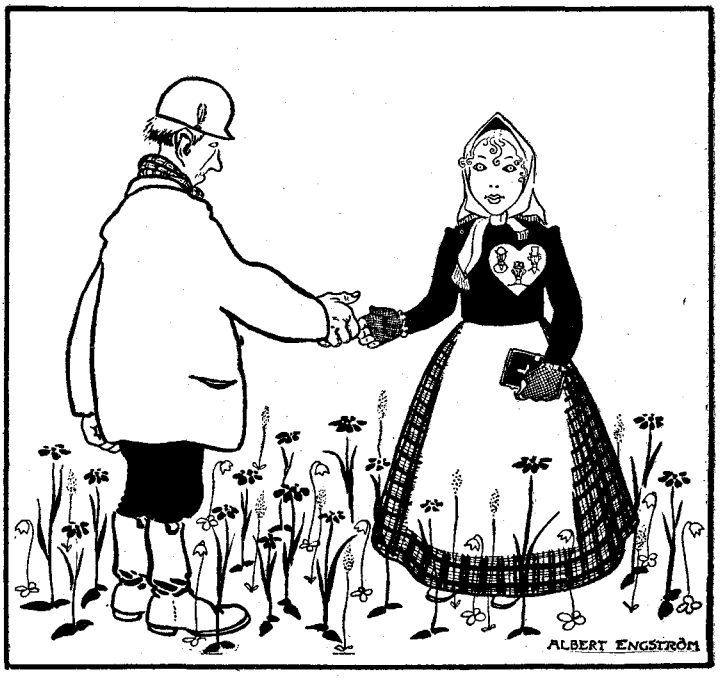

EXAMPLES OF SWEDISH BOOK COVER DESIGNS

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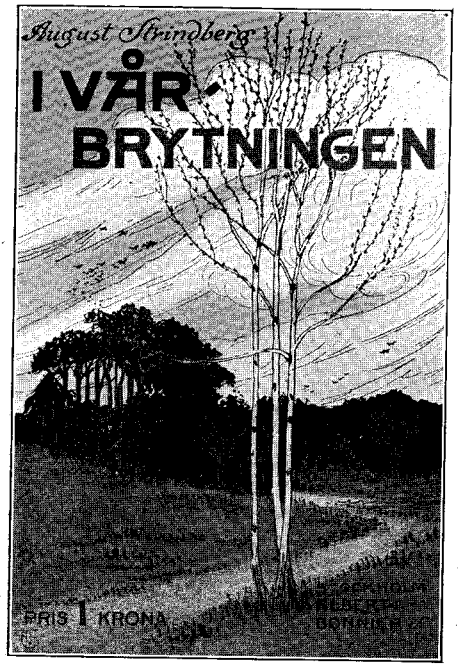
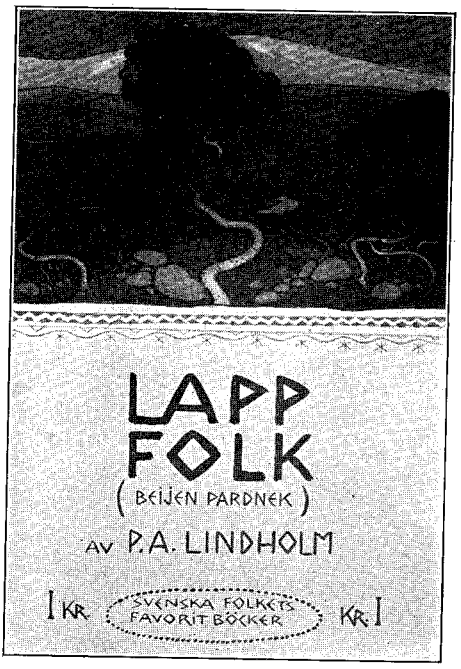


COVER DESIGN BY ARTHUR SJÖRGREN



COVER DESIGN BY JOHN BAUER

COVER DESIGN BY A. TORNEMAN

COVER DESIGN BY A. TORNEMAN

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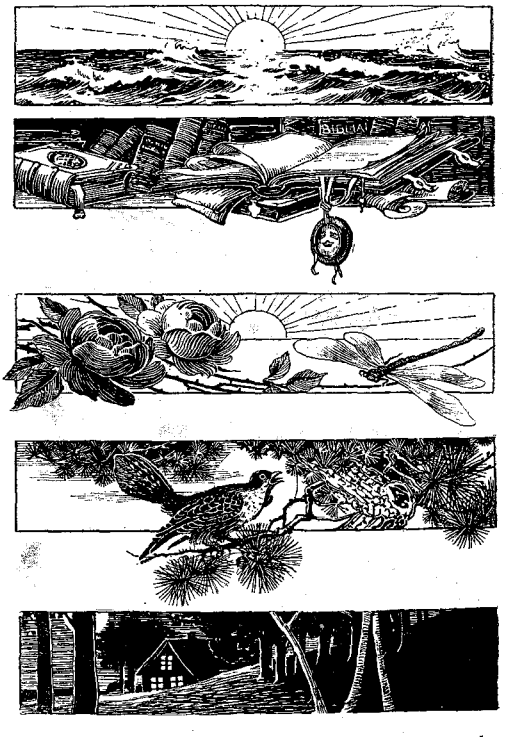
DECORATED PAGE FROM "ETT HEM," DESIGNED BY INGABORG UDDÉN, ONE OF THE FOREMOST SWEDISH WOMEN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS

in the way of an expression of individuality.

We do know that Swedish painters have developed great originality, and of a sort that seems independent of the teachings of the art-centres of the world —Berlin, Rome, Munich, Paris, London. This is true too of Swedish book illustrators, and of the contemporary Swedish masters of fine printing. Unfortunately we are likely to rest contented with our knowledge of French, of German, with to-day's acquisition of Italian and yesterday's of Spanish, so that we have greatly neglected the Scandinavian languages, and hence, have missed coming in contact with the books whose writings they directly convey to the native or to the initiate. Who, for instance, reads Georg Brandes in Danish, Henrik Ibsen in Norwegian, Topelius in Swedish? The Scandinavians, however, are well up in English, and English books are to be found everywhere in Sweden, as well as the books of other countries. Indeed the literary Swede is polyglot. Moreover, he is somewhat omnivorous, and where we have the works of a dozen Scandinavian authors translated into English you will find the Swedish bookseller with several hundred titles from the English in his catalogue of native publications. Wilkie Collins looks baffling to us as *Den hvitklädda kvinnan,* Charles Dickens as *Pickwickklubbens,* Beatrice Harraden as *Skepp som mötas i natten,* and Kipling as *Då ljuset försvann,* but the language is not so formidable as it appears. At any rate the Swedish publishers are now putting forth such beautiful and attractive works, embellished with the finest examples of modern decorative art, that it is to be assumed the dilatory outsiders will be tempted within the magic circle of a now alien language, if only to discover what literary gems repose in such exquisitely conceived caskets. The illustrations which are reproduced here will give the reader some idea of the decorative side of the Swedish book arts. Some idea of what such new masters of pen-and-brush as Arthur Sjörgren, Albert Engström, Hjalmar Enerath, Ingaborg Uddén, A. Torneman, Oscar Hallostrom, John Bauer and others are capable of



BOOK VIGNETTES DESIGNED BY INGABORG UDDÉN

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producing, work that has a quality of nationalism all its own, breathing with the imagination of the Norsemen. Indeed one feels instinctively that Sweden is awakening to new birth in the book arts, an awakening that has come just in time for her alertness to keep pace with the Danes and the Russians and, indeed, to catch up, as nearly as possible, to the Germans, though the writer does not believe any country's book-arts will ever be comparable with the best that comes to us from Leipzig, Düsseldorf, Stuttgart, or Munich.

The Swedish printers, it is true, have taken their cue from their German confrères, but the men of Stockholm, Göteborg and elsewhere, are fast learning what other countries have to teach them, until Swedish printing, held in esteem in past centuries, has once again come into its own. The great Scandinavian painter, Carl Larsson, has done as much as any other man to encourage fine printing in the north countries, especially printing in colour. Then such men as Erik Werenskiold, Otto Sinding, Edvard Munch, Gerhard Munthe, and the Norwegian Thorolf Holmboes have lent great encouragement to the printing art by the technical excellences of their work, so thoroughly fitted and adapted to reproduction as it has proved itself to be. Norway indeed has contributed much to the development of the book arts in Scandinavia, especially in the way of the decorative printing of poetry. Both Norwegians and Swedes are fond of verse and, marvellous to relate, buy it, so one is told the printing of poetry is profitable in the land of the midnight sun. Sweden's women illustrators are producing excellent work in book decoration, and among the foremost of these artists is Ingaborg Uddén. Probably Arthur Sjörgren is the favourite Scandinavian illustrator, indeed he is the Walter Crane of Sweden. Sjörgren's accomplishments are very expressive of the Swedish advance in the book arts and even greater things may be expected of him. The famous Stockholm publishers, Björk and Börjesson, are said to have given him his first encouragement, something of which they may be proud when one comes to consider such volumes as the *Broderna Grimms Saga* (*Brothers Grimm Fairy Stories*), which Sjörgren illustrated at their suggestion, are produced to delight the eye of child and grown-up alike by reason of the extraordinary excellence of the decorative illustration, type and printed page. And so an eye may as well be kept on the Swedish book arts and on the men who are behind the movement in Sweden to better the art of printing and decorative illustration in the land of Scandinavia.

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THE CASTLE OF PETRARCH AND LAURA

Petrarch's home at Vaucluse, near Avignon, is associated not only with the poet's own life, but with that Laura who was the theme and inspiration of the "Canzonière." Petrarch and Laura met for the first time in the spring of 1327. Who Laura was remains a matter of controversy, and there has even been advanced the theory that she was merely a figment of the poet's fancy. Byron has written with characteristic cynicism:

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife
He would have written sonnets all his life?"

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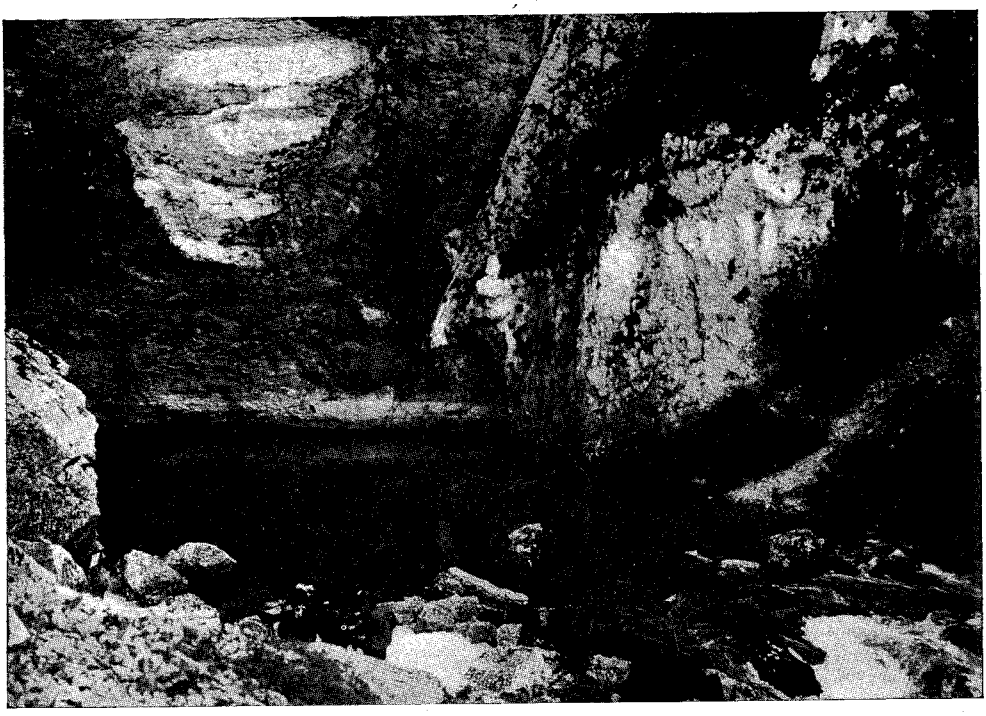
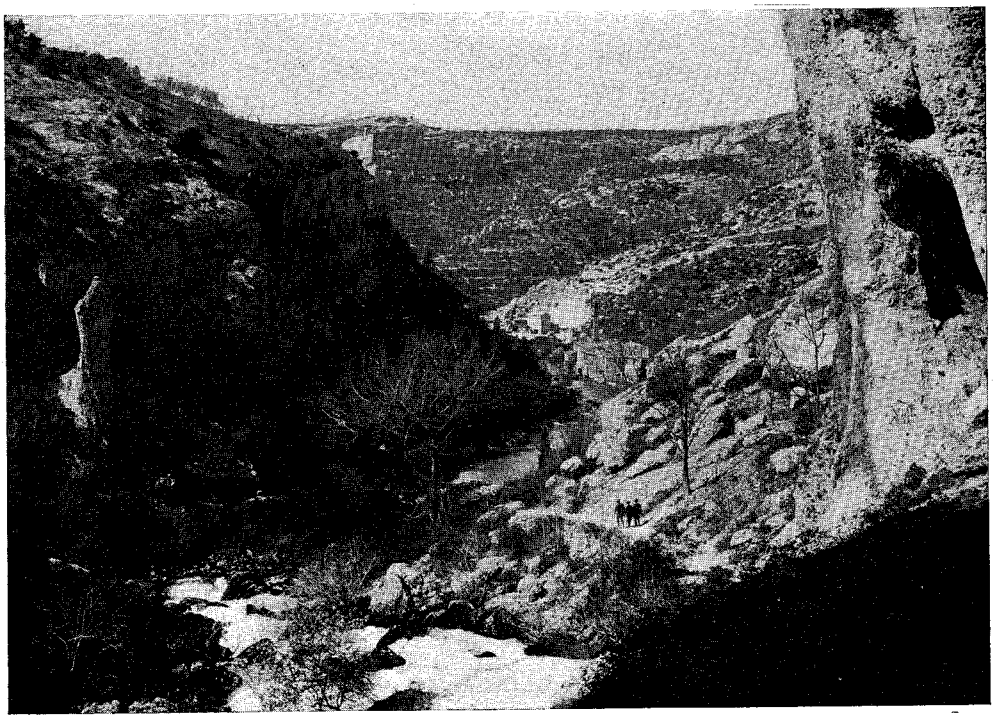


THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE



VAUCLUSE, LOOKING FROM THE FOUNTAIN

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SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"Life and Letters of E. C. Stedman"*

The *Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman,* by his granddaughter Miss Laura Stedman and his friend Dr. George M. Gould, is something more than the ordinary biography.* It is almost as much of an autobiography as a book of confessedly that character, for there is quite enough of what Stedman has written, in letters and diaries, to tell the story of his life from its early days. He began writing when he was seven or eight years of age, not only prose, but verse, and besides this he wrote copious notes on his own life which are reproduced in these two stout volumes. To me the book is of much more than ordinary interest. Mr. Stedman was one of the first men of letters whom I knew intimately, and from the day that I first met him until the day of his death he was my literary guide, philosopher and friend. When I first met Mr. Stedman he was economising by living on the outskirts or at least not in the densely populated part of Newark, New Jersey. He was in Wall Street at the time, but still doing literary work. He had had great misfortunes in his business, and he gave up New York life to live in the suburbs, where rents were cheaper and where there were fewer distractions. I remember his Newark home well, and what appealed to me the most about it was the books that met you on every hand. In the little library that he used as a workroom, they were piled to the ceiling. Many an evening I have climbed up the hill to Mr. Stedman's house and talked about his writings and my aspirations until he must have wished that I was anywhere but where I was. But never by sign or look did he show that I was encroaching on his time. Now I know that I was, and his time meant money to him, for it was only in the evenings that he could do his literary work.

*The Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman. Edited by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Mr. Stedman's life was not only pathetic, it was tragic. It seems incredible that so many unhappy things could have happened to one man. In the first place he was virtually deserted as a small child. His mother, after she had been a short time a widow, married a diplomat, the Hon. William B. Kinney, and went to live with him abroad. Mr. Kinney did not like children, and, according to this book, he made this plain to his new bride, so she left little Edmund and a brother in the hands of relatives in this country while she went to Italy to live. In Mrs. Stedman's defence it may be said that she had a pretty hard struggle to support these two children and an opportunity to make a good marriage tempted her. "My earliest recollections," Mr. Stedman has said, "are of my young mother writing poetry for the magazines with her two half-orphan children sitting at her feet." Even to-day the writing of poetry for the magazines would not be a very paying occupation, and in those days, when there were only the *Knickerbocker, Godey's* and *Graham's,* and poetry "a drug in the market," there was not enough for bread—much less butter. Perhaps when she consented to become his wife she thought that Mr. Kinney would allow her to have her children with her, but he would have none of them.

That Mr. Stedman felt the separation from his mother is recorded more than once in his letters. Among some notes that he made about his early life he says: "It is a bad thing to separate a child from his mother and from his natural *habitat.*" In these same notes he writes: "From my earliest remembrance I made poetry, all of the Cleveland blood do—bad cess to them! I was a natural writer, an insatiate reader—especially of fiction, adventure and poetry."

Mr. Stedman was only fifteen years of age when he entered Yale College, and he paid more attention to fun and frolic than he did to study. Perhaps if he had had a home and the influence of a mother it might have been different. In the end he was expelled from college, but later

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after he had proved himself, he was invited back to Yale, where a degree was conferred upon him. The past was forgotten, and Yale was now proud of the man of letters and affairs who had once been one of her naughty boys. Writing as late as 1907, in answer to an inquiry about his college life, Mr. Stedman said:

I was literally heartbroken. I was an imaginative and excitable boy and became rather reckless; fell off in all my studies; cut prayers, etc., and excelled only in English composition and in reading. . . . My nights were spent with beer, whisky-skin, skittles and howling around town. How I lived through it, I don't know. At the end of sophomore year I was arrested one night with some older men and taken before the local Dogberry. The others gave false names, paid their fines and got away, but I was recognised by my long hair and other eccentricities, and reported to the faculty; was rusticated to Northampton, where I passed a summer under the charge of Professor Dudley, a famous Greek scholar, who had a private seminary there. The institution was full of a wilder crowd than I had met at Yale, and I joined with them in painting the town red, getting in love with the Northampton girls and into trouble generally.

Mr. Stedman's guardian wanted him to become a lawyer, but he decided to be a printer, and before he was twenty he had a printing office of his own at Winsted, Connecticut. Hard times were with him from the start. He was willing to work and did work, but there was little money in a country newspaper. That did not prevent his falling in love with Laura Woodworth, who was the sister of one of the young men in his employ. This young lady's family were in straitened circumstances, and she was to have been apprenticed to a milliner, but instead of this being accomplished, and rather than have her begin her career in a milliner's shop, Mr. Stedman married her; he was twenty years of age and she eighteen. He wrote his mother that the young lady was not quite his intellectual equal, but that associations with him would make it all right, and it did. Mrs. Stedman was a devoted wife and mother, and I know for a fact that he was very glad in later life to have her criticism of his literary work; but in this letter to his mother he wrote at the time:

I think Laura has all the education of manners which girls brought up luxuriously possess. I know she has more tact and *intuitive* knowledge than one woman in ten. This latter quality renders her conscious that she does not possess those literary, scientific and scribbletary accomplishments that superficially adorn most ladies. She feels this most keenly, and recognising your superiority in correspondence, etc., is too sensitive to write you—in fact to write any one—preferring you should see her face to face and love her for her *Nature* and not for her *Art*.

Then he adds:

I always went on the theory that I had enough literary education for the family—that I needed in a wife a resting-place, where I could be *nursed, comforted* and *loved*. Laura has been all this—and, like the wife of Schiller, understands me if she does not my books.

This was the writing of a bumptious boy. Later he learned to appreciate his wife's qualities, and realise that while she did nurse, comfort and love, she had a pretty keen insight into things in general, and a natural instinct for what was good and bad in literature.

In 1855 Mr. Stedman came to New York to seek his fortune as a real estate and general office broker. Ill luck pursued him and never let go of him through his entire life. In the first place he was a delicate man and yet he was obliged to work overtime to make enough money to keep his family alive. All his creative work was done at night after a hard day's work in an office. For his "Diamond Wedding," the poem that when printed in the New York *Tribune* made him famous, he received nothing. His salary on that paper, after he became connected with it, was eight or ten dollars a week. As he could not make ends meet with this pay, he accepted an offer of twenty-five dollars a week as editor of the *Evening World*. Finally, he drifted into Wall Street. He was twice bankrupted by his dishonest associates; when he moved into the country to save money, burglars entered his house, chloroformed Mrs. Stedman, and stole everything they had which was of value. At another

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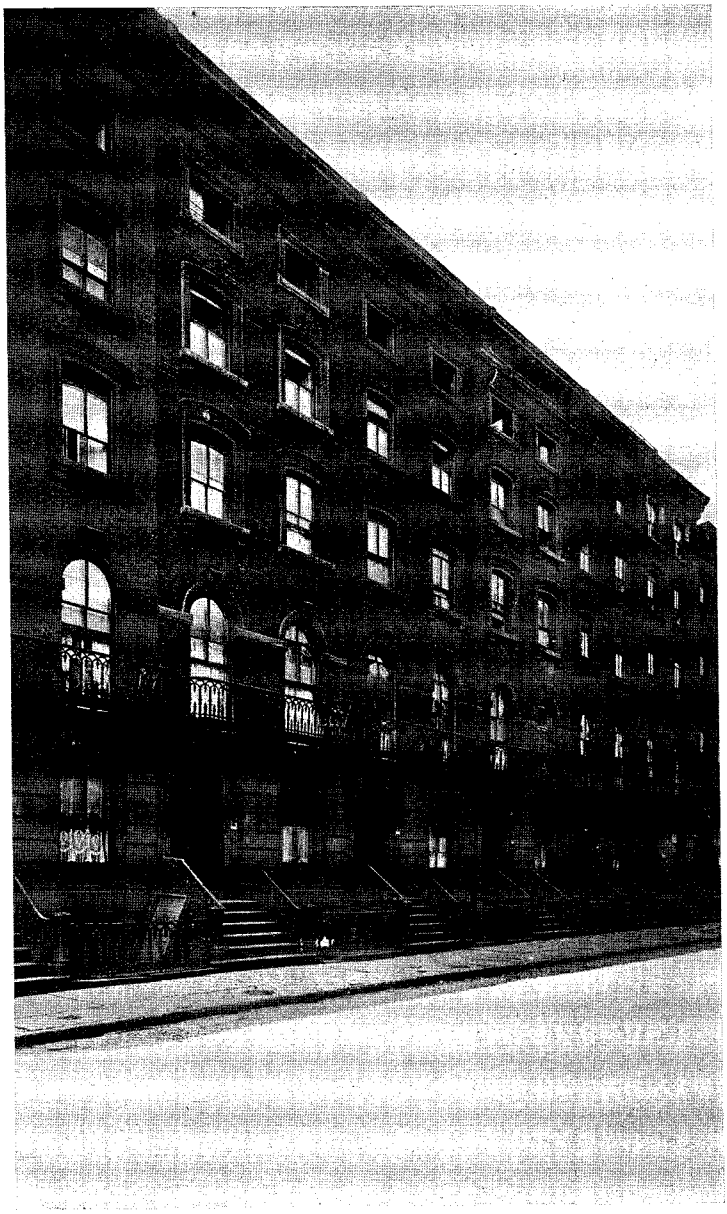
time he was bitten by a dog which was supposed to be mad, but for a wonder it was not. In later life, after he had passed his sixtieth year, he was still working hard in Wall Street, and while his fame was great as an American man of letters, his bank account was smaller than most. His associates in the "Street" used to compliment him on having other means of support besides that of his business as a broker, but what he made out of literature was little or nothing, usually nothing. He bought his seat in the Stock Exchange for eight thousand dollars and



A LITERARY CORNER OF OLD NEW YORK

Mr. Stedman's house in East Tenth Street was one of a row occupied by men of letters.

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sold it at least twenty years later for forty thousand dollars, but it was only a few weeks after he sold it for forty thousand dollars that the price went up to seventy thousand dollars. After leaving Wall Street, Mr. Stedman devoted himself to literary work, and making notes for these reminiscences in which he was assisted by his granddaughter, Miss Laura Stedman, who for several years acted as his secretary. The greatest tragedy of Stedman's life was, as recorded in this book, when he found "that his son, whom he had trusted, through mistaken judgment, brought failure upon the firm." He was so shaken by this that his Wall Street days were numbered and I imagine it was more because of this than that he wanted to continue his literary work uninterruptedly that he sold his seat in the Stock Exchange.

Not only is this the story of Stedman's life, but it is the history of American letters a generation and more ago, and in this book will be found intimate allusions, in letters and otherwise, to his close friends, the Stoddards, Aldrich, Lowell, Bayard Taylor and others, who were then struggling along with him, whose names are now household words. I want to quote here some lines that Lowell wrote Stedman in a letter criticising a recent poem by Swinburne:

> I have not seen Swinburne's new volume—but a poem or two from it which I have seen shocked me, and I am not squeamish. . . . I am too old to have a painted *hetaira* palmed off on me for a Muse, and I hold unchastity of mind to be worse than that of body. Why should a man by choice go down to live in his cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look toward the sunrise of that Easter which shall greet the resurrection of the soul from the body of this death? *Virginibus puerisque?*

Why, indeed!

In conclusion let me say that Miss Stedman has done her work exceptionally well. She has never obtruded herself, and has let her grandfather tell his own story whenever possible. The book is very frank and some may lament that certain criticisms of his contemporaries were not omitted from Stedman's letters, but, after all, does not their publication make this biography the more valuable?

Jeannette L. Gilder.

II

Rudyard Kipling's "Rewards and Fairies"*

Mr. Kipling's new volume, *Rewards and Fairies,* is hardly a book for children: not that children of any age will find in it anything other than good stories and a clean breath of wonder; yet like its predecessors it contains, without prejudice to sheer story-telling, more than a little matter for wiser eyes. As the *Jungle Books* involved some of the subtlest satire of our time, as the making of empire-builders underlay the frolicsome anarchy of *Stalky and Co.,* and even the *Just-So Stories* dealt quaintly with great verities, so the present volume is concerned beyond the fashioning of adventure with showing by apparently random glimpses of old England how modern England came to be. *Rewards and Fairies* and its forerunner, *Puck of Pook's Hill,* form together an English Epic in the true sense of the term: wherein scenes out of older lives are chosen for their relation to our own, and the spirit of England herself is the real protagonist. In form, these books represent the latest development of historical fiction; and their method is curiously the reverse of the one familiar to us from Scott to Stanley Weyman. The older historical fiction treated of ancient men and scenes with respect to their differences from our own: saying continually to the reader, "Here is something unlike your knowledge; of curious people whose ways were not your ways," and so appealing wholly to the romantic pleasure in strangeness. But this new historical fiction makes its appeal to the realistic pleasure in recognising things already known. Our interest in the Black Knight is that he wore iron clothes, talked in large and marvellous phrases, and with an axe prevailed mightily among his fellows; but our interest in Parnesius the Centurion is that under his shining armour and sonorous words he is most remarkably like ourselves, a very human and comprehensible young officer carrying the white man's burden through ancient

*Rewards and Fairies. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1910.

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Britain as his brethren carry it through modern India. The emphasis is upon those human parts of him which are the same under the shifting veils of time: he compares notes with Dan and Una upon the ways of parents and governesses, reminds them under Latin names of places they all know, and is even a Freemason of some classic sort. The whole method is that of the fairy tale which begins by telling how the great boulder by the brook was once an enchanted castle and ends by reminding you that if you don't believe the story, there is the boulder; and this appeal to recognition is made again and again at every opportunity. Mr. Culpeper, the astrologer, killed the rats because they were unclean beasts under the dominion of unkindly planets, and so drove the plague from the village; Hal o' the Draft discusses trade-unions in the days when they were called guilds; and the little green shoes that Gloriana wore when she danced for an empire have been preserved in a glass case. And as this device of the fairy tale is employed to give vividness and humanity to historical fiction, so the modern children, Dan and Una, and Robin Goodfellow, by whose magic they are brought face to face with the doers of historic deeds, are used merely as a framework and a setting to bring together the stories in luminous relation to ourselves and our own time. They are not fairy stories, but true tales told in the manner and form of fairy stories because that is the simplest and least obtrusive way of bringing them home to us. In *Puck of Pook's Hill,* one element after another that went to the making of modern England—the Roman conquest, the Norman assimilation, the stream of powerful gold guided by the mediæval Jews—is shown operating in its own environment; in *Rewards and Fairies* we are shown less connectedly such casual phases of modernity in the making as escaped the sterner structure of the preceding book; and in both it is borne in upon us with ceaseless insistence how real people and real things are the same to-day, yesterday, and always; how it is only the little things that change, and those merely in their uses. Of ourselves under changed names the fables are related.

This aim and merit in the new volume the average reader will be likely to appreciate unwillingly, as he has done in the case of its immediate predecessors. We have all very naturally felt during the last ten years or so that we would rather have from Mr. Kipling more of those simple and staring pictures of the Orient, of military life, and of the peculiar work of men, by which he won us at first to follow him, than the more varied and delicate artistry of his later period. No natural appetite could ever be satiated with such tales as those first three or four astonishing early volumes comprised. Nevertheless, with respect to the welfare of literature and Mr. Kipling's future place therein, we are quite wrong in demanding more of them; and he is quite right in going on discovering new worlds to conquer instead of pleasing contemporary popularity by doing over again at our desire what he has once thoroughly done. It is always the mark of a second-rate artist to repeat contentedly a first success, to work a single vein beyond the point of diminishing return. Every reader can call to mind a dozen such whom it would be ungracious to mention in this connection, whose first books were a promise and a new delight and whose succeeding work has been no more than successively weakening repetitions of the first idea. There is no gift so great but it must blunt itself upon monotony. But the greater artist will go steadily on saying one thing after another as well as he can and then turning to the next, exhausting one branch of his craft only to discover and develop another. This Mr. Kipling has done, and in the doing has become from year to year a wiser poet and a more skilful craftsman. He could write *The Man Who Would Be King* over again to-morrow if he chose; but at the time when he wrote that he could not possibly have written *An Habitation Enforced* or *They* or *Mrs. Bathurst* or *The Butterfly that Stamped.* One hears every now and then the superficial complaint that Mr. Kipling has written himself out; it will be time enough to complain of that when he begins repeating himself at our pleasure.

Huntly Murray.

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III

MISS BISLAND'S "THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN"*

The present volume adds a third to the two volumes of letters of Lafcadio Hearn already published. These are written to three people—Professor B. H. Chamberlain, Mr. W. B. Mason, and Mrs. Hearn. It is difficult to see why the letters to his wife—fortunately only a few—should be expected to engage attention. They are short diaries of daily doings while Hearn was away on a vacation. They manifest merely that he considered his wife a simple and endearing woman, that he thought she would be most interested in the little events of his day, and that he could write to her in the usual strain of tender familiarity. Well, why not? "I feel lonely sometimes; I wish I could see your sweet face. It is difficult to sleep on account of the thick fleas. But as I have a delightful swim in the morning, I usually forget the misery of the night." One wonders why such letters should be judged significant of anything, or worth preserving in any book—least of all in one the introduction of which maintains that Hearn belongs in the foremost rank of the world's great letter-writers.

The letters to Mr. Mason deal chiefly with Japanese impressions and those to Professor Chamberlain with literary impressions. Both are of course interesting, although their interest is not by any means widely human. Nor is there much variety in them, either of kind or mood. The reader finds himself listless after so much of the same sort of thing. Only occasionally is there any humour or archness, and there is little personal charm. The earlier volumes (which the reviewer has not read) may reveal one of the great human portraits of literature, as Miss Bisland says; certainly this one does not. "Every quality of his mind, his character, his mode of thought, opinions, interests, affections, and convictions," she says are here. If this is so, one is forced to Dr. Gould's conclusion that the man had few qualities—for one gets little sense of a personality, only of a person's mind and tastes.

Exceedingly interesting, both subjectively and objectively, are his literary impressions; and they would be well worth quoting if space allowed. Naturally, the most vital material, however, is that which concerns his reaction on Japan, the renewal of Western associations, his outlook on life, and his method of work.

His earlier letters are full of the charm and the lovableness of the Japanese. He found their nature unspeculative and that they could not take pleasure in the suggestions of philosophy. The absence of individuality was one of the delightful qualities of their social life. He thought the educated, modernised Japanese was like a soft reflection of Latin types without the Latin force and brilliancy and passion—somewhat as in dreams the memory of people we have known becomes smilingly aerial and imponderable. Later he discovered that the so-called impersonality of the people signifies the ancient moral tendency to self-sacrifice for duty's sake. But after three years he wrote that illusions were gone forever, though the memory of many pleasant things remained. "Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me, though always in a lovable way. However intolerable anything else is, at home I enter into my little smiling world of old ways and thoughts and courtesies, where all is soft and gentle as something seen in sleep." He couldn't imagine anybody, his first experiences over, having in Japan either an inspiration or a strong emotion. "To-day I spent an hour reading over notes taken on my first arrival. I asked myself: How came you to go mad—absolutely mad? I find I described horrible places as gardens of paradise and horrid people as angels and divinities. Perhaps the man who comes to Japan full of hate for all things Oriental may get nearer to truth at once—though, of course, he will also make a kindred mistake." By the time he had discovered that the Japanese have as extraordinary individuality as occidentals, only it shows less quickly on the surface, he was a disillusioned enthusiast. This was especially true of his teaching; he felt it was impossible even to continue his con-

*The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited, with an Introduction by Elizabeth Bisland. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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tract. How could one teach English literature to a class totally insensible to European imagination? Government education was a humbug and the atmosphere of officialdom was stifling. He left it as a prisoner released from five years' servitude. Then suddenly he saw his home —his boy reaching out to him, and all the simple charm and love of old Japan; and the fairy world seized his soul again, very softly and very sweetly. But with a gush of equal sweetness and admiration rushed to him the exiled Western life. He saw warm human realities; he felt that he had been guilty of blasphemy in condemning it. He saw that numbers had given their whole lives and brains and means not merely to do what was right and good, but what was extraordinary and generous to the uttermost limit of their human capacity.

The Latin races seemed to him essentially materialistic, their emotional life is in the nerves. The French seem unable to become philosophical without becoming grossly materialistic—an extreme sensual refinement is their nearest approach to soul. Western civilisation is steeped in an atmosphere artificially created—passionalism; and everything is shapen with a view to the stimulation of sexual idealism. He thought it desirable that Europe should become Cossack, since the best novelists are Slavs. But he doubted if civilisation was a human benefit. He couldn't escape the conviction that an enormous part of what we now imagine to be education must be pitched overboard to lighten ship, and even then we should never have any more time to enjoy the world. As well talk of turning a river with a pebble as of transmuting a character by education. Regarding the utility of superstition as compared with the utility of religion, he thought the former served its purpose infinitely better in explaining eternal and valuable things. "I used to think," he writes, "I had no soul, but since coming here I think I have. Converted from various nihilisms I have become." He could not disassociate the thing called Christianity from all his life's experience of hypocrisy and cruelty and villainy, from dirty austerities and long faces and Jesuitry and infamous distortion of children's brains. "I know I am rabid, but I try to control it in my writings." What is morality? he asks. Nature's law is struggle, cruelty, pain, everything religion declares essentially immoral; we are only what we can't help being. To give pain knowingly, even to one I dislike, gives more pain to myself. Such dispositions are counted worthless and weak, yet all religions teach the cultivation of the very qualities that ruin us. Out of all this enormous and unspeakably cruel contradiction, what is to come?

In his literary work, he rewrote four or five times, changing the style mechanically but letting the thought grow and shape itself. To disengage perfectly an emotion, develop it, discover its whole meaning, was for him killing work. "I am talking now as if I were a big instead of a very small writer, but the truth is, the cost is greater in proportion to the smallness of the original power." His own mistakes taught him finally that the great point was to touch with simple words, and he gave up attempting his utmost at ornamentation. Every important word seemed to him to have form, sound, and colour (this last appearing only in print, never in MS.). For him words had characters, faces, parts, manners, gesticulations; they had moods, humours, eccentricities, tints, tones, personalities—that they were unintelligible made no difference at all. His delicious disquisition on their qualities is one of the few gayeties of the letters. In speaking of Mrs. Deland, he writes, "How fine and terribly perceptive is her analysis! The gods have denied all such faculties of perception to me—that is, *creatively*. I know them only when I see them." He asks Professor Chamberlain to give him a sample-fact — one that will whiz through the imagination like a splendid mad wasp. He asks Mr. Mason to write him a few lines about anything touching or noble in common every-day life. "I collect all the 'heart-things' I can and write them and put them in drawers. In time they work themselves out. For instance, I have a servant's death written, but I want a good beginning for it. A line or two from you might inspire me with a whole sketch."

To the letters Miss Bisland writes an interesting introduction. She announces

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it is for the purpose of analysing Hearn's personality, naively forgetting that she has said the correspondence entirely reveals it. She takes exception to many things written of Hearn by other people who knew him, and is unwilling to admit knowledge of him to any one who feels differently. Because some friends were not willing to overlook as much as she is, they prove their faultiness of perception. It is quite open to her to accuse Dr. Gould of writing as a puritan; he might equally return that she is writing as a sentimentalist. Substantial estimates of people are not furnished by those who feel "there is a sort of gross curiosity in raking among the details of a man's life which he himself would wish ignored." Even to one who cares not at all to emphasise the importance of the fact, it would seem that her explanation of Hearn's attitude toward women is fantastic. "It had its origin," she says, "in his mystic sense of her being the channel of heredity." Dr. Gould states that except in the pursuit of literary excellence Hearn had no character whatever and that he was always the slave of circumstance. He was without creative ability; mentally and spiritually he was most perfectly an echo; and the only originality he brought to the echo was colour. This last, he thinks, was necessarily so; because—crippled in the most important of his senses—the world a few feet away from him was formless and flat and almost without perspective. Colour, therefore, was the only thing he could perceive, and he coloured everything that was brought before his echoing and reflecting nature; and that in addition to this he had a marvellous literary and psychologic sympathy with whatever was presented to him which made it possible for him to speak understandingly of things and ideas he had no personal sympathy with whatever. Beyond this difference, the conclusions of Dr. Gould and Miss Bisland are so precisely the same (and often expressed by her in the same words) that one wonders why she thinks it worth while to accuse him of lacking her breadth and leniency. "There are as many possible biographies of a man as there are possible biographers," says Dr. Gould, and one might add there is room for both puritans and sentimentalists as long as what they have to say is new and sincere.

Algernon Tassin.

IV

Jane Addams's "Twenty Years at Hull-House"*

Miss Addams's book starts out as an autobiography, but as it proceeds the thread of personal narrative loses itself in a topical discussion of the activities of Hull-House. The author herself, conscious of this break in her method, presents her apologies for it in her preface, and renders the following explanation: "It has unfortunately been necessary," she says, "to abandon the chronological order in favour of the topical, for during the early years at Hull-House, time seemed to afford a mere framework for certain lines of activity and I have found in writing this book, that after these activities have been recorded I can scarcely recall the scaffolding." Of course the story of Hull-House is the story of Miss Addams, and it is given to very few to accomplish a piece of work that is so complete a realisation of their most intimate dreams and aspirations. Her personality merges absolutely in that of the institution which she founded and finds therein its best expression. But the fact remains that for those curious concerning the phenomena of spiritual experience, the opening chapters of Miss Addams's book, in which she recounts the crises of her moral and intellectual development, will prove of a superior interest to the others in which, the right path of conduct having been discovered, she steadfastly pursues her purpose and encounters no further difficulties and problems than those of a purely practical order.

The story is one of singular interest and has a strange affinity with the stories of other great moral and spiritual leaders of humanity. Her instinct has been sure in showing her that, in order to explain the personality so reacted upon by the sight of suffering and the problem of

*Twenty Years at Hull-House. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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poverty as to produce a Hull-House, it was necessary to begin at the beginning and to afford those glimpses of a little girl, already of a strangely awakened moral seriousness and of a dreaming temperament, with which the book begins. Her "dog-like" affection for her father, the morbidly imaginative sensitiveness which made her feel her "plainness" as in some obscure way a reflection upon this handsome parent, her precocious preoccupation with the perplexities of theological doctrines, and, above all, her childish admiration for Lincoln, who came to embody for her the ideal element in democracy, and to make this the core of a religious cult of humanity, —all these things give the key to the fundamental traits of her nature, and reveal the springs of that spiritual vitality, the sources of that sense of personal responsibility which prompted and sustained her in her search for an adequate outlet of moral expression.

In the same way the almost feverish intensity of the intellectual atmosphere at the Rockford Seminary, where she received her advanced education, accounts for the pronounced deepening of the seriousness with which she already accepted life, and for the first conscious shaping of her ideals and purposes. These reflected the intellectual currents of the time. She strove for literary culture, she read everything, discussed everything, opposed to formal religious orthodoxy a rationalism derived from Emerson, espoused and advocated the cause of women, and felt the fascination of the scientific spirit. A ferment of humanitarian sentiment was always stirring in her, but she had not as yet begun to respond actively to it. Even after her first trips abroad and her first glimpses of the London slums and the settlement work carried on there, she for some time continued to entertain rather a general than a specific idea of her life-work, and to carry on those cultural pursuits which she conceived as constituting a "preparation." The confessions of her state of this moment are of a peculiarly profound interest and significance, since they echo the experience of all sensitive spirits who, in love with beauty in every form, are confronted with the ugliness and misery of life in its actual manifestations. The synthesis eluded Miss Addams. Having heard Frederic Harrison, she became intensely interested in the Positivists; "I imagined that their philosophical conception of man's religious development might include all expressions of that for which so many ages of men have struggled and aspired. I vaguely hoped for this universal comity when I stood in Stonehenge, on the Acropolis in Athens, or in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. But never did I so desire it as in the cathedrals of Winchester, Notre Dame, Amiens. One winter's day I travelled from Munich to Ulm because I imagined from what the art books said that the cathedral horded a mediæval statement of the Positivists' final synthesis, prefiguring their conception of a 'Supreme Humanity.'"

The conclusion of all this quest is as simple and dramatic as if it were the account of the cataclysmic conversion in the story of some Italian saint or mystic. Instinctively one thinks of Saint Francis, or of Jacopone da Todi. The decision to found Hull-House came as the result of a bull-fight in Madrid, "where greatly to my surprise and horror, I found that I had seen, with comparative indifference, five bulls and many more horses killed. The sense that this was the last survival of all the glories of the amphitheatre, the illusion that the riders on the caparisoned horses might have been knights of a tournament, or the matadore a slightly armed gladiator facing his martyrdom, and all the rest of the obscure yet vivid associations of an historic survival, had carried me beyond the endurance of any of the rest of the party. I finally met them in the foyer, stern and pale with disapproval of my brutal endurance, and but partially recovered from the faintness and disgust which the spectacle itself had produced in them. I had no defence to offer to their reproaches save that I had not thought much about the bloodshed; but in the evening the natural and inevitable reaction came, and in deep chagrin I felt myself tried and condemned, not only by this disgusting experience but by the entire moral situation which it revealed. It was suddenly made quite clear to me that I was lulling

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my conscience by a dreamer's scheme, that a mere paper reform had become a defence for continued idleness, and that I was making it a *raison d'être* for going on indefinitely with study and travel. . . . Nothing less than the moral reaction following the experience at a bull-fight had been able to reveal to me that so far from following in the wake of a chariot of philanthropic fire, I had been tied to the tail of the veriest ox-cart of self-seeking." The next day she took her determination, as in another age she might have taken her vow of poverty and the veil. . . . For other times and other men, this book, with its explicit statements of spiritual fervours and tense moral crises leading on to a career of singularly self-effacing effort to lead the life dictated by the impulses and convictions of a profound personal religion, will constitute a document of extraordinary interest and value as a clue to the recrudescence of mediæval idealism in modern life.

W. A. Bradley.

V

Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe"*

A perusal of parts of this colossal and much-heralded work of fiction, in the French, did not produce a very favourable impression upon the present reviewer, and it was difficult to understand the unstinted praise that had been poured out upon it by Mr. George Moore, Mr. Edmund Gosse and others of the critical confraternity. This was partly due to the fact that, having no external events of importance, and depending for its interest altogether upon the progressive development of a single character, *Jean-Christophe* must be read consecutively from the start. It is decidedly a book not to be dipped into. Readers must be warned, in view of its formidable length, that here it is a case of all or nothing. Also, the original seems to suffer from the utter slovenliness and lack of distinction of its style. Any one who has come to seek in French a certain precision, elegance and clarity of expression, as well as a feeling for artistic restraint, for form and for structure, cannot but be offended by the chaotic shapeliness and by the enormous volubility of the present work. To tell the whole story of the life of a man, omitting nothing, is a tempting experiment for the modern novelist trained in the school of naturalism. But in throwing over so many aids to the arousing and holding of attention, in seeking to make art imitate life in the most literal sense, is to run a great risk of producing that impression of boredom and disgust which life itself so often produces. It requires a great artist to court such a danger successfully. On a relatively small scale, Flaubert did this in *Une Vie*. But not even that writer would have dared to attempt a *Jean-Christophe*.

That M. Romain Rolland should deliberately plan to tell the story of his hero in ten volumes would argue, on the face of it, either sublime conviction or fatuous self-confidence. He has none of the literary skill and power of a Flaubert, or even of a Zola. That he writes a bastard French style is perhaps nothing, since Stendhal's style has also been loudly and universally decried. But Stendhal at least registered his ideas and impressions concisely and with pungent precision. M. Rolland, on the other hand, is rhetorical and redundant, he conceals none of the tentative steps by which he strives after—and sometimes attains—the right word or phrase, and he indulges in passages of heightened and ejaculatory prose that represent a return to the most turgid type of the *roman lyrique* of the early nineteenth century. He moralises, rhapsodises, digresses, proceeds from the psychological analysis of the individual to that of the race, discusses poetry and music in their national manifestations, and, in short, makes of the novel a medium for the expression of the whole of modern life and the modern spirit.

Yet the fact remains that, in spite of all these antecedent grounds for probable failure, *Jean-Christophe* is an impressive, and often an extraordinarily interesting piece of fiction. Translation into English, usually so fatal to a French masterpiece, here seems to have exactly the opposite result. This is not due altogether

*Jean-Christophe. Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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to Mr. Cannan, whose work, while faithful, is not free from faults, but rather to the fact that the style of the original is an English or German, rather than a French style, and the author's excesses are but such as we are quite familiar with in the work of our greatest masters. As for the story itself, if M. Rolland has, in a measure, succeeded where even Flaubert would have failed, the reason is that the former has chosen a subject quite different from that which would have attracted the latter. Like Stendhal in his *Julien Sorel,* M. Rolland has set out to depict, not a commonplace character, but a type of the *homme superieur.* The comparison is misleading, for if Julien was superior through intelligence, Jean-Christophe is superior rather through his soul. He is, indeed, a musical genius, as well as a man of heroic cast and proportions, morally and spiritually. He performs many acts that are unheroic enough, his natural kindliness is frequently eclipsed by the cruelty of youth or the egoism of genius. But he remains sympathetic and even noble because he is passionately and vividly alive, because he feels remorse for what he does that is wrong, because he himself suffers, and because he is impatient with lies and seeks unremittingly the truth. He is no charlatan, he is sincere. He is even a little god-like, and this is intentional on the part of his creator, for M. Rolland regards life as spiritual energy, and its manifestation in man as true divinity. He glorifies life, and sings pæans in its praise. It is not life that is bad. It is the things that obstruct the flow of its forces. Men go down because they cling to these obstructions. Jean-Christophe survives, and even triumphs, because he detaches himself from them, one by one, in his search for truth.

Naturally, as this is a novel with a musical hero, the criticism of conservatism and the classical spirit is carried out largely in the field of music. And as the hero is also a German, the specific object of the attack is the German national character as divined in its musical expression. It is the German lie that Jean-Christophe first detects and exposes—to his own sorrow—the lie of the shallow German idealism and "terrible tenderness." Later on, we are told, Jean-Christophe, who leaves his little Rhenish town for Paris at the end of the present volume, discovers the French lie. Whether we are to have the rest of this story in English—only seven of the projected ten parts have yet appeared in French—depends, the translator remarks in his preface, upon the reception accorded to the present volume. It will be interesting to see what this reception will be like. It is no longer necessary to take the apologetic tone for the psychological novel that Taine took in his article on *Rouge-et-Noir* in the '60's. The fact that *Jean-Christophe* is a musical novel should help it to reach a certain class of readers, but a stronger and wider appeal lies in the breath and sympathy with which the emotional experiences of the hero are handled.

M. Rolland is a biographer of Beethoven, and his study of the various phases of the character of that composer has given him an insight into the operations of genius from its earliest manifestations. The boyhood part of the book is particularly well done. The child of six is trained by a drunken father for the part of the infant prodigy. Drilled at the piano, forced, at dictation, to pen an obsequious dedicatory letter to the local Duke, he is finally presented upon the stage in a paroxysm of shyness and awakened resentment at the indignity of the whole proceeding. The episode has a pathos that is almost painful. But there is charm, too, in these early pages, as when pride and affection prompt the grandfather to take down the notes of the airs the little boy hums in his play, and to draw up "Op. 1" of Jean-Christophe's musical compositions: "The Pleasures of Childhood." The old man is a musician and an unsuccessful composer, and he cannot resist adding a trio of his own to his grandson's minuet, so that something of himself will not altogether perish. For one who makes almost a gospel of the insolent glory of youth, M. Rolland has a profound and sympathetic insight into the secrets of broken old age. Louisa, Jean-Christophe's peasant mother, inarticulate in her sorrow of living, is a portrait filled out with tender and understanding touches. But the book is a per-

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fect gallery of portraits. One would say that all the types of contemporary German life were contained in this gallery, and though they are introduced in the most casual fashion—scarcely delineated before they are dismissed to make way for others—they remain in the memory with sharpness and clearness of detail. For they are, in the majority of instances, human types, as well as German, and if they are interesting and memorable, it is because they are immediately recognised as universally true. Take, for example, another of the old men, Justus Euler, who illustrates the author's paradox that most men die at twenty or thirty, and thereafter are but pale and mechanical reflections of what they were when they were alive:

> On every subject he had ideas ready-made, dating from his youth. He pretended to some knowledge of the arts, but he clung to certain hallowed names of men, about whom he was forever reiterating his emphatic formulæ: everything else was naught and had never been. When modern interests were mentioned he would not listen and talked of something else. He declared that he loved music passionately, and he would ask Christophe to play. But as soon as Christophe . . . began to play, the old fellow would begin to talk loudly to his daughter, as though the music only increased his interest in everything but music. . . . There were only a few airs—three or four—some very beautiful, others very ugly, but all equally sacred, which were privileged to gain comparative silence and absolute approval. With the very first notes the old man would go into ecstasies, tears would come into his eyes, not so much for the pleasure he was enjoying as for the pleasure he once had enjoyed.

It is this intimate knowledge of the human heart that gives the work of M. Romain Rolland its true distinction. His sympathetic understanding of vague impulses and promptings enables him to carry his hero without indignity through the rather undignified and ridiculous adventures of adolescence, and to gild even a vulgar love with a kind of glory. Perhaps his chief danger lies in this direction, and another age or generation, less in love with youth, may spurn much of his work as of a spurious sentimentality. Certainly his art, so solidly based upon observation and insight, would gain with greater restraint in expression. But M. Rolland shares in that spirit of revolt of which he makes his hero the embodiment. *Jean-Christophe's onslaught upon the* composers and virtuosi of Germany, and the petty personalities of his native town, is not more fierce than that which his creator makes by implication against the conventions of French fiction. And while it is not always possible to praise, it is impossible to deny that he has brought back the spirit of youth, or some semblance of it, into the desiccated French novel of to-day.

Cleveland Palmer.

VI

Stewart Edward White's "The Rules of the Game"*

When a novelist turns propagandist there is always ground for some doubt as to the outcome. To write a novel worth the name is not so simple as it looks to some thousands of scribblers; to write a good novel and at the same time serve a great moral cause is next door to the impossible. When it was noised abroad that Mr. White had written a novel with Conservation for its theme, a few thoughtless ones applauded his cleverness in appropriating a subject so dear just now to the public heart; the judicious knew that he invited disaster. No one, to be sure, could apparently be better fitted for the task. Mr. White has known the woods from a boy, and has long since given us transcripts from the life of the lumberman and plainsman, so faithful to the letter of the fact that they have at times almost missed the flavour of fiction by reason of their very literalness. Of recent years he has turned from his early Michigan studies to learn the special conditions that exist in the Far West, where the problem of conserving the country's natural resources is now at an acute stage. But specialised knowledge of the Burning Question does not argue the special skill required to turn it into a readable novel. It might even be con-

*The Rules of the Game. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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ceived that too much knowledge would be a handicap, particularly if conjoined with definite convictions. And Mr. White has made no secret of his allegiance to the Great Conserver and his chief prophet of the Forestry Bureau.

If, then, in spite of knowledge and conviction vigorously applied, Mr. White has made a real novel, to be read for the story's sake alone, it may fairly be accounted to him for a triumph. This he has done. The further assertion may be ventured, that it is, if not the best, at least as good as the best, of all his books. It has more coherence, more plot, more actual drama, than *The Blazed Trail,* hitherto accounted the most successful work he has done. Finicking persons who quibble over definitions have denied to that bracing, vigorous book the title of novel; they will not presume to withhold the designation from *The Rules of the Game.* It is not a story of distinguished plot. Mr. White has never excelled in this kind of inventiveness. Here are the familiar outlines: Young Jack Orde, emerging from college a football hero and otherwise a rather inefficient youngster, is sent into the Wisconsin woods to get his real education. There he learns to be a lumberman, before transferring his activities to California and the new kind of lumbering that new conditions have compelled. Through the influence of an enthusiastic Forest Reserve supervisor, he becomes so interested in the work of the Reserve that he turns his back on an exceptional business opportunity to "enlist" as a ranger. The rest is the familiar tale of enmities incurred, of the devious ways of powerful "interests" and their thwarting at the hands of the hero, of kidnappings and attempted murders and hairbreadth escapes, and finally the violent and deserved death of the villain. But though the pattern is old, the details are endlessly fresh and ingenious, and they go to the making of a total impression of reality. It is only in the review that the plot shows the face of an old friend. In the actual reading events succeed one another naturally, inevitably.

Yet this is the least of the merits of *The Rules of the Game.* Once more Mr. White has got out into the light of day a group of characters who have the substance, the shape and dimensions of life. Jack Orde is the centre of the book, but he is by no means the only person to attach himself to the reader's sympathies. Welton, the old Michigan lumberman, is drawn straight from the model, and Baker, the breezy corporation head, and Thorne, the Forestry enthusiast; but the best of them all is old California John, an ancient ranger who had stuck to the Reserve through the years of its incompetency out of sheer love for the work, and who enters into his reward at last when the new Bureau takes up the work. Even the inevitable heroine, Thorne's sister, is a flesh and blood girl—a person of distinct character, though she plays but a minor part in the drama. Her position is fitting, for the Game is a man's game, played according to rules that only a man is supposed to understand. It is not altogether a defect that there is no love making until after six hundred pages have been passed—for this is a generous, full-grown book, of physical magnitude to match its big theme.

So Mr. White has made a real novel. Nor has he done it by shirking the problem which the subject poses. He believes in conservation, with all that it means. Further, he believes in a certain ex-President and the methods of conservation denoted thereby. The fable at times wears a thin disguise. There is downright, plainspoken criticism of the management of affairs before the reign of President Roosevelt and Forester Pinchot, there is vigorous denunciation of the enemies of these men. Doubtless the reader's assent to Mr. White's attitude with regard to the personal issue will be coloured by his convictions on a question on which every respectable citizen must take sides. He must, however, be a stiff-necked and perverse reactionary, or else a malefactor and crook, who can remain impervious to the argument for conservation which the book sets forth. Mr. White has a clear view of the difficulties involved in the transition from the old ways of thinking, and he appreciates the occasional injustice to the individual involved in so radical a change. But to the principle that has necessitated the altered way of thinking he professes a righteous

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and enthusiastic adherence that must carry many a reader with him. And for the numerous unenlightened who hear daily talk of conservation and have still but the vaguest idea of what it really means, a better book cannot be recommended. Nowhere will they learn the merits of the argument more safely—or more pleasantly.

Ward Clark.

VII

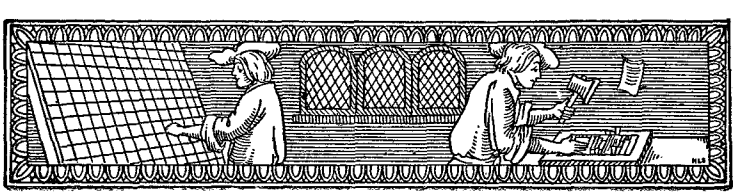
Emerson Hough's "The Purchase Price"*

One has learned to expect of Emerson Hough an aggressive virility expressed in a vulcanised vocabulary. His characters are always projected in high lights and find their best expression in turbulence. Backgrounds of stress and colour induce his men to gamble for their women and encourage a primitive female acquiescence to the resentfully welcome masculine domination. *The Purchase Price* contains no striking deviation from the author's general mode of treatment, though it does afford him an opportunity to present some historical scenes of vivid interest. Once again Mr. Hough has turned to our own American soil in which to plant his plot and, following, no doubt, a well-defined scheme of treating successively certain epochs in our history, he has advanced sequentially from *54-40 or Fight* and *The Mississippi Bubble* to the chaotic days just preceding the Civil War. Here amid Free Soilers, abolitionists, fugitive slaves and Cabinet ministers of varying tendencies, to say nothing of "underground" agents and pettifogging politicians he places a woman of alluring mystery, who, besides having a secret mission and a sad past, has also the rare quality of getting men in amorous difficulties. Filled with the desire of bringing about the transportation and colonisation of the blacks and also being an agent of Hungary, it is quite natural she should cause a political rumpus in Washington when compromise was the temper of statesmanship and the lack of spoken opinion a tactful necessity. She is consequently spirited away under orders and a young officer is told to lose her in the West. The author provides a dramatic game of cards, however, in which she is the stakes, and her guardian loses her to a rabid Missourian, who carries her off *à la* Petruchio, minus his humour, to an isolated house of weird sounds somewhat familiar to readers of recent fiction. The author adds thrills and excitement to the many odd adventures which follow, and it is not surprising that after a strenuous wooing and being battered by fate the woman should let her pity for his broken leg and heart grow into love.

Aside from the story itself the main interest to more than the casual reader rests in a series of clear-cut pictures of the great personalities of the time, who, though unnamed by the author for reasons of questionable artistry, are yet easily recognisable. Several amazing interviews are recorded and a successful attempt to catch the spirit and the diverging points of view has been made; in fact, one feels Mr. Hough's sincere desire to portray accurately the *sturm und drang* of the negro question and its contiguous complications. His reading and knowledge of the period are ample and his narrative style convincing to those who enjoy this sort of story. But one cannot help feeling how far its problems are from us to-day and how little real interest we Americans have in anything that has passed. Considering the author's aim, however, his ammunition is effective.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

*The Purchase Price. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.



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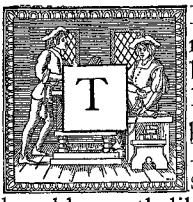
TRAVEL BOOKS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE*

BY CALVIN WINTER



HE book of travel might not unjustly be called the butterfly of the world of letters. It is at once so prolific and so ephemeral. It issues in all variety of size and colouring, from humble moth-like browns and drabs to gorgeous, gold and purple-winged splendour, suited to the holiday season. Metaphors aside, the modern book of scenes and adventures in foreign lands is a most tempting volume, awakening a covetous glance in the eye and a vague nostalgia in the heart. And yet we all know there is a smaller chance for a book of travel to outlive a decade than there is for that still more prolific class, the modern novel. Think for a moment how few books of voyages and discoveries have passed into the list of recognised classics. The *Descriptio Græciæ* of Pausanias has an antiquarian value; and then, of course, some one will call to mind Marco Polo and Hakluyt and a few other pioneer globe-trotters, truthful and otherwise. And we all of us can remember just two or three volumes, read during impressionable years, to which we attached an utterly disproportionate value. The present writer remembers quite distinctly an illogical fondness for musty and battered copies of Kane's *Arctic Adventures,* and Seward's *Travels Around the World,* neither of which books is likely to be known to the present generation. The type represented by Thackeray's *Paris Sketch-Book* and Dickens's *Italian Notes* survives of course for a different reason, the personal equation. It seems, then, worth while to ask: Why are so many charming books, dealing with so many charming places, destined from their birth to be creatures of a day? What, after all, is the philosophy of the book of travel, and what does it need to give it some degree of permanence?

The answer is not difficult to find. The book of travel, in its widest sense, seems at first sight to be of almost infinite variety. It ranges all the way from such works of pioneer daring as Stanley's *How I Found Livingstone,* and Lieutenant Shackleton's record of his nearest approach to the South Pole; and on the other, to the modest but necessary Baedeker and the railway time-table. Yet, if you stop to analyse them, you will find that they one and all can be subdivided into just two classes: the books that interest you because they put you for an hour in touch with strange, remote corners of the world that are quite outside your circle of ambitions; and the books that give you valuable information regarding places which you hope more or less definitely to visit. Now the only weakness with this division is that it is relative, not absolute; it varies more or less with every individual reader. Constantinople may be to one person a fabled spot, forever beyond his dreams; and to another, merely a convenient gateway to the Orient. Yet, even with allowance for individual differences, there are a large proportion of these books which most of

*Florence as Described by Great Writers. Compiled by Esther Singleton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

In and Out of Florence. By Max Vernon. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Sienna and Southern Tuscany. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Italian Fantasies. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Dogaressas of Venice. By Edgcumbe Staley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Romance of Imperial Rome. By Elizabeth W. Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Heroic Spain. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Duffield and Company.

Royal Palaces and Parks of France. By Francis Miltoun. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

English Episcopal Palaces. Edited by R. S. Rait. New York: James Pott and Company.

Ways and Days Out of London. By Aida Rodman DeMilt. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

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us will agree to place either among the books that we read as we would a modern *Odyssey*, or else among those of which we ask: "Shall we take that with us on our next trip, or not?"

Now, having got this distinction firmly in mind, we are ready for the next question: What is the distinctive stamp, the hall-mark, as it were, of each of these classes? And the answer, of course, is, that in order to make a wide appeal, a book of the first type should place its main stress upon narrative, and that of the second type upon description. A record of exploration in Central Asia or Darkest Africa which confined itself to topographical details, and made no mention of hardships and dangers, might be of value to the world's geographical societies, but would not make popular reading; and conversely, no one wants his Bradshaw written in Dolly Dialogues. It has not yet occurred to any railway to issue a time-table after the following sprightly fashion:

"The first Shore Line express for Boston," announced Clarice, after a few moments' study, "starts at ten A.M., stopping at Stamford, Bridgeport, New Haven, New London and Providence."

"Yes," added John, looking over her shoulder, "and there are others at one, three and five P.M."

"What do you suppose that funny little double cross means?" asked Clarice meditatively.

"That," answered John, with masculine superiority, after a surreptitious glance at the marginal note, "that, my dear, means that there is a buffet-car all the way, and a dining-car between Bridgeport and New London."

Now, although this particular form of absurdity has never been perpetrated, yet it represents a tendency that every year operates to spoil what would otherwise have been quite readable volumes. There is one simple rule to remember: that the great mass of mankind do not care keenly about the geological formation of Mount Erebus, which they will never visit; but there are thousands who are grateful for the same information about the humbler Riffel Alp, up which they expect to toil next summer. And equally important is this second distinction: A book of the first, or adventure, class may be written in what mood the author chooses; he may come in peace or in war, or to dance at the wedding, like young Lochinvar; he may show us the people among whom he moves to be a race of knaves and cut-throats—and so much the better for the narrative thrill. But a book of the second class, to be acceptable, must be written genially; we want no book as a travelling companion which approaches the scenes of our journey in a hostile or a grouchy spirit. Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* lives as a masterpiece of caustic humour; but we want none of it upon our travels. And even Ruskin, with all his bursts of enthusiasm, almost spoils our pleasure by his intolerance of the things which do not happen to suit him. It is only the born traveller who has the qualifications essential to the writing of a really good, sympathetic book of travel. And Gibbon, the historian, who happened to be a born traveller himself, once gave the following definition:

He should be endowed with an active, indefatigable vigour of mind and body, which can seize every mode of conveyance, and support with a careless smile every hardship of the road, the weather or the inn.

It is the critical, carping, discontented note, the tendency to magnify racial defects and climatic changes, that goes far toward explaining the high rate of infant mortality among otherwise quite admirable books.

All good rules are expected to have exceptions; and an apparent exception is offered, on the one hand, by volumes dealing with the romance of history; and, on the other, by novels the scenes of which are laid in a foreign setting. Both of these classes are frankly narrative in form; yet we can any of us name offhand quite a long list of those that from time to time have gone as treasured pocket companions to many a city of the old world. Yet after all these are not really exceptions. A book dealing with the romance of history clustering around Holyrood Castle, or Notre Dame, or the Palace of the Cæsars, is, if we take it from the point of view of a traveller's needs, a sort of sugar-coated description of the

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buildings in question, a picture of them taken at an angle that shows us a lengthened vista down the vanished centuries. And the same thing applies equally to a limited number of novels, such as *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Romola* and *The Marble Faun*—books in which the characters and incidents have come to be more real than history itself, so that they too cling among the inseparable shadows in the streets and buildings where we like to picture them.

"Florence as Described by Great Writers"

Of all cities in the world there is none that has lent itself more often or with better grace to the purposes of pictorial book making than the city of Florence. This year, as usual, there are several volumes devoted either to the city herself or to the Tuscan towns in her near neighbourhood. A few cordial words deserve to be said about the compact and comprehensive collection of chapters brought together by Miss Esther Singleton under the title *Florence as Described by Great Writers*. One of the necessary privations of those who rove is that of the home library. There is a definite limitation to the pounds avoirdupois of printed paper that may be carried in portmanteau or a gladstone. And it is a natural and frequent wish in travelling that one might have a whole collection of appropriate chapters culled from a score of books and bound conveniently into one. This is precisely what Miss Singleton has undertaken to do for us in regard to Florence; and on the whole she appears to have chosen wisely, her sources ranging all the way from Dickens and Hawthorne to Oscar Browning and John Ruskin, from Taine to Ouida. It would, of course, be easy to make up several alternative schemes for such a volume; and one would naturally be inclined to include at least a chapter from Stendhal and another from George Eliot—and, as a matter of economy of space, it would seem wiser to omit the chapters by Augustus J. C. Hare and by Ruskin because of the practical reason that a visitor to Florence naturally carries with him anyway both *Walks in Florence* and *Mornings in Florence*. But these passing comments do not alter the fact that Miss Singleton has given us in portable form an exceedingly wide and useful range of matter.

"In and Out of Florence"

In and Out of Florence, by Max Vernon, is frankly intended as a serviceable, guide-book type of volume, but it is none the less written with a rare sympathy and a pleasant ease of style that lends a certain charm even to its more prosaic details. There is running through it a frankly personal note; the writer assumes in perfect good faith that the fact that he and his wife took a villa in the neighbourhood of the city—a villa and three servants and a dog which went with it, the man-servant receiving the lavish wages of eight dollars a month, because he was a man, and because he had to feed the dog—all this, as we started to say, the writer assumes to be just as vitally important to us as it was to them. And oddly enough he justifies this assumption. We instinctively put ourselves in their places, and find an interest in all their domestic experiences, their successes and blunders, their financial triumphs and disasters, as valuable and enlightening as the carefully bracketed price rates in a Baedeker's list of hotels. The personal equation, however, is not insisted upon; the book does not give one that annoying sense of being a sort of personally conducted tour. It leaves you rather with a sense of having enjoyed the privilege of visiting, as a free and untrammelled guest, at a very charming private house, instead of putting up with the cold comfort of hired lodgings—and furthermore of having profited by the wise advice of a genial host who knows and loves his Florence well and who, without ever being obtrusive, is delighted to feel himself of service. If you happen to have friends sailing for Italy this winter, there is no recent volume to be more heartily commended as a parting gift than this.

"Sienna and Southern Tuscany"

Sienna and Southern Tuscany, by Edward Hutton, forms a worthy companion volume to the same author's *Cities of Umbria* and is appropriately bound in a warm ochre cloth suggestive of the pigment which takes its name from the Tuscan city. Next to Florence, Venice and Rome,

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there is no city in Italy that can rival Sienna as a treasury of art; while round about her on the neighbouring hills are a hundred vistas of quaint slumberous hill towns shimmering in a nebulous haze of colour—towns whose very names are a soft, siren song of allurement—San Gimignano, Sinalunga, Montalcino, Montepulciano—names that set one dreaming of remembered or anticipated joys. As a guide for a lengthy stay in these unbeaten ways, Mr. Hutton's volume is of course most serviceable; it is written by one who obviously belongs by birth to the honourable order of travellers, and it is written in a spirit of sustained appreciation that carries contagion with it.

"Italian Fantasies"

Italian Fantasies, by Israel Zangwill, is not strictly speaking a book of travel at all. It is simply a volume in which Mr. Zangwill is pleased to talk about himself, his tastes, his views, his philosophy of life, apropos of Sicily or Naples, Lucrezia Borgia or St. Francis of Assisi. Surrounded by the most wonderful relics that the world possesses of classicism and the Renaissance, beneath the bluest and sunniest of skies, Mr. Zangwill's Italian fantasies largely run off into the form of irrelevant literary criticisms as, for instance:

> To accept Art for Art's sake, to divorce it from life, would be to pigeonhole our souls, as most people put their religion into Sundays. . . . Moreover, it is only by their relation to human realities that imaginative creation like Goethe's Mephistopheles or Swift's Lilliputians, the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Caliban of Shakespeare, or the Jungle-Beasts of Kipling, have power to hold us. It may give us a useful distinction between Imagination and Fancy to connect the one with invention along the lines of life and born of insight into its essence—as in the creation of Hamlet; the other with artificial invention—as in the creation of Alice's Wonderland. Whether Hamlet existed or not, or that Prince Hal did exist, is irrelevant to Art. The transient reality has been replaced by permanent creation.

Now no one can say that observations of this type, of which the present volume is full, are not mentally stimulating. But the point that seems worth making is just this: Mr. Zangwill deliberately names his volume *Italian Fantasies;* he wishes the world to understand that it is after this fashion that the land and the people, the whole *milieu* reacts upon him. And in doing so, he goes far to prove that, like Dickens and a limited number of other distinguished literary travellers, he moves abroad so thickly surrounded by his own atmosphere that he scarcely comes in contact with the vital things of the foreign environment. Mr. Zangwill's book has much in it that is frankly delightful, but it will be read for a dozen other reasons sooner than for the sake of its Italian atmosphere.

"The Dogaressas of Venice"

The Dogaressas of Venice, by Edgcumbe Staley, attractive as the title sounds, is none the less a book of wider scope than that same title implies. In fact, Mr. Staley seems to have hit upon the one true way of writing a history of Venice which shall be at once comprehensive and popular; covering the essential facts and the dry dates, and yet making us feel the reality of these dead and gone people, the poignant griefs and joys of their private and domestic lives. The book carries its own evidence of being a careful and scholarly work; yet, at the same time, it glows with a wealth of colour as rich as the bygone splendours of Venice herself. It would be difficult to imagine a better preparation for a visit to the city of St. Mark than to sit down with *The Dogaressas of Venice* in front of you, Baedeker's *Northen Italy* and the little handbook, *Venice On Foot,* on your right and left, and plan for yourself a daily itinerary as you read. You would load your mind with fewer facts than you would get from Ruskin or Molmenti, but you would have the advantage of remembering them.

"Sicily in Shadow and in Sun"

Sicily in Shadow and in Sun, by Maud Howe, has the one obvious defect of a misleading title. It is much as though Bulwer had called his familiar novel *Pompeii in Fair and Foul Weather,* because either of these titles would be equally far from conveying a hint of the tragedy with which the volumes specifically deal. The theme of

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this latest volume on Sicily is not the scenic beauty of the landscape in clear or cloudy weather, but the horrors of the earthquake that swept over the island and buried the fair city of Messina. The record of the subsequent relief work in which the American Ambassador, Lloyd C. Griscom, and Lieutenant-Commander Belknap played a signal part is given in great detail and is supplemented by a few chapters of vivid description of the city of Taormina, which the author enthusiastically ranks second only to Athens among the world's beautiful cities—and which, strangely enough, is only too apt to be ignored by the average American tourist who visits the island. Yet one has only to read the simple stories in Giovanni Verga's *Vita dei Campi* to conceive a longing for a glimpse not only of the city of Taormina itself but of its neighbouring villages, of Acireale, Aci Tre Case, and a dozen others that refuses to be silenced. Maud Howe has here performed a service in so definitely directing attention to one of the fair garden spots of the world.

"Romance of Imperial Rome"

It was Anatole France who said that the rest of the world was welcome to all the dry historical facts so long as they would leave him the romance of history. It is the *Romance of Imperial Rome* that Elizabeth W. Champney has chosen to weave into a series of chapters, vividly and artistically cast in the mould of the short story. Now whether Sulpicia is rightly or wrongly identified with the Delia celebrated in the plaintive elegies of Tibullus; whether Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was, as the Italian historian, Ferrero, claims, certainly not the "miserable Bacchante of the scandalous Roman chronicle"; whether, in short, we have enough authority in classic texts to vouch for the substantial accuracy of any one of the tales herein contained, is immaterial. A halo of romance and of tragedy clusters around the spots wherein these events, fictional or otherwise, are supposed to have taken place; and the author has achieved her purpose in so presenting them as to help the average modern reader to visualise with some clearness certain phases of ancient life; to straighten out once for all the rather complex genealogy of the house of Cæsar; and to people the crumbling ruins of to-day with men and women of flesh and blood, who feared and hoped and suffered much as we do. It is even a question whether she has not in this respect over-reached her mark. The Roman women of these tales are just a trifle too modern, with a little too much of the present day ideas of truth and morality, and too little of the purely pagan standard of ethics. In other words, they come nearer to being sisters of Marion Crawford's Roman heroines than of the equally flesh and blood women that one meets in the pages of Plautus.

"Heroic Spain"

Spain does not get her fair share of attention. We get scarcely one volume of Spanish travel to every ten on France or Italy. Yet it is not for the ungracious reason of *faute de mieux* that *Heroic Spain,* by E. Boyle O'Reilly, is welcome. On the principle of *Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana,* if you can get an enthusiastic Irishman to talk of Spain you have the ideal combination. Mr. O'Reilly's volume, in spite of his obvious delight at everything he sees and hears, is on the whole, none the less, a conscientious and serious-minded book, and one that may be safely trusted by the stranger. He does, to be sure, indulge in a certain amount of frankly hyperbolic comparison, as for instance when he says "Toledo has been compared to Durham, but it is the similarity between a splendid, lean, old leopard and a beautiful domestic cat;" nevertheless, he knows whereof he writes, he is saturated with the Spain of yesterday and of to-day—with her traditions, with her poetry, with the essential spirit of her people. It is pleasant now and then to come across a volume at once so substantial and so entertaining.

"Royal Palaces and Parks of France"

Royal Palaces and Parks of France is the latest volume in the long series of travel work by Francis Miltoun, that began with *Rambles on the Riviera,* and include similar delightful monographs on Normandy and Brittany, on the castles and chateaux of

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Touraine, Navarre and Burgundy. The new volume includes, of course, the old Louvre and its history, the Tuilleries, the Luxembourg, Vincennes and Fontainebleau; Malmaison and Saint Cloud; Versailles, Rambouillet and Chantilly; and last, but not least, Compiegne and its forests. To the casual visitor of these once royal homes there is only too apt to come a tantalising sense of ignorance. It is ground haunted by such a multitude of illustrious ghosts, of which the guide book gives only a fragmentary and unserviceable nomenclature. One racks one's brain to recall the vague smattering of French history that still remains from bygone schooling—or was it, to be honest, only from *The Three Mousquetaires, The Queen's Necklace,* and the Valois romances?—and wishes for a neat little book that would tell one not too ponderously the things one is expected to know. That is precisely what Mr. Miltoun seems to have done, and he has been ably seconded in the way of many attractive colour illustrations reproduced from the skilful brush of Blanche McManus.

"English Episcopal Palaces"

English Episcopal Palaces, comprising the palaces of Lambeth, Lincoln, Norwich and others of historical importance within the province of Canterbury,is the title of a careful and informing volume containing chapters contributed by half a dozen different writers under the general supervision of Mr. R. S. Rait. The book is a good specimen of its kind, substantial and solid; not at all the sort of book for a comfortable lazy evening by the winter fireside, or for the casual tourist in a hurry, but as full of good reliable facts as an article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* If you are conscientiously "doing" the cathedral towns of England, in a leisurely and thorough manner, then presumably this is one of the books you want.

"Ways and Days Out of London"

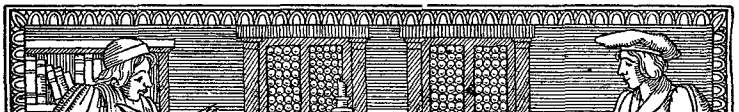
It seems ungracious to speak otherwise than kindly of *Ways and Days Out of London,* by Aida Rodman DeMilt, because the scheme of the book comes pretty near to supplying that threadbare "long-felt want" of the hack reviewer. There are scores of delightful trips to be made by easy day excursions from London; and a book that will gather these excursions together and tell you just how to get to these places and what to see when you get there is of course a desideratum. But to take these trips as the author of this volume insists upon our doing, in company with a certain Diana and Sonia, becomes after a while a trifle tedious. Here, for instance, is a typical extract:

"Rochester and Frindsbury 11:40," read Diana. "We can go directly from here to Rochester—this afternoon."

While we awaited the tram for Rainhan, Sonia busily collected fragments of history which Chatham and Rochester had bestirred in her memory.

"Was it not from Chatham that James II set forth for France when England became an unsafe environment for his royal head?" she asked. "Yes, now I remember. It was here that Elizabeth established the dock-yards before the coming of the Armada."

We rather rashly said above that it had not yet occurred to any one to write a Bradshaw or a Baedeker in *Dolly Dialogue* form, but does not this come perilously near it?



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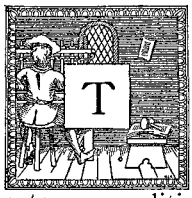
THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

VI—The Question of Style

In the preceding paper in this series, stress was laid upon the fact that there is no royal road to the craftsmanship of writing; that no amount of inborn talent will ever enable you to dispense with a certain amount of patient drudgery; that no great result can be achieved unless you subscribe to the Doctrine of Infinite Pains, and that this doctrine applies to every successive step in your work from the first conception of your central idea down to the last corrections on your page proofs. The present paper discusses the relationship between the Gospel of Infinite Pains and the question of forming a Style.



THERE is, I think, a good deal of unnecessary heartburn experienced by young writers regarding the question whether or not they are beginning to form a style. It indicates a condition of mind akin to that hypochondriacal tendency to believe that one is suffering from various purely imaginary diseases. A sound mind in a sound body is too busy in performing the various activities belonging to each day's work to stop to count the heart beats or rate of respiration. The young writer, with something really worth saying, and a certain driving energy that makes him bent upon saying it in the clearest way possible, ought to be too busy upon the task at hand to be worrying about whether he is forming a style—whether, that is to say, his brave beginnings of to-day are cornerstones in the arch of future fame. We have seen that what every young writer should strive to acquire is first a clear-cut idea of what he is trying to accomplish; secondly, a technical skill that will enable him to build the framework of his creation, whatever its form may be, solidly and with the proportions demanded by good art; and thirdly that he must cultivate that infinite patience which will strive to make all parts and all aspects of his work tend toward a unity of effect in subject and structure and language. And when a writer has learned thoroughly to do these things, he need no longer worry about style, for style is nothing else than the ability to express one's thoughts in the best possible way. Or, as James Russell Lowell has defined it: "Style is the establishment of a perfect mutual understanding between the worker and his material." And Walter Pater expresses very nearly the same thought in somewhat different terms when he writes: "To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself:—style is in the right way when it tends toward that."

Definition of "Style"

My advice, then, to the beginner in writing is: Do not worry too much about your style. Try to write as simply and clearly as you can and without self-consciousness. In learning the rudiments of your art you are like the novice in archery learning to hit a target; concentrate yourself upon the task of making your verbal shafts reach their mark. And if you do this faithfully, ease and grace will follow in their own due time. Certain writers have deliberately set themselves as part of their apprenticeship the task of practising the particular mannerisms of a few recognised models of English style. Stevenson, for instance, is a conspicuous example of this practice, and the rare quality of his own prose is admittedly due to such self-training. Yet where this method succeeds with one man out of ten, it is quite likely to mar the style of the nine others, making them mere copyists—like the young painter who spends his days reproducing a Raphael or a Rubens, instead of remaining under the open sky

The Method of Imitation

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learning to express his own thoughts in his own way. To ask one's self continually: "Am I acquiring style?" is like the novice in painting similarly asking: "Am I learning how to mix colours?" A painter does not need to distress himself about the beauty and harmony of all the colours he mixes—the real thing is to be able to obtain the particular colour that he needs for the moment: the whole trick lies there. Be content to have ideas and to develop them to the best of your ability, studying above all things simplicity, the economy of words. Be sure that, for the beginner at all events, the least style is the best style. Do not polish excessively, and always be sure that you have something that is worthy of being polished. It is well to put a lustre on mahogany, but it is foolish to waste energy upon soft pine.

Of course, if you want to go somewhat deeply into the whole question, you might begin by reading what various recognised stylists have had to say upon the subject; you might make yourself familiar with De Quincey's *Essay on Style* and Pater's; and what Lowell has to say, and Stevenson too and half a dozen more besides to whom they will readily guide you. And the chances are that after a few hours, or days, of diligent reading you will come away with a considerable sense of discouragement and confusion; because, while they all fairly agree that style is a question of fitting the method to the material; and that there is not one style but there are many styles, just as there may be many forms of dress to suit different occupations; yet after all they do not lay down rules that are really helpful. Some comfort is to be gained out of Pater, if read understandingly, for he has a broad sanity of outlook that recognises merit in a great diversity of methods. Here, for instance, is a paragraph which embodies the essence of all he has to say on this subject and is well worth pondering upon:

In the highest, as in the lowliest literature, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth: —truth to bare facts in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact; diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former: truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the *vraie vérité*. And what an eclectic principle this really is! Employing for its one sole purpose—that absolute accordance of expression to idea—all other literary beauties and excellencies whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies and, at the same time, safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase" are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage: there is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament; here also the purpose of restraint in ornament. . . . The seeming baldness of *Le Rouge et le Noir* is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of *Les Miserables* is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty, —the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter.

Literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

It is Pater who says of the author of *Madame Bovary*, "If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style"; and in support of this opinion he proceeds to quote the following summary of Flaubert's literary creed:

Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labour for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony, still went on seeking another, with invincible pains, certain that he had not yet got hold of the word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Amongst all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one*

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—one form, one mode,—to express what I want to say.

The Inevitable Word

Now, with this creed of Flaubert's in mind, let us proceed to consider in a practical sort of way just what this particular branch in the craft of writing which we speak of as style really means. Of course, a writer is a craftsman who builds with words of assorted sizes, just as another kind of craftsman builds with bricks and stones. And what we call style comes down in last analysis to a choice between two or more different arrangements of words,—a choice between saying a thing in one way rather than saying it in some other. Now, theoretically Flaubert is right: there are no perfectly equivalent synonyms either of words or phrases,—and even the same phrase will take on shades of meaning when spoken by different lips. Whenever you utter a sentence you have expressed a thought in the only way in which that particular thought down to the last hair-splitting shade of meaning can be expressed. Change a syllable and you change the meaning—that was Flaubert's doctrine and it meant torture to him. And the trouble, of course, was that he tried to practise what can never be more than theoretical. If a writer could really know down to the ultimate shade of thought exactly what he wanted to say and in exactly the tone in which he wanted to say it, and if his brain was so equipped that it had at command the entire contents of the unabridged dictionary then, theoretically, the one inevitable word-sequence ought forthwith to present itself to him. In practice, however, there are a hundred different ways that occur to us for saying even some quite simple thing, each of them not precisely what we want to say, but representing a compromise, a sacrifice, on the side of meaning, or of euphony, or of rhythm. The one perfect way is the dream of a visionary, a forever unattainable ideal. We may come more or less near to it in proportion to our ten talents or our two talents or our one, but it always eludes us. And the finer the artist, the more he is apt to suffer because he sees so clearly how far short he has fallen. Style, then, practically means the ability to choose the words that will give us just the right meaning, just the right harmony, just the right cadence. And if this is to be done worthily we must attain our results so far as possible without straying far afield for queer, exotic words and phrases. It is, says Lowell, "the secondary intellect which asks for excitement in expression, and stimulates itself into mannerisms, which is the wilful obtrusion of self, as style is its unconscious abnegation." And Maupassant, in this well-known preface to *Pierre et Jean*, wrote in similar strain:

> There is no need of the bizarre, complicated, extensive and Chinese vocabulary that they force upon us to-day under the name of artistic writing to catch all the shades of thought; but it is necessary to discern with extreme lucidity all the modifications in the value of a word according to the place it occupies. Let us have fewer nouns, verbs and adjectives with meanings almost incomprehensible, but let us have more different phrases.

The Safe Norm in Vocabulary

In regard to vocabulary no better rule has been formulated down to the present day than that old dictum of Quintillian: "Use only the newest of the old and the oldest of the new." We may, of course, assume in theory that no word is so obsolete that it may not under some special conditions be revived; no slang so recent as to be wholly barred out of print. D'Annunzio, the recognised master of modern Italian style, has ransacked the early writers for so many out-of-the-way words that some of his later prose can be more easily read by a well-educated Anglo-Saxon with a fair knowledge of the language than by an equally intelligent Italian who does not happen to be well grounded in Latin and Greek. And at the opposite scale, we have Mr. Kipling, who fearlessly enriches our language with such words as he thinks it needs. Nevertheless, the safe norm lies in the simple, every-day vocabulary. A good craftsman can accomplish wonderful things with a limited number of tools: an eminent surgeon in this city has been known to perform successfully an operation for appendicitis with no instrument but a simple pair of scissors. One trouble with many of us is that we overwork

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just a few words and combinations of words, and neglect equally good combinations; we have the vice of the hackneyed phrase. A well-known American critic once said in conversation that he would rather be caught stealing a watch than saying that a book "filled a long-felt want"—and unquestionably the two offences differ in kind rather than degree. It was Daudet who expressed the philosophy of the hackneyed phrase perhaps rather more felicitously than any other:

What profound disgust must those epithets feel which have lived for centuries with the same nouns! Bad writers cannot be made to comprehend this. They think divorce is not permitted to words. There are people who write without blushing: *venerable trees, melodious accents. Venerable* is not an ugly word; put it with another substantive—"your venerable burden," "most venerable worth," etc.,—you see the union is good. In short, the epithet should be the mistress of the substantive, never its lawful wife. Between words there must be passing liaisons, but no eternal marriages. It is that which distinguishes the original writer from others.

The Modern Frank Audacity

It is that, an Anglo-Saxon critic finds himself instinctively adding, that distinguishes just a few of the more prominent British writers of the younger school; writers otherwise very wide apart indeed—Rudyard Kipling and Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad and Alfred Ollivant and J. C. Snaith—to mention only a few striking examples. Each of these has a style of his own; some of them, indeed, have a number of styles, to be donned and doffed upon occasion; but the one trait that they all have in common is a frank audacity of new combination, a tendency to take liberties with noun and adjective, and pair them off with as little ceremony as a hostess pairs off her guests for a cotillon—and with as little malice. De Quincey wrote, not without a grain of literary snobbishness:

Like boys who are throwing the sun's rays in the eyes of a mob by means of a mirror, you must shift your lights and vibrate your reflections at every possible angle, if you would agitate the popular mind extensively.

De Quincey, of course, had a certain ingrained scorn of the popular mind. It was quite unconsciously, while here intending to stigmatise a type of bad rhetoric, that he actually gave us a rather vivid metaphor of the principle upon which language tends constantly to renew itself.

The Study of Foreign Languages

And this brings us to a vital point in the whole question of acquiring style. If you are proposing to learn the craft of building, or pottery making, or carpet weaving, will you be satisfied to know nothing beyond what has been done by England or America? Or will you, just as a matter of business shrewdness, study what has been done in the past in Greece and Rome, in Egypt and Turkey and India? The business man and the scientist always keep a keen eye on the whole world. And the man of letters cannot afford to do less. If you run over the list of the world's great stylists, you will find that they were, relatively speaking, linguists. I use the term, *relatively speaking*, advisedly; because in some countries and at certain epochs, a man who knew one language besides his own passed as a person of learning; while in another, two or three extra tongues carried slight distinction. One of our professional humourists once said that he knew a man who spoke seventeen languages, and never said anything of importance in any of them. There was no wit in the remark, because it was probably quite true. There is a point at which the brain becomes merely acquisitive. But the possession of two or three languages besides one's own is the best of all aids to a distinctive style. It was James Russell Lowell who said: "The practice of translation, by making us deliberate in the choice of the best equivalent of the foreign word in our own language, has likewise the advantage of continually schooling us in one of the main elements of a good style—precision; and precision of thought is not only exemplified by precision of language, but is largely dependent on the habit of it."

The above quotation is useful for two reasons: first, for the emphasis it lays upon the value of the right word; and, secondly, on account of Lowell's obvious

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underrating of the value of translation. Because translation, whether from modern languages, or from the classics, is one of the most valuable aids that we possess to an appreciation, not merely of a precision of words, but of new rhythms, new possibilities of linguistic effects—which, after all, is a more important issue. A trained translator of sterling authors soon learns that if he is to preserve anything of importance of the original author's quality, he must convey over into his own language something of the linguistic harmony and the phrase cadence. The present writer knows by experience how hard a task this is, and what hours of labour it sometimes takes, to reproduce in English a single paragraph of French or Italian or Spanish, with even an approximate retention of the original consonant pattern and the original number of syllables. Your professional translator seldom bothers himself about such things; but the craftsman may well waste many a day and week after this fashion, because he will learn a surprising amount of sheer linguistic gymnastics. Translation, whether from Greek, Latin, or some modern tongue, is to the literary writer by profession like chest weights and Indian clubs to the college athlete: it gets his mental muscles into training.

The Practice of Translating

There are, besides, certain advantages to be gained from seeing the purely technical difficulties of language managed with masterly skill in a different medium from our own. We may struggle for years to acquire facility in avoiding harsh combinations of final and initial letters, the exasperating recurrence of some cacophanous but necessary relative pronoun, the jerk and jolt of an awkward rhythm—and at the end of that time we shall not know as much of the philosophy of a fluent and melodious style as could have been learned by one quarter of the effort through examining what can be done in a naturally musical language like Greek; a language in which harsh final mutes have no existence and in which one difficulty of a good prose style was not that of interweaving poetic rhythms, but rather of avoiding them. And similarly we can learn to correct our own tendencies to carry certain principles of prose writing to excess by seeing these same principles carried to a *reductio ad absurdum*. A good illustration of this point is contained in Zola's account of Turgéneff's amazement as he listened to a discussion between Flaubert and his friends regarding that very point already referred to, the pursuit of the one inevitable word:

> Turgéneff opened enormous eyes. He evidently did not understand; he declared that no writer, in any language, had ever refined his style to such an extent. At home, in Russia, nothing of the kind existed. From that day forth, every time that he heard us cursing the *who's* and the *which's*, I often saw him smile; and he said that we were quite wrong not to make a franker use of our language, which is one of the clearest and simplest there are. I am of his opinion, I have always been struck with the justice of his judgment; it is perhaps because, being a stranger, he sees us from the necessary distance and detachment (aloofness).

But whether you accept Turgéneff's view and choose to cultivate the franker use of language; or on the other hand are pleased to pursue endlessly the elusive will-o'-the-wisp of perfection, remember always that style ceases to be good the moment that it is cultivated for its own sake and not simply as an integral part of the whole unified structure. They teach a great deal about the importance of onomatopœia as practised by Homer and Vergil; and I think that a great many young students gather the idea that it is a quality which ought to flaunt itself before the eye and ear so that as one scans certain lines of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* one's predominating thought should be: How wonderfully the rhythm and the consonant pattern here suggests the poet's meaning. Now this, of course, is a fallacy, and there is no better way of showing that fallacy than by quoting Daudet's delicious little anecdote:

> I shall never forget the famous: *Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit.* . . . It was always cited to us as an example of onomatopœia, and my teacher had persuaded me that one might mistake it for the gallop of a horse.
>
> One day, wishing to frighten my little sister, who had a great fear of horses, I came up be-

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hind her and cried, *"Quadrupedante putrem,"* and so forth. Well, the little thing wasn't frightened!

Onomatopœia, like everything else pertaining to style, is used properly when it does not obtrude itself, when it helps us to form a mental picture without our being aware by what agency the author has attained his result. Take, for instance, one of the most extreme instances in modern writing of an attempt to fit sound to meaning—the libretti to Wagner's *Ring*. When you read the text quietly by yourself you feel that the whole thing has been overdone; the various tricks of alliteration stick out like so many bristles. But when this same text is applied to the purpose for which it was intended, you notice none of this, because the sound and the meaning blend so perfectly with the rhythm of the music.

And in all elements affecting style this same principle applies. Any ornament which is used simply because it is ornament, simply because the author wishes to use his subject to call attention to his manner rather than make his manner do obeisance to his theme, is vulgar ornament, as offensive to good taste as overdress in women. In style, as in everything else pertaining to the craftsmanship of writing, learn to practise "that fine art which so artfully all things conceals."

THE SEAMSTRESS

BY HERMAN HAGEDORN

How dark the night is, dark and damp!
It gets my bones—this cold fall air.
And yet—I just can't light the lamp,
The room—it is so bare.

And down below there—oh, far down—
I see the people, two by two,
Top hat an' stick an' flimsy gown,
Go laughing when the play is through.

I get my points from what they wear,
An' think of life an' men an' love.
They never guess there's some one there
A-watching from above.

Sometimes they kiss—between the lights
Where it's so dark I scarce can see;
An' yet I look,—it somehow rights
The jumbled things in me.

I know that half of them are bad
And that they'll rue it all some day—
An' yet—it seems to make me glad
To know some one is gay;

An' gives me things to dream about
Besides my needles, cold an' white,
A-stitching, stitching in an' out
My heart, the livelong night.

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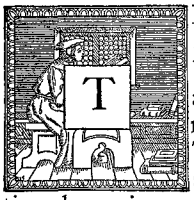
THE ART OF THE MOVING-PICTURE PLAY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



HE inventions of science serve frequently to broaden the domains of art by offering the artist new media of expression. The development of skeleton steel construction has given our architects an opportunity to imagine that new type of beauty in the art of building which has obtained consummate embodiment in the Metropolitan Tower. Photography, which began merely as a mechanical process, has developed into an art more subtle for handling elusive effects of light and shadow than even the major art of painting. The introduction of electrical illumination has revolutionised the art of stage-direction in our theatres. As new avenues of opportunity are opened to the artist by the march of science, the processes of the traditional arts are required to readjust themselves to meet the new conditions. The scientific invention of the kinematograph suggested the artistic invention of the moving-picture play—a novel type of narrative, wherein a fictitious story is represented in pantomime by actors and reproduced by the kinetoscope; and the new art sprang at once into competition with certain of the previously established types of drama.

The domain of criticism is co-extensive with the domain of art, and should naturally be broadened to include those new provinces which the inventions of science and the consequent inventions of art have recently discovered and annexed. It will not do for the critic to ignore a new art because it is new or because its basis is mechanical. All art arises from the application of a mechanism; and the hoariest of the traditional arts was new at some time in the history of mankind. The critic of architecture must accept the skyscraper; the critic of painting must consider the new art of photography; and it is surely not logical that the moving-picture play should be ignored by our critics of the novel and the drama. A new type of narrative that has achieved such immediate and such widespread popularity as the moving-picture play must certainly be worthy of serious criticism. If we should learn nothing else from a study of its materials and methods, we should at least succeed in clarifying our ideas concerning those pre-existent types of narrative from which it has derived its processes.

THE FILMS AND SOME CLASSICS

Even a casual study of the moving-picture play will convince us of the soundness of that principle of contemporary criticism that nearly every good play has for its basis a good pantomime, and that dialogue—the purely literary element—while not the least important, is at any rate the least indispensable, of the many elements which are compounded in that complex work of art, the acted drama. The kinematograph bereaves the drama of the spoken word; and it must be surprising to the literary theorists to learn how much is left—how vividly the essential elements of action, character, and setting may convey themselves by visual means alone. Pantomime has been recognised for many centuries as a legitimate type of drama; but it is safe to say that the variety and the extent of its adaptability as a means of story-telling were never fully understood until the invention of the kinematograph demanded of it an unprecedented exercise. The familiar French one-act pantomime entitled *La Main* has been reproduced by the flittering film, and is fully as effective on the screen as on the stage. Such a classic of the art of pantomime as that wordless drama in three acts, *L'Enfant Prodigue,* devised by Michel Carré, which was revived this autumn at the Carnegie Lyceum by Mme. Pilar Morin, could be reproduced by the kinetoscope without any loss of dramatic effect and would furnish an interesting evening's

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entertainment. But even the spoken drama might, in many of its classic manifestations, be kinematographed without irremediable loss. Several of the melodramas of Sardou have already been successfully submitted to the process; and it is not impossible to imagine a wordless reproduction of even more eminent types of drama. Such a farce, for example, as *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* of Molière could easily tell itself through the medium of the moving picture and would still awaken laughter. Molière's humour always expresses itself through the situation or the character and never through the mere language of the dialogue; in all his plays there is not a single witty line; and humour which is thus visual, instead of auditory, in its appeal may be conveyed in pantomime. The screen scene of *The School for Scandal*—to choose an instance from high comedy—would remain clearly intelligible in all its necessary implications if it were acted without words; and if we desire an example from poetic tragedy, we need only consider that the final scene of *Hamlet* would still be thrillingly appealing if it were projected on the silent but animated screen. The only type of drama which is absolutely unavailable for the kinetoscope is that in which the element of action is entirely subordinated to the element of character and in which incidents are imagined off the stage for the sake of their subsequent psychologic effect on the people present to the eye—the type that is represented by the tragedies of Corneille and Racine and some of the social dramas of Ibsen and his imitators. But since the preponderant proportion of the existing drama conveys its message more by visual than by auditory means, it seems strange that more of our standard plays have not been reproduced in moving pictures. For some time we have utilised the phonograph to record the voices of our greatest opera singers. Why should we not also utilise the kinematograph to record the visual aspects of the acting of our greatest histrionic artists? This available invention should surely be applied to make a permanent record of such bits of acting, for example, as Mr. Forbes-Robertson's death scene in *Hamlet*. That moment when his half-uplifted hands wave and flutter in the air, and his face is for the last time suffused with the ineffable smile that dawned over it in the first act at the phrase, "Methinks I see my father," and then the head sinks forward in sign that for all eternity the rest is silence—surely this, and many moments like it, should be recorded, like Caruso's voice, before the living artist is stolen from the world.

FREEDOM OF NARRATIVE

But, on the other hand, there is a sound critical reason why the moving-picture play should not confine itself to the reproduction of the ordinary spoken drama. In several important respects the moving picture is a more serviceable medium for story-telling than the regular drama; and it can achieve its most interesting effects by flinging emphasis upon such expedients of narrative as lie beyond the reach of the actual theatre. The main advantage of the moving-picture play over the traditional types of drama is that the author is granted an immeasurably greater freedom in handling the categories of place and time. The modern play must confine itself to not more than three or four definite localisations; but a story told by moving pictures may change its place as frequently as the author may desire. He may arrange his tale in fifty scenes instead of four; and this is, technically, an immeasurable advantage. Instead of constraining his characters to meet at a certain place at a certain moment, he may visit them at different moments in the various places where they choose to be. In this freedom, the moving-picture play resembles those earlier types of drama which flourished before the stage restricted its range of narrative by adopting a definite scenic setting. Students of the history of the theatre will discern a close analogy between the moving-picture play and that type of chronicle history which was developed in the early Elizabethan period and was utilised repeatedly by Shakespeare. The battle episodes of Shakespeare's histories, vivid with alarums and excursions, wherein the scene shifts momentarily from one part of the field of conflict to another, and the characters make a rapid transit before the eye,

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launching hasty, incoherent lines in passing, could be suggested more emphatically by the kinematograph than on the modern scenery-encumbered stage. Furthermore, the moving picture possesses a notable advantage over the contemporary regular drama in its ability to alter, in the fraction of a second, the point of view from which the story shall be looked upon. As soon as a character has passed through a certain door, the scene may be shifted from the room that he has left to the room that he has entered; and the eye may follow him all through a house from cellar to attic without any loss of time. The new art of the moving-picture play is the only one of all the many arts of narrative which makes it possible for the observer to follow with the actual eye the passage of a character through a mile or more of space. In this new form of artistic presentation, a person may walk, run, ride, drive, sail, swim, or fly for any distance, and yet be accompanied through his entire transit by the actual eye of the observer. This fact offers to the artist who devises a scenario for the kinematograph many possibilities of narrative which lie far beyond the range of the writer for the restricted stage of the ordinary drama.

TREASURE ISLAND AND THE FOREST OF ARDEN

In this freedom in handling place and time and in shifting the point of view, the moving-picture play resembles the novel much more nearly than it resembles the regular drama. The solitary horseman, dear to Scott and Cooper, could not be shown upon the stage; but he might easily be represented on the screen. If we draw on our imagination, we may readily adduce a more emphatic illustration of this point. *Treasure Island,* for example, could not possibly be dramatised for presentation in the regular theatre, because the interest of the action is dependent on its rapid change of place from hour to hour; but the entire story, from the outset to the end, could be told in moving pictures; and many of the scenes, since their appeal to the imagination is mainly visual, would be even more effective on the screen than on the printed page.

In handling the element of action, the moving-picture play is more successful than the novel, since its appeal is made directly to the eye instead of to the imagination, and it is scarcely less successful than the drama. In handling the element of setting, it is overwhelmingly superior, not only to the novel but to the drama as well. In dealing with interiors, the moving-picture play remains on a par with the regular drama; but in dealing with scenes set out of doors, it passes far beyond the reach of the roofed and stationary stage. In the modern theatre the Forest of Arden is nothing but a huddled conglomeration of canvas trees; but in the moving-picture play, scenes like those between Shakespeare's idyllic lovers may be performed in an actual forest, drifting from place to place among trees that sift the sunlight and flutter their leafy branches in the breeze. The kinematograph is especially successful in rendering effects of moving air and water. On the stage, the sea can be suggested only by a crude and bungling mechanism; but in the moving-picture play a scene may pass upon an actual sandy beach, with league-long round-backed breakers creaming on the shore. Boats always look silly on the stage; but the kinematograph may fluently represent the paddling of a canoe past bend after bend of a rippling river. Animals, also, which can never be trusted to behave naturally in the theatre, may be used as important agents in the plot when the scene is conducted actually out of doors. To the mind of most contemporary artists the element of setting is not the least significant of the three necessary elements of narrative; and it is therefore an exceedingly important point that criticism is forced to concede that the local environment of a story may be exhibited more directly and more vividly in the moving-picture play than in any of the older types of narrative. It is only in handling the element of character that the new art is at a disadvantage in competing with the novel and the drama. The many expedients that the dramatist and the novelist may use for delineating character are reduced, in the moving-picture play, to one. What people are may be suggested only by what they do: by their deeds, and only by their deeds,

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we know them. In drawing character, the moving-picture play suffers a strict confinement of range in consequence of its inability to use the spoken word. Only a small minority of those innumerable characteristics which are compounded into any individual human temperament express themselves naturally in action which is obvious to the eye. Here then—in handling the element of character—lies the weakness of the moving-picture play considered technically as a type of narrative—just as, in handling that other element of setting, lies its strength.

STEVENSON AND THE STORY

This analysis makes it possible for us to define the type of story which may be most competently represented by the kinematograph. Obviously the most desirable narrative material for a moving-picture play is material in which the elements of action and setting are paramount and the element of character subsidiary—in other words, a story in which incident treads upon the heels of incident and the action rushes headlong through a hurried succession of objective events, set preferably out of doors. It will be noticed at once that, whereas this definition utterly fails to fit the modern regular drama, it almost exactly fits the traditional romantic novel of adventure. If we revert to an illustration that has already been adduced, we shall observe that this definition of what is necessary in a moving-picture play points directly to that traditional type of narrative that Stevenson revivified in *Treasure Island*.

In fact, a re-reading of Stevenson's *Gossip on Romance* will give us a very vivid sense of the sources of the interest and charm of which the moving-picture play is particularly capable. What Stevenson says in praise of the romantic novel of adventure may be applied with equal justice to that new art which did not spring into existence till after he was dead. "The story," he says, "should repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn, where, 'toward the close of the year 17—,' several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. . . . One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. . . . Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life . . . . where the interest turns . . . not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, . . . the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales."

Here, in the words of a great artist in narrative, we have a clear and comprehensive statement of the possibilities that lie open to the maker of the moving-picture play. He cannot contend with the dramatist in working out those problems of conscience which confront the will; he cannot compete with the novelist in analysing characters; but he may tell, with a vividness beyond the reach of their less visual expedients of appeal, "the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales," in which the interest is centred not in "eloquence or character or thought" but in "some quality of the brute incident."

It is evident, therefore, that the art of the moving-picture play is not an art to be despised or ignored by serious criticism. It represents, in fact—to look upon it from the historical point of view—a reversion to an earlier and more perennially refreshing mood of narrative than that which latterly has assumed dominion over the novel and the drama.

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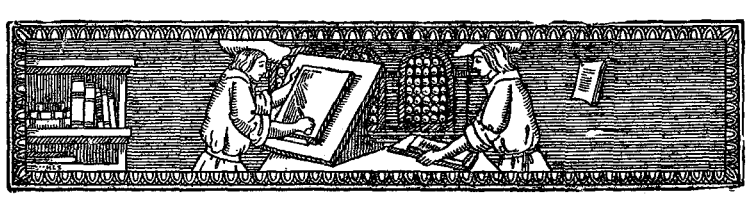
The moving-picture play carries us back to the boyish age of the great art of telling tales, when stories were narrated nakedly as stories instead of being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. One can hardly imagine Mr. Henry James devising a successful scenario for the kinematograph; but the Shakespeare who wrote *Richard III* and the Homer who wrote the *Odyssey* would experience no difficulty in fulfilling the requirements. It is only very recently that the masters of the art of fiction have made war upon the optic nerve and exalted the subjective over the objective. Our modern interest in those intimate phases of character which refuse to reveal themselves in action is, certainly, sophisticated and excessive. It is therefore with a feeling somewhat of relief that we notice that the newest of all the arts of narrative—the moving-picture play—disembarrasses its stories of *psychologising,* and tells them in the free and boyish spirit that vivified the epic, the drama, and the novel throughout the centuries before the world grew old.

It is not at all surprising that the moving-picture play has driven out of existence the cheap type of popular melodrama. The reason is not merely that the moving-picture show could undersell the regular theatre and offer a performance for five cents instead of for ten, twenty, and thirty. In the whole history of the world, no art, however cheap, has ever annihilated a more expensive art which was basically better than itself. The real reason for the triumph of the moving-picture play is the purely critical reason that it offered a more artistic type of narrative than the old popular melodrama. In cheap melodrama, all that was worth while was the vividness and the variety of the incidents; the characters did not count, except as puppets in the plot; and the dialogue, crude and frequently absurd, was more a bother than a help. In abolishing dialogue the moving-picture show relieved the cheap drama of its weakest element; it could suggest character with less obvious falsification than the actual popular drama; and it could easily excel it in the projection of incidents, both on the score of variety and on the score of vividness.

The thing that is surprising is that, except in France, the moving-picture play has not more fully availed itself of those artistic opportunities which are open to it, and thereby raised itself to competition with more refined and more expensive types of drama than were set forth in the old ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatres. Many of the moving-picture plays which may now be seen are good; but only a little imagination is needed to see that they might easily be made better. Certain reports in the newspapers have indicated recently that the popular interest in moving pictures throughout the country is declining. If this be true, the new art must bestir itself to fulfil more completely than heretofore the high artistic aims of which it is indubitably capable. It is too good an art for the public to lose; and it can retain its popularity if it labours to deserve it.



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STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

I—Strange Stories of the Postal Service

HEN Governor Spottswood, of Virginia, effected the capture and execution of the notorious Blackbeard and his pirate crew, Benjamin Franklin, then a printer in Philadelphia, celebrated the event in a ballad. Spottswood appreciated the poem, and when he became postmaster-general of the colonies, appointed Franklin his deputy, from which office Franklin rose to that of postmaster-general of the colonies, serving in that capacity over twenty years.

Could these pirate-hating postmasters return to this country, and listen to the stories which Postmaster-General Hitchcock might tell, they would probably bless their stars that they held office in an age when thieves were fairly easy to catch, and could be strung to the nearest tree without benefit of court or clergy. The pirates and highway robbers of the eighteenth century were petty thieves, bunglers, compared to the long-distance ones of to-day, who use the United States mails to carry out their schemes, which, —as in the Burr Brothers swindle, recently exposed in New York,—yield booty amounting to thousands of dollars a day, contributed by the credulous in every walk of life. The "get-rich-quick" schemes, while numerous, form only a small percentage of the fraudulent uses to which the postal service is put. Promises to give profitable work at home, university courses, lessons in beauty culture, make a Shakespeare in six lessons, and give absent treatment,—on receipt of a certain sum down and so much to follow, —are as common as the art of advertising. Superstition is also appealed to, and magic rods which are warranted to locate treasures, water and oil, bring ready purchasers, who may later yearn to apply the rods to the backs of the swindlers. Fake florists, too, make thousands of dollars by selling seeds which they promise will produce fruit, or flowers, more wonderful than any grown in the Garden of Eden. A few years ago, the scheme of one concern which found thousands of eager purchasers of pulverised palm leaves,—purporting to be a marvellous powder that would germinate and produce a plant rarer than the rarest orchid, —was exposed by a woman buyer, who had paid a dollar for a package. She used part of it, and, not obtaining results, took the remainder to a seed expert who told her the truth. She then promptly notified the postal authorities, who meted out justice to the thieves.

The postal inspectors detailed to trap those who rob the United States mail, either on the road or in the offices, are kept pretty busy apprehending thieves. In the train robberies, they usually have the co-operation of the railroads; but in burglaries and petty thieving in the offices, they have to depend on their own wits. Much of their work is done quietly, patiently, often taking months, years to unravel. Decoy letters, commonly used, often fail; and in some cases strictly original traps are constructed by the detectives.

THE DRUGGED MUCILAGE

Several years ago, letters and packages containing drafts, cheques, money, and other valuables were being stolen constantly on one of the star routes of New Mexico. Learning they were watched, the thieves adopted the tactics of opening the letters, securing the valuables, resealing the envelopes, and sending them along. These letters passed through so many hands that the inspectors could not even guess where the robberies took place along the line. Then one clever inspector secured a quantity of drugs, labelled them, put them in his grip, and started on a fake inspection trip of the offices along the robbery route. Pretending to ex-

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amine the books, he deftly dropped a little of each drug in the mucilage bottles on the desks of the several offices, making notes of the different offices with their special drugs, for future use. When the trip was finished, he received a letter from a New York business man, containing an envelope which was evidently opened on that particular route, and rifled of money. The inspector smelled the mucilage on the flap, looked up the office designated by the drug he scented, and caught his game in less than a week.

Countless bonds of love, friendship, and business are frayed, if not hopelessly severed, on account of the delay or non-delivery of mail. The officials declare that the percentage of errors made by its force is very small compared to the wonderful feats it performs in transmitting, correctly, misdirected and cypher matter. But that does not help the grievances of those who suffer, because correctly addressed letters are never received by the parties for whom they are intended, or received too late to do anything but emphasise a tragedy, directly due to the failure of the letter to arrive on time. It is not unusual to read, or hear, of cases of death by starvation, or suicide, of men and women who waited from post to post, from day to day, for promised remittances of money, only to be disappointed until they could hold out no longer, and surrendered, when—did they but know it—relief was at their very door.

There is the story of the young man from the Middle West who went to New York to study art, hoping to make a modest income by illustrating for newspapers and magazines while he was aiming for higher rewards. His people were of the great middle-class, comfortably fixed, but not sufficiently endowed with money to give their artist member a steady allowance. Indeed, every member of that family, with true American grit, felt that each man should fight his own way in the world, without whining or asking assistance of the others. This being the case, the artist was too proud to appeal to his relatives when he found, by dear experience, that frosts are more common than sun to budding artists, and soon his funds were exhausted. Only when on the verge of prostration from lack of food, worry and overwork, did he write home for help. The fate that leads letters astray presided over the destiny of the missive, with funds, which his parents quickly sent him; and when the postman went to deliver the delayed letter to the tenant of the bleak studio, he found him dead from starvation. There was no redress for the grief-stricken parents—the letter had not been registered; and it had simply gone astray.

A funny story is told by a Washington man who always prided himself on paying his office rent promptly on the appointed hour. On one rent day he was unable to find his old landlord—who attended to the rentals personally—and, determined that he would not give it to the landlord to say he was not always on time, thought it would be a good joke to send the letter by special delivery to his home, which was at *Langdon, D. C.*, a suburb of Washington. Instead of going over the city line, that letter went to *London, England,* and before it was returned to the writer, he was ready to pay another month's rent, not knowing he was still in debt to his landlord, who had refrained from pressing so good a tenant.

A ROMANCE OF 1899

Last spring, a letter bearing postmarks of many nations reached the Dead Letter Office at Washington. They deciphered the original address, written eleven years previously, and forwarded it to Winchester, Texas, requesting, if received by the proper person, that he return the envelope to them to place in their collection of curiosities, many of which find their place in the Post Office museum. The letter did reach the right man; but it only added to the bitterness which his bachelor heart had been storing up for eleven years. In the year 1899, while attending Austin College, at Sherman, Texas, Cupid played havoc with his heart when he introduced him to a pretty girl student in the class; and so emphatically did the little god present his claims that the young students plighted their troth and the young man left school in order to go to work and secure a home for his promised bride. Of course, they promised to correspond regularly, which they did, until the break came when the

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girl, after writing her usual letter, waited days for a reply. The young man also waited; because he had failed to get a reply to his latest letter. Then the girl, unable to control herself longer, wrote him a bitter, reproachful letter, accusing him of unfaithfulness. He returned spark for spark, and after several such letters passed between them they ended in stubborn silence. The girl recovered from the affair, it would appear, when she married another man; but the student lover, either because he loved her still, or because he had no faith in women, never married. They say he wept when he received the dear letter she had written him, and which was the cause of their quarrel. As for the woman in the case, three children call her mother, and it is doubtful if she allowed herself one regretful tear.

On May 31, 1867, J. B. Turner mailed at Olena, California, a letter addressed to a friend who belonged to the firm of Wilson and Evans, manufacturers of firearms. He requested the loan of one hundred dollars for a pressing need. That letter, postmarked by many lands, worn with age, turned up at the Dead Letter Office *thirty-eight years* after it was written. The office thought it too good to burn, and started on a search for the writer. They located him in Oregon, and, while he wrote acknowledgment of having penned that ancient missive, he had totally forgotten for what he wanted that hundred dollars!

THE POST OFFICE MUSEUM

The Post Office museum in the big granite building on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, contains many interesting relics which might have been destroyed or turned into the annual auction of the Dead Letter Office, did they not appeal to the interest of those who are building this museum, which may grow into a large institution some day. The history of some of its exhibits is plainly written, while others may never be known. For instance, who were the originals of those fine old daguerreotypes, many of which found their way to the Dead Letter Office during the Civil War, when pictures of wives and sweethearts passed over the lines to be carried on fields and marches, and when the soldiers sent home portraits in return.

In one case is a "gentleman's shaving set,"—consisting of a broken comb, box of lye; lime, for powder; a razor blade nicked like a saw, and a unique shaving brush manufactured from twigs, bound to a handle formed of a beer-bottle opener, and scissors too dull to "cut friendship," if this mock toilet set failed to do so. It was evidently sent to pay a bet; and the addressee, getting a peep at the contents of the package, refused it; whereupon, it went to the Dead Letter Office, from where it passed to the museum, no doubt, to inspire humorous imitators.

"If that stuffed dog could talk!" "Hello, old tramp!" "Good boy—just trot out, won't you!" are a few of the remarks one may hear before the glass case which contains "Owney,—the tramp postal dog."

OWNEY AND OTHER DOGS

Perhaps, some day, Jack London will stroll into the museum, and by some occult force known to himself get Owney to relate his story in the canine language which he seems to understand so well. But until then we must be content with the fragments of biography of this Irish-Scotch terrier, without pedigree or good looks, his coat patched and dull grey, but decorated with medals bestowed upon him by postal and other government officials in all quarters of the globe; for like many Americans, born in obscurity, Owney was bound to rise and move among the high and mighty, though he loved humble mail clerks much better than royalty.

As sorry a pup as was ever harried by cruel boys, he crept into the Albany post-office for shelter one morning. He translated the kind words of the clerks into an appointment, and joined the force, guarding mail bags on the cars,—for he voiced preference for the railway mail service. One set of clerks passed him on to another, on lines which he selected with the air of an experienced traveller. At first he stuck to his own country, then he travelled into Mexico, and the postal officials suspended one of their dollars to his collar. When Owney

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reached Washington, Postmaster-General Wanamaker gave him a pat of approval, and supplied him with a harness to hold future rewards of merit. Owney liked his jaunt into foreign parts so well that he decided to travel on the mail steamers. While in Japan, he was received by the Mikado, who presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the Emperor. Owney became almost untouchable after that. It is told that he resented the caresses of the gentle ladies of the Japanese court; and on his way back to his own country tried to whip every dog he ran across. He received not a few scars from his opponents, and these, with the loss of an eye by being hit by a hot cinder from one of the locomotives, did not add to his beauty. Perhaps that was the reason he resented attempts to photograph him; and when a Toledo, Ohio, postal clerk attempted to chain Owney for a pose, the proud dog attacked him. That settled Owney, for the postmaster, having more fear of hydrophobia than faith in decorated dogs, had poor Owney shot. Grief and indignation stirred many of Owney's postal friends when they heard of his death, and they talked of a monument to the famous postal dog. But they were more than satisfied when the authorities promised to have him preserved in the flesh, and installed in a glass case where the thousands who visit the capital of the nation would gaze on this—our most famous postal dog.

Owney was a dude dog compared to the dogs which pull the sleds along the most man-forsaken, dreariest, and dangerous mail route on the globe—that established by our Government in the Yukon territory. It covers two thousand miles, six hundred miles of which has to be travelled by the carriers on foot. At one time a single postman was assigned to a route of eight hundred miles; much of it along the river jammed with ice as solid as the boulders of the mountains. Now and then the carrier may find a smooth track of ice on the river, but frequently when mild weather is near, it proves treacherously thin, and he and his sled and dogs are submerged. If they manage to get out, they are in danger of being frozen to death, and the sagacious dogs seem to know this, for they strain every muscle to make the next "rest house" with all possible speed.

Ben Downing, the most famous of the carriers in the land of snow and gold, was saved from certain death about seven years ago by his faithful dogs, which seemed to know his every thought and need. He was going at a clip, one spring morning, when he felt the ice cracking beneath the team, and the next minute he was in the water, choked beyond giving command to his dogs. But they understood. They had been in this predicament before, so they struggled back to the shore, and then started on the run as fast as their feet could carry them, their toes and those of their master freezing fast and soon beginning to drip blood. After twenty miles of this red-tracked flight, they drew up at one of the stations. Ben staggered in; stripped off his freezing clothes; wrapped himself in a blanket; and then made a fire to dispel the sixty-below zero temperature of the hut. Undaunted by his awful experience, he set forth the next morning, and made the fifty miles to Dawson by night. After distributing the mail, he tumbled into his bunk, possessed of a raging fever. He was taken to the hospital; his frozen toes were amputated; and it was two months before he was around again. He could not get back on the mail route quick enough—declaring that, despite its hardships, he enjoyed it better than he used to relish a stiff encounter with the Indians of Arizona.

HEROINES OF THE SERVICE

The rural delivery service of the United States, in the fourteen years of its existence, has grown a crop of heroines, as well as heroes. The women seem anxious to prove to the department that they are worthy of their hire, and the fourth assistant postmaster, at Washington, receives many gossipy epistles from them, telling, with pardonable pride, of how they have performed their duty in the face of all obstacles; through blizzards or under blazing sun; forest fires and floods—and travelling alone by night.

Several years ago Mrs. Gillespie, who had a star route in Kansas, waited until three o'clock one stormy November night for her driver to appear with the incom-

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ing mail. Then she mounted her horse, took the pouch with the outgoing mail, and started to search for him along the lonely road, relying on her loaded pistol to protect her in case of attack. Six miles from her starting point, she came across one of the mail horses, with dangling harness, betraying that he had run away. She captured him, and then proceeded with her search. Miles farther she found the injured driver under the overturned mail wagon. She extricated him from the wreck, helped him mount one of the horses, and then throwing the mail pouches over the back of the other one, she walked between the two all the way to her goal. The fact that by her efforts she prevented a "lost trip" being recorded was her best reward.

A carrier near Curtis, Okla., told this tale of woe: While on his twenty-three-mile route, a violent storm overturned his wagon. He no sooner set it up when it was blown over again; and the vicious winds scattered the mail like flying leaves. While chasing this, over what seemed to him half of Oklahoma, a prairie fire roared toward him. He sped toward a ploughed field, but before getting on it he tore his hands and clothes against its barbed-wire fence. His horse ran away, and he was obliged to walk back to his station when wind and fire subsided.

THE ARRESTED EXECUTION

A rural carrier whose route embraced "Irish Cross Roads" lost a packet of registered mail; and retracing his trail came upon a large goat in the act of gulping down what looked like a greenback to the excited carrier, who knew money was in one of the letters. He had heard of money being recovered from goat banks and redeemed at the United States Treasury, so he wildly insisted on the execution of the goat. The weeping Irish owner consented; for she was afraid of Uncle Sam's wrath against mail robbers. Billy was tied to the stake, ready for slaughter, when a lad ran down the road, waving the missing packet. The Irish woman and other attendants at the pending execution laughed hysterically; and Billy was released to resume his interrupted meal of cabbage leaves.

The dead-letter auction which takes place in Washington every December is a rich field for stories of humour, tragedy and romance. Rumours of riches purchased there for a few dimes are as numerous as the locations of Captain Kidd's treasures. Infants' red stockings have concealed gold pieces; banknotes have been found in Bibles; and tarnished jewelry has turned out to be valuable antique treasure—according to the fairy stories gleaned at these auctions. A few years ago, a lady ran the bids on an ugly little vase up to eighty cents, and the bystanders wondered why she seemed determined to "get that junk." It developed that in it she recognised the twin to a rare vase presented to a United States naval officer by a Japanese nobleman—its value three hundred dollars!

Once the thousands of letters addressed to Santa Claus were consigned to the letter crematory—on the ground that there is no such person as Santa Claus; nor yet post-offices named "North Pole," "Heaven," "At God's Door," or "Reindeer Land." But, of recent years, the department has turned over the most genuine of these appealing letters to philanthropic proxies of good St. Nicholas. These people sift to the bottom the most pathetic stories which may be read between the lines of the childish scrawls, and if the faith of the little ones who have asked is not rewarded it is not the fault of the proxies of Santa Claus; nor of the United States Postal Service, which hopes that it may yet have a postal station at "The North Pole."

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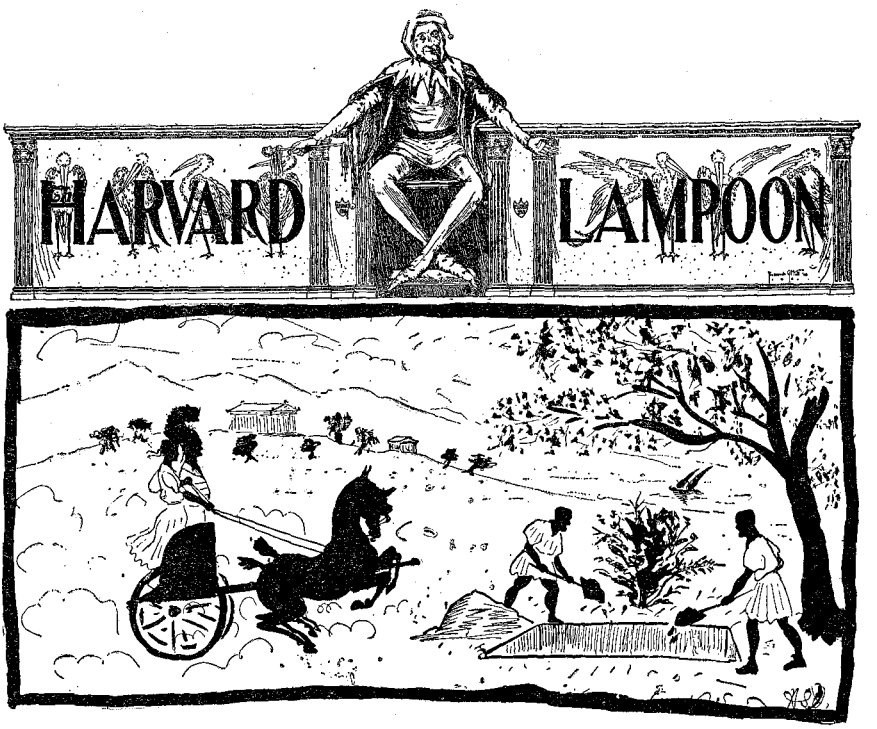

THERE was a young man of Laconia
Whose mother-in-law had Pneumonia.

He hoped for the worst, And on May 21st
He buried her, 'neath the Begonia.

THE UNIVERSITY AND AMERICAN HUMOUR

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

THE difficulty in presenting college humour effectively to that enormous majority of us who are living outside of the college atmosphere is of course that much of the best of it, both in matter and in spirit, makes a characteristically local appeal. It is hard for one who has never been a Freshman to feel the full comedy of that lonely and magnificent being; and it is nearly as hard for the graduate of a few years' standing to put himself back into innocent rapture which felt college fun to be the funniest fun in the world. You may explain the point of some esoteric jest, but every one knows that explaining a joke is like telling the price of a present—it depreciates by valuation; and no rhapsody of reminiscence will quite make the alumnus an undergraduate at heart, however brightly the old scenes may rise before his sight. Time, which antiquates antiquities, has mellowed the colours of his cravat and modified the cut of his trousers; and whether he has framed or forgotten his diploma, the sheepskin has entered into his soul. He is probably much younger than in the pensive dignity of his adolescence; but the taste of things has changed. And

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the outsider, whose vision of college life is based upon caricature, a kaleidoscope of athletics and alcoholics, will enjoy its comedy as well as he. Nevertheless, though the localities be passed over and the wilder efflorescences of inconsiderate youth culled with a cautious hand, there remains plenty of material deserving and admitting of general appreciation. It needs no special training to enjoy the quaint thought that, while a married man may have a better half, a bachelor has better quarters, or the retorts of Johnny and Nellie to the admonitions of their elders. Johnny was asked what he must do first of all to have his sins forgiven, and answered: "Commit the sins." And Nellie, being reminded by her grandmamma that *she* had always washed *her* face when *she* was a little girl, responded crushingly: "Yes, and look at it now." Equally full of philosophic suggestion is this musing of a Western poet:

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

But the fun of these things is entirely intrinsic, and such as might have sprung up anywhere. There is no distinctively collegiate quality about them—unless the family troubles of the young man from Laconia be taken as reflecting the spirit of a classic education. But it is very characteristic of the college wit to find his material in the very peculiarities of his environment. He has a keen eye for the humorous side of his own doings, and loves no joke more than a good joke upon himself. Here, for instance, is how he prepares his European History:

JACK (*looking up as the door opens*): "Did you get the question?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Second Coalition."

"What about it?"

"Well, who was in it, why they went into it, and why it didn't work, I suppose," said Tom, falling into a Morris chair and opening a volume of Fyffe.

"Wouldn't that hesitate you?" said a voice from the bedroom.

"Well, what are you going to say?" asked Jack, after a moment's study.

"Don't know yet."

"Say," said the voice from the bedroom meditatively, "we might get the life horsed out of us by just studying that question. Supposing he asks us something else?"

"He's only missed once," said Jack cheerfully.

"Well," said Tom presently, "the members were England, Austria, Russia, Naples, and Turkey."

"Turkey? Is that the same as the Ottoman Empire?"

"Yes."

"Well, who dealt *them* a hand?"

"I don't know; unless they went into it because Bonaparte invaded Egypt."

"Did Egypt belong to them?"

"I don't know. Did it, Bob?" asked Tom, raising his voice.

"Search me," said Bob, emerging from the bedroom, "but you don't have to commit yourself. Just say it affected their interests."

"Why did Russia go into it?" asked Jack.

"Paul was sort of nutty, wasn't he?" suggested Tom.

"Yes, I guess he was," responded Bob, "and then, he was as sore as a pup on the revolution, too."

"You fellows are all right," said Jack admiringly. "Now what about Naples?"

"Oh, Naples was the farce before the real tragedy," said Tom. "That's an awfully good point. You want to bring that in."

"Why did the coalition break up?" asked Bob.

"From lack of a common interest. There is an awfully good point there: that the Pope and the Czar and the Sultan were all in it, and they were heads of different religions. Dick told me that."

"Say, that is a good point."

"I guess they looked at things from an anthropocentric point of view, didn't they?" ventured Jack.

Bob jumped, and Tom's book fell on the floor.

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know, but it is an awfully good word."

"I'll take that down. Say, fellows, hurry up!" and the next moment the door banged behind them.

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That is sheer realism, with hardly a touch of caricature about it; and for its truth, most of us can remember having assisted at similar scenes. So long as our old men dream innocently of their pupils' innocence, and our young men see visions of short cuts to their degrees, so long must the inventive genius of youth seek ways to beat the game where half the labour would suffice for playing it. And after all, though the highways of learning may be easier, its byways are more adventurous and perhaps no less educative. For another bit of local colour, consider this *Diary of a Goody*, which, albeit somewhat more romantic in treatment, smacks even more strongly of the soil. A Goody, be it explained, is one of those ancient and honourable matrons who are hewers of wood and drawers of water to the dormitories of Harvard.

MARCH 2. Bad luck ter this day Mrs. Mulvaney from the north entry swore At me fer fifteen minutes and my cuss words was used up in ten the Proctor must hear Of this and the little crachur can Larn me some new ones.

MARCH 12. I bet the old cat of a mrs Hogan on the top floor a cake of sapolio what would I do with it annyhow that I wud break more truck today than she wud at elivin o'clock I was two teacups shy but I busted a lookin Glass and a Morrissey chair and a whatsisname and Won out the score was fifteen to fourteen a little closeter and I wud busted her homely face and won Annyway.

MARCH 14. Number 6 stayed in bed so long wid a hang-over I sent fer the doctor accordin to regelashuns number 6 made believe he was sick as hill and now he's quaranteed fer measles. I dunno how he made the spots so suddint.

The humour and the sentiment of college days are never very far apart, as one may see symbolised by the prevalence in all the undergraduate comic papers of pictures of pretty girls admitted solely for their prettiness, and of rhymes whose tenderness must be felt quite seriously to be fairly appreciated. Here, for instance, is a delicate pastoral bit which harmonises the two elements very happily:

MY BESS

When the first faint stars come peeping out
  As the summer sun goes down,
I meet my Bess at the pasture bars
  Afar from the busy town.

She stands where the white-fringed daisies spring
  At the crest of the grassy rise,
With the golden light on her pretty face,
  And a welcome in her eyes.

She's always waiting to greet me there,
  In fair or stormy weather,
And side by side in the gathering dusk
  We wander home together.

'Tis only a month since first we met,
  On a dewy morn in May—
But I'll never sell her while she gives
  Eight quarts of milk a day.

Perhaps no quality of college humour is so thoroughly typical as a certain sheer exuberance, a delight in ultimate and utter absurdity for its own sake. Outside of *The Lark* and a few scattered cases of such merry abandonment, this note exists hardly anywhere but in the college periodicals; and it may be that maturity loses, if not the pleasure of pure nonsense, at least the power of uttering it spontaneously and with intent. All the quotations thus far belong to perfectly common and recognised forms of fun, as familiar in the pages of *Life* as in those of the *Record* or the *Lampoon;* but you will hardly find away from the campus anything with the flavour of this:

FROM THE EY-TALIAN

It was the night of the Flour Carnival. The moon—Loona Bianca—as she rested on the bridge, shone with equal lustre on the palace on the one hand and the chail on the other, seeming to murmur: "Py Jove! It's a dusty night on Rialto St.!" Silver beams plated the roof of the Dog's palace, and from afar the Lions of St Mark could be heard singing the overture to *Rigoletto*. The surface of the canal was dotted with party-coloured carambas and *bon-mots*, thrown by the ladies during the days of the Festina Lente. From the balconio trailed garlands of mardi-grass, and the plunk of a bandillero mingled with the sob of the swirling thoroughfare. Suddenly a black gondola slid across the moon-path and under a hairy pazooza. At the instanta a maiden parted the pampas, and entwined her white arms about the hidalgo's intermezzo. "Laz-

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zaroni!" she murmured. "Bagatelle!" said he; and for a moment there was an olla podrida. Then a hand shot out above them, holding a flashing intaglio. A swish, a moan—the lover fell limply into the felucca, and above the senseless maiden peered the leering face of an old Spanish inuendo.

It was the night of the Flour Carnival.

It is difficult to put one's finger on the peculiar quality of this outburst. It is not parody, although the style has a certain wild flavour of the Latin languages; and it is certainly not punning, although "mardi-grass" and "Festina Lente" may be described as punning gone mad, as an assault rather than a play upon words. Mrs. Malaprop might perhaps have uttered the like in a delirium; but the insane fitness of "intermezzo," "intaglio" and "inuendo," the effect as of phrases at once impossible and inevitable, and the absurd way in which the whole thing suggests the romantic and adventurous are beyond analysis. It is so abysmally ridiculous that unless you are in the mood, it does not seem funny at all; and you pass it over with a groan. Then, at another reading, the influence suddenly falls upon you like an overpowering perfume, and you chuckle yourself breathless. Consider now a companion-piece to it, whose absurdity is less verbal and more imaginative.

A Royal Quarrel

"It shall not be!" said the King sternly. "Ye may not keep hens in the throne room!"

"He loves me not!" cried the Queen. "He was ever thus!"

"I was never thus!" exclaimed the King angrily. "Now hearken unto me: threescore pages had I, and now have not. Why, woman, why? Because these pernicious hens have lined their nests with them. This may not be!"

"Our sweet daughter Blasphemia would have it thus," sobbed the Queen, "and I had not the heart to cross her; for the last time I opposed my will to hern did she not smite me right lustily with the imperial keg?"

"And again I ask ye," roared the King, "why ye do keep a hippopotamus in the pantry? For only last night did I chance on him in my search for a corkscrew, and he did wofully misuse me. By my faith, he is an evil bird."

"It was a gift to our sweet child from the young prince Heublein, of the noble house of Linderniederpruynenhof, who is passing fair and right often, and he begged Blasphemia to wear it for his sake!" cried the Queen, in a voice tense with emotion.

"Now, by the mortgage on my royal automobile, this may not go on!" said the King. "And I do bid ye return the Prince his hippopotamus unopened, C. O. D. Furthermore, ye must know that on my rising from my throne to-day, after a tedious sitting of a fortnight with the imperial council on dams blasting and minor oaths, it was my displeasure to learn that I had newly hatched out a brood of chickens, and did break six eggs of the thirteen on which I was set. And by the stripes on my silken pajamas, this waste of revenue shall be recompensed from our daughter Blasphemia's pocket-money, and not disbursed from the royal treasury!"

"She told me that the only reliable hen in the bunch had inflammatory rheumatism," sobbed the Queen, "and it was you or nothing. We did so need the money!"

The King bowed his head. "So be it," he said mournfully, "I myself then will carry this telegram, offering the hand of our daughter to the Reverend McPhelemytontinenstein, richest of all the brethren of the house of Candelabra. And thus do I seal my forgiveness of our child in humouring her passion for pets, for the Reverend McPhelemytontinenstein is a rare goat."

So a quarrel was averted in the royal kingdom; and once again all was quiet in the imperial throne room, and the hero rose and set over a peaceful landscape.

This note of sheer dithering incongruity, governed by a kind of insane logic, like the logic of a dream, runs very strongly through all college humour, colouring much that is more ordinary in form. It appears, for instance, in the conception of a man whose feet were so large that he was forced to put on his trousers over his head, and in the suggestion that no one's nose can be more than eleven inches long, because if it were twelve it would be a foot. The author of *The Royal Quarrel* (who is not in Matteawan, but a solid and successful railroad man) once defined it as treating kings in terms of cabbages; and the phrase perhaps reflects some influence of Carroll and Edward Lear.

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Parody also plays a large part in the undergraduate publications, and is far better done than most of that which appears elsewhere. It is as if the imitation of outside life which is so strong an element in the life of the college world gave rise to an especial pleasure in conscious burlesque; or perhaps it is only that the companionship of books makes for ease in catching and caricaturing a

Heart to Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of His Flock

SHORT while ago I was askt by the Lecture Burro to give a little Preachment to the Faithful in Devil's Den, Ariz.
Which I had the felicity to accept.
The population of Devil's Den are not numerous, but their appreciation of Art sticks out all over them in big chunks & leaks out of their ears. They kno the warm artikel in Devil's Den. I had it nominated in the bond that I was not to be "entertained," for that implies going thru a course of sprouts that would make a stuffed owl lose his ambish—see? When I arrived they were building seats around the base-ball field & selling tickets for 6 shekels per in the gallery.
Balloons were for hire at Weber and Field's prices & opera glasses were quoted at 800 above par.
When I mounted the platform & shuk out my raven locks, a circle of fainting women formed around me. Men trembled with emoshun & many lost their pocket books in crowding forward to hear.
I talkt about myself.
I talkt Perfunk about myself & me, & the way I (* * * * *) & when I got thru there was a great gasp of "More! More! Don't let the great man go!"
It galled their kibe mightily to have me turn off the gas, tho' they finally let me depart in peace, when I condescended to allow the principal citizens to kiss my feet and walkt over the prostrate bodies of the women.
Devil's Den has the right idea.

THE LAMPOON INDULGES IN HEART TO HEART TALKS

style. At any rate, there is no current fad either in life or in literature but inspires a train of burlesques in the college magazines. Yet even here the college type is peculiar and distinctive. Ordinary parody is primarily a satire upon the work which is travestied: its subject-matter is irrelevant, and may be anything incongruous; and the point is to ridicule (however good-naturedly) some serious work, by employing its manner in the presentation of triviality. So it is with the burlesque of "The Philistine," in which the characteristic graces of the prophetaster of East Aurora are heightened into intentional criticism; and so it is with Owen Wister's æsthetic ballad, "The Mildewed Hothouse."

I lay in the shattered flower-pot,
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)
And hungered and yearned for the clammy rot,
And clasped the ooze of each worm-eaten spot,
Maugre the gloom of the waning day.

I lay in the pot, and "Alack!" I sighed,
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)
"Yestreen the rose of the measles died,
And the tulip committed suicide,
And the lily has pined and faded away.

"The peach lies in jelly upon the mould,
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)
The purple plum is shrivelled and cold,
The fuchsia has tubercled lungs, I'm told,
And the grapes are mashed in the slimy clay.

"My cheek is stained with geranium gore,
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)
As I press it wildly against the floor,
And writhe and shriek and moan for more—
More of the poisoned curds and whey.

"The sun sinks down with a feverish head,
(*Oh, the glut of death and decay!*)
The bloodless moon totters up in his stead;
So among the leaves I'll make me a bed,
And await the coming of ghastly day."

The *raison d'être* of these, as of most parody, is purely satiric: they are not about anything in particular. But the characteristic college parody is exactly the converse; its subject-matter is all-important, and it is cast in some famous mould only for incidental incongruity. Thus the following dithyramb of the New Year is only as it were accidentally modelled upon "The Night Before Christmas"; it might have been just as funny in some other guise.

'Twas the eve before New Year's, and all through the house not a creature was stirring save Pa with a souse, who stood on the doorstep and clawed through the air in search of a keyhole that used to be there. He found it; we heard him step into the hall, fall into the parlour and snore—that was all. We smiled

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with indulgence and sleepward would go, but just for a short fifteen minutes or so; for out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, we sprang from our beds to see what was the matter. 'Twas only dear brother was making the noise, informing the neighbours: "I'm one of the boysh!" We playfully poked him, then bedward were gone, a-leaving dear brother asleep on the lawn. A few minutes later (some twenty, I'd say) we heard heavy footsteps approaching our way, and Grandfather, after an informal talk, hung his clothes on the gate-post and slept on the walk. Then silence . . . As over the hills came the sun, our handsome star boarder arrived with a bun. That was all; but at noon we arose with a grin, made the rounds of the boozers and gathered them in. 'Twas Pa, as we carried him up through the hall, continued to mutter: "Hap' New Year for all!"

The satire, if it be satire at all, is upon the custom of seeing the old year out, not upon the poem whose form is turned to strange uses; and it is the subject, not the model, which is made amusing. So it is with perhaps the best and most characteristic of college parodies, *The Book of the Chronicles of the Elis*. This is a burlesque account of sundry Yale-Princeton football games, written by McCready Sykes and quaintly illustrated by Booth Tarkington, William B. Pell, and Harold Imbrie; and although not an undergraduate work, it is so thoroughly collegiate in tone that the accident of its date merely shows how the Princeton spirit can reach

"HIS NAME WAS HELL-DEVIL SKILLMAN"

YALE'S PARTICULAR LITERARY AVERSION AS PICTURED BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

out along the years. Its form, as the title implies, is Biblical; and so completely is the Scriptural burlesque made incidental to the burlesque of football that the parody is utterly without offence. It begins with some account of what may be called the captivity of Nassau between 1900 and 1903:

Now it came to pass in those days that there was much grief in the land of Nassau.

2. For behold, a whole generation of the house of Nassau had lived in the land, and had seen the football team go forth to do battle against the sons of Eli, yea in three mighty battles;

3. Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.

4. And the sons of Eli had smitten the sons of Nassau hip and thigh, and had mightily prevailed against them,

5. So that in all that generation of the house of Nassau not once had the children of Nassau prevailed against the children of Eli.

* * * * *

11. And the chief men and the scribes and certain of the Faculty consulted the records and looked upon the ancient writings;

12. And they said: "Never before hath this happened in Nassau, that a whole generation should go forth and never behold a victory."

Then, after the choosing of De Witt, "strong and well-favoured, and mighty in stature, and the span of his chest was two cubits," to be king over the children of Nassau, follows an account of how the outcome of that game was prophesied beforehand:

20. Now there abode in the land of Nassau

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an ancient prophet; and his name was Hell-Devil Skillman.

21. And he was ancient in vestments and was a mighty seer (for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer).

22. And he looked often upon the wine when it was red.

23. And Hell-Devil Skillman came into the chief places where the children of Nassau were gathered together, and being moved thereto by the spirit of prophecy, he lifted up his voice, saying:

24. "Lo! it shall come to pass that there shall be a mighty fight between the children of Nassau and the children of Eli;

25. "And the children of Nassau shall prevail, and the score shall be eleven to six."

* * * * *

27. And the children of Nassau did mock him, saying: "Go up, thou dreamer."

28. And they said: "He hath a familiar spirit, or peradventure he is drunken with new wine."

Then follows the tale of how the sons of Nassau went forth to see the battle, and of the betting, one shekel against three shekels and the half part of a shekel; and after the assembling of the hosts at the place of conflict, "in carriages and trucks and automobiles also; in trolley-cars and every creeping thing," the epic of the game itself commences.

73. And for a time the sons of Nassau did prevail against the sons of Eli, and did rush the ball even unto Eli's twenty-five yard line.

74. Then the ball was given unto Eli;

75. And Eli waxed fat and kicked;

76. But after that they gat the ball again upon a fumble,

77. And it came to pass that the ball was in the middle of the field.

78. Then the children of Eli strove mightily and they rushed the ball even unto Nassau's fifteen yard line;

79. And there was one Hogan, a mighty warrior among the Elis, and he was a tower of strength unto the sons of Eli that day.

80. The children of Eli took up the ball, and Hogan led them, and they crashed through the line of Nassau;

81. And with a mighty rush they crossed the goal-line, and did make a touch-down,

82. And after they had made a touch-down, they did kick therefrom a goal.

Reception of the news at the University Club of Waxituckee, Oklahoma.
FROM THE BOOK OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE ELIS"

83. Then was there great rejoicing among the Elis;

84. They lifted up their voices and cried: "Lo! Now we have them on the run."

85. They danced in their joy, and sang,

86. Singing of Boola and of Eli Yale, predicting much increase of work for the undertaker, and certifying that now was all hope banished out of Nassau."

But their rejoicing is short; for presently Mitchell fumbles, and De Witt, coming terribly down upon him, gathers the ball into his bosom. At this point the style rises from sober narrative to the lyricism of the Book of Job, with purple patches from the Song of Songs:

93. For seizing the ball, he began to run with it, and was as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

94. Lo! Now his strength is in his loins, his neck waveth like a cedar,

95. He chaseth over the earth and terrible is his going; like unto a whirlwind, and a tornado also.

96. At his left hand runneth Henry, even Henry the mighty, and he cleaveth the air like a sabre,

97. And when the sons of Eli would fain have come nigh unto De Witt, then did Henry have compassion upon them; for he gave them much godly instruction, and did teach them to walk upon their hands.

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98. And the children of Eli pursuing De Witt were like unto a freight-car that followeth a Mauser bullet.

99. And it was so that De Witt's jersey had been torn off in the fight, even the whole of the hindermost part thereof, and there remained not one thread upon another;

100. So that the back of De Witt was naked and bare, and the sun did beat thereon.

101. Now the back of De Witt was wondrous fair to look upon, for the muscles stood out like the billows of the sea;

102. And the children of Eli, pursuing with a shout and looking afar off upon the back of De Witt,

103. "Oh, Lord! how beautiful are thy works!"

104. Then there was mighty shouting from the children of Nassau, and from all the stands round about.

105. The sons of Nassau arose and yelled, invoking the favour of the Lord upon De Witt, and exhorting him to run like hell.

106. He ran, he rushed, he swept over the earth; he ran, he rushed; where he ran, there the air was cloven asunder.

107. He threw back his head and tore mightily over the earth; fierce was the breath of his nostrils, and his lungs were working overtime.

108. He swept over the earth, that ancient earth, yea the very firm earth, and tarried not in his going; terror and majesty were round about him, and all the host of the Elis followed behind.

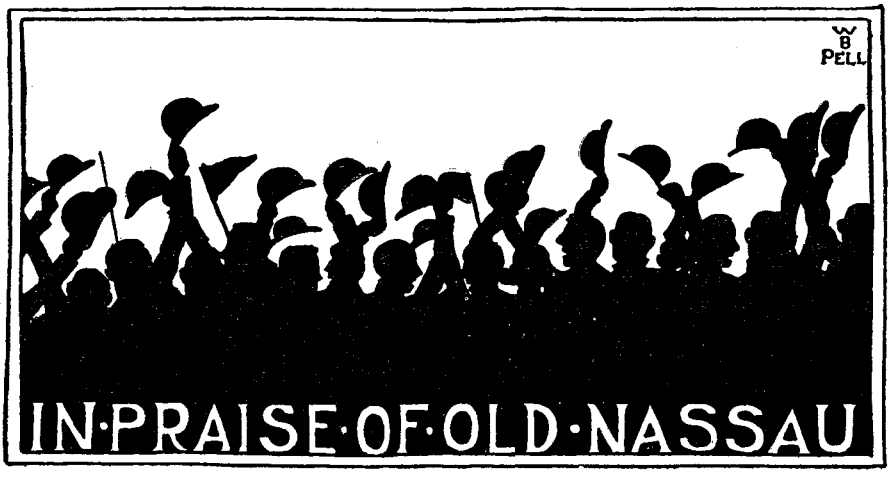
109. And when he had gone over all the territory of the Elis, he ran behind their goal-posts,

110. (Now there was much green grass in the place)

111. And he searched about for a piece of ground, that he might put the ball upon the earth;

112. And when he had found it, he touched down the ball.

The whole succeeding story of the game is full of choice passages, the ruling of the Referee, "Render unto Nassau the ball that is Nassau's," and the reply of Metcalf, "What shall it profit a man if he gain twenty-five yards and lose the ball?"; the temptation of Vetterlein to forego his fair catch for a grandstand play; the kicking of the winning goal, and the fulfilment of Hell-Devil Skillman's prophecy. But it is too long to quote, and perhaps enough has been given to show the quality of the work. Its humour is of course local, and must fail of appeal to those who regard football with solemn horror; but the game still remains a national institution, in spite of journalism and the Rules Committee; and there is no danger for some time to come of the *Chronicles of the Elis* becoming generally obscure.



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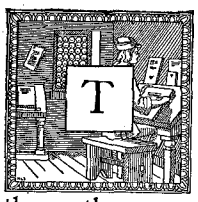
THE STERLING MARK AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THE more one reads and criticises novels, the more different ways one finds of judging and classifying them; the more different angles from which to get a perspective of them; the more convenient little tests by which one may decide with a certain amount of confidence that such-and-such a story is really a rather better piece of work than such-and-such another story of kindred substance. Yet now and again one comes across a book which does not lend itself to any of these definite rule-made measurements; a book which one feels to be of finer quality than usual without being able to justify such a belief by any of the customary tests. It often happens, for instance, that while the construction of the plot is good it is not notably better than in a dozen other similar stories; while the character drawing is clever, it is not so far ahead of the character drawing of other contemporary writers as to be in itself a distinction; and similarly, while the setting of the story may be vivid and real enough, one feels quite confident that there is nothing really epoch-making about it. And yet, undeniably this particular book in the supposititious case that we have taken has for some elusive reason succeeded in doing what a dozen other books have struggled to do and just failed of success.

Now where a question of artistic quality comes down in the last analysis to a sort of intuition, a vague something that you feel without being able to give this feeling definite expression, it is rather rash to attempt anything like a generalisation or even to give this elusive quality a specific name. And yet it is fairly safe to take it for granted, as between two works of art of any kind which resemble each other fairly closely on the outside that the one which we feel instinctively is superior is genuine all the way through; it is honest and sincere and solid; it bears the hall-mark of sterling worth.

Now this does not mean that the book which from time to time gives us that impression of something distinctive is necessarily a big book or a very beautiful book or indeed a book that in any way demands a string of superlatives to do it justice. There are many things which come from the hands of the silversmith that are neither large nor showy nor brilliantly novel; the important question is whether the mark upon them shows that they are of the required degree of fineness. They may be nothing more important than a prosaic silver hairpin or collar stud, yet there is a certain intimate satisfaction not easy to analyse in knowing that those unpretentious little articles are of the same substance all the way through. There are some people of whom you can tell by intuition that they would rather wear no jewelry at all than to have a filled-gold watch chain or a reconstructed ruby; that if they could not afford eighteen carat gold they would be content with sterling silver; if they could not afford that, they would stoop to gun metal; but whatever it happened to be, there would be no sham about it; it would be frankly neither more nor less than what it professed to be. In like manner, there are some authors whose work inspires this same confidence. It may not be ambitious work or even work of much importance, but so long as you feel that there is no sham about it, no surface veneer or triple plating likely sooner or later to wear thin and reveal the baser metal underneath, then you may safely conclude that it is a book likely to last rather longer than the average book and that it bears the guarantee of the sterling mark.

Of course there are certain kinds of cheap imitation stuff which flaunt their spuriousness so brazenly that no one is for a moment going to be deceived. From time to time, in literature as well as in feminine adornment, there comes a fad

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for a particular kind of imitation that temporarily acquires almost the dignity of a new craft. Such, for instance, is the present vogue of the so-called new art jewelry; and similarly, in fiction, such was the pseudo-Dumas novel of a few years ago. This latter creation, from its best to its worst specimens, from Stanley Weyman downward to almost incredible depths of cheapness, deceived nobody. It was impossible to delude one's self even for a moment into thinking that any one of these books was fired with so much as a single spark of the real fire that still burns as steadily as ever in the *Three Musketeers* and the Valois romances. But they did for a while supply a new type of novel that found favour with the general public, a type destined in advance to go out of fashion just as huge matrix stones and coloured glass door-knobs will soon have had their brief day as brooches and finger rings.

Yet, after all, this simile of the silver hall-mark does not in itself really explain; it simply translates our problem into terms which sound simpler but are really about as hard to define as the others from which we converted them. But perhaps we can get a little definite light on the matter through that one word, *solid*. Solid all the way through—the same substance and quality in the parts that we do not see as in those that we do; that is a pretty big undertaking for a craftsman working with such precious metal as human life and character. It means, of course, that your honest workman must put the same quality of thought into the ninety-nine other parts of the lives of his characters which he does not tell us about as into the one part which he does. If he knows only that his heroine wears in the opening chapter a gown of a certain queer shade of green, but does not know what she wore the day before the book opens, what she will wear the day after the book closes; what, in short, are her favourite colours, her personal preferences, her general standard of taste in dress—then, in this particular question, his work is not sterling, it is only silver-plated and very thinly plated at that. If a book can give you no more than just the substance of its printed lines; if you are able to read nothing between them, if your mental vision cannot pierce deep down behind and beyond the carefully grouped facts that the author has chosen to give you, then the metal with which he has wrought is only an alloy, because where the metal is solid, though the physical eye cannot penetrate it, the mental vision can. Any of the great novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and their compeers, lived intimately with the characters they created, knew a thousand things about them which they never found occasion to set on paper. And it is those things which they did not feel called upon to write, quite as much as the incidents they have given us, that makes the men and women in *David Copperfield* and *The Newcomes* and *Barchester Towers* really alive—alive with all the solidity of human flesh and blood, the solidity and value of the sterling standard.

Now, as already said, a book may bear the sterling hall-mark, without being epoch-making or even serious minded. It is enough if it impresses us as being a thoroughly genuine specimen of its kind. And a very good example of this is given us by Mr. J. C. Snaith's latest volume, *Mrs. Fitz*. Now if one were generalising in a hasty sort of way about Mr. Snaith, one would be very apt to say that in three of his earlier volumes, *Fortune, Araminta* and *Broke of Covenden*, he has done three different things about as widely dissimilar as it is given to one single man to do; and that henceforth whatever he does must necessarily bear more or less resemblance to one of these three several types. And this would be an exceedingly rash thing to say, for it fails to reckon with Mr. Snaith's uncommon versatility. *Mrs. Fitz*, considered as a type of fiction, is considerably less important than *Fortune* or *Broke of Covenden* and rather less than even *Araminta;* but of its particular kind, it is of the same degree of fineness. The fictitious monarchy situated somewhere north, south or east of Budapest has been sadly overworked since Stevenson's *Prince Otto* and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* set the fashion. One always felt certain vague misgivings about the type even as Mr. Stevenson handled it. No amount of clever workmanship could do away with

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the ever present consciousness that it was at best a sort of grown-up fairy tale happening in Never-Never Land which would be searched for vainly upon the map. Mr. Snaith comes along with blithe audacity and by an ingenious twist repeats the same old familiar trick in a slightly new way and leaves us gasping a little and rubbing our eyes out of sheer astonishment at seeing how easily he has actually done what so many others have either just missed doing or, in some cases, have badly bungled. Now I do not wish to be misunderstood as claiming for Mr. Snaith's new volume superiority over such an admirable bit of art as Stevenson's *Prince Otto*. But he is essentially superior to the crowd of cheap imitators who have steadily debased the form which Stevenson and Anthony Hope originated. What Mr. Snaith has done is simply this: he has given us a story of an imaginary kingdom which he calls Illyria; but he keeps this kingdom ingeniously in the background, while practically the whole action of the story takes place in twentieth century England. A great local scandal had sprung up among the leading families of a certain county town. A certain Fitzwaren whose people were among the oldest and the proudest in the county had so far forgotten what was due to himself and his station as to marry a foreign woman, a Viennese circus-rider, so gossip said. And all the ladies of the neighbourhood were up in arms against her. Now it happened that this Mrs. Fitz, as she was currently known, was not a circus-rider but only daughter of the King of Illyria and direct heir to the succession. Her identity was a carefully guarded secret because, in leaving Illyria and marrying an untitled Englishman, the princess had broken some of the most sacred laws of her country and the king's emissaries were scouring Europe to discover her and bring her back. And herein lies that element of excitement which will give the book its chief popular appeal. The chapters following the abduction of the princess, when all the old gossips are declaring that the ex-circus-rider has eloped with her chauffeur, while, as a matter of fact, she is held prisoner at the Illyrian Embassy in the heart of London and is rescued thence by six able-bodied Englishmen who gaily defy the well-settled law of nations—all this is, for sheer sustained narrative of adventure, as good as anything that the modern romantic school has recently given. But that is only one aspect of the book and a rather subordinate one. The reason why *Mrs. Fitz* deserves to rank among Mr. Snaith's really serious work is because of the delightful and sustained note of social satire that pervades it, the shifting angle of view which shows us the narrowness of English county society through the eyes first of a shrewd and philosophical English gentleman and secondly through the eyes of a foreign-born princess to whom the whole British Isles are inhabited by a mad, topsy-turvy race, "creatures just stepping forth from the fairy-tales of Perrault." The one blunder of the book is in taking us, in the final chapter, out of the reality of England into the make-believe of Illyria. It is just there that to most readers the magic of the book will suddenly drop with a disheartening thud. The fault is one of construction, not of sheer writing. No amount of genius could build a story in this way and prevent the stage setting of Illyria from suggesting a final act in an Offenbach opéra-bouffe.

"Mrs. Fitz"

Another book of some merit which bears the stamp of sincerity is *The Eagle's Feather*, by Emily Post—a distinct advance, by the way, from this same author's earlier effort, *The Title Market*. She has here a big theme and she has constructed in a big way. As a piece of technical work it forms rather an interesting comparison with a novel written some years ago by Edna Kenton, entitled *What Manner of Man*. In both of these stories the central situation and the climax are closely parallel. In both, the theme may be epitomised as follows: the artistic temperament struggling between the love of a woman and the love of art and at last sacrificing the former to the latter. Miss Kenton's volume was less ambitious in scope and structure. The central figure was a painter who married a very simple and very sensitive girl from the

"The Eagle's Feather"

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Hebrides, partly because he loved her but chiefly because he needed her for his model; and when he reaches the big moment in his biggest painting, the martyrdom of a Christian maiden in the Roman amphitheatre, he awakens just the look that he needs of grief and horror in her eyes by letting her guess for the first time the unworthy motive for which he married her. In *The Eagle's Feather,* the hero is a poet and is working upon a tragedy in verse destined to make his fame ring throughout Europe. Unfortunately, when at last he finds the one woman he is capable of loving, he cannot marry her because he has a wife already who has left him to enter a convent, and being a Catholic, he will not get a divorce. The woman he loves, who has fortune, high rank and an enviable social prestige, in the most exclusive Parisian circles, sacrifices all of these things in order to unite herself frankly and openly with the poet, letting the world think what it will. For a while they are idyllicly happy; then comes a change, precisely the change against which the poet has warned her. His old preoccupation, his black despair at being unable to construct the last act of his great tragedy, comes upon him again, takes possession of him, leaves him no peace. The theme of his tragedy is the story of a mediæval knight who is a confirmed gambler, and when he goes to the crusades he gambles away all that he possesses to the Turkish sultan and finally stakes and loses his own wife, who has followed him in the guise of a page, and whom the sultan has discovered to be a woman. Now it happens that the poet's companion is physically and spiritually the perfect type of his ideal for the play, and he knows that if he could only do something as cruel and as brutal as his hero does in the play, the effect upon her would give him the clue he needs to finish his task. This is the temptation which he fights off day by day, week by week, until finally he yields, tells her bluntly to her face that he does not love her, that she is only a passing whim, that he is mortally tired of seeing her around and the sooner she goes the better. Under the inspiration of the silent reproach and agony in her glance he finishes his play, realises that it is a masterpiece and then awakens to the enormity of what he has done and to the fact that she has taken him at his word and has gone. There is only one point at which the book weakens, only one place where the general tone of it is not sustained, and that is in the scene where the poet tells his abominable lie to the woman who is not but should have been his wife. It is a big moment, a tremendous moment, and somehow the way in which he chooses to express his weariness of her sounds rather flat and inadequate: "He wanted to end it all then and there. Would she please have the goodness to pack up and go"; and then he sees her disappear through the door, and immediately proceeds with somnambulistic ease to write his immortal fourth act. Now the book as a whole is rather big and the workmanship extremely good; but for just this one scene we get the impression that the author had not fully visualised it, that she was not quite sure in her own mind just what words her poet really used—else she would not have thrown them into indirect discourse—and that she was not quite sure either just how her heroine looked as she left the room—or else she would have made us visualise that one big moment more clearly. In other words, *The Eagle's Feather* is a book with the sterling mark upon it, excepting for the one bit of plating in the climax.

"The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls"

The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls, by Jesse Lynch Williams, is a good example of the fine type of workmanship that comes from knowing extremely well a small group of people of the average sort. It might be defined as the familiar type of American married life where it is founded on the hopeful conditions of a fair amount of mutual affection, worldly prosperity, good health, good temper and average intelligence and, as most of us know, marriages which begin with all this cheerful promise are none the less quite apt to have their temporary ups and downs, even though the descending scale stops on the right side of actual disaster. Two young people who think they know each other extremely well, and who in reality have practically everything that really matters still to learn, are bound to

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make the unwelcome discovery that if too much alone together they will inevitably bore each other—and that the boredom will be worse than in the case of other people because it carries with it a sense of bondage. This is the message contained in the first of these closely related episodes which Mr. Williams has brought together into the semblance of a long novel, although it is not, properly speaking, a novel at all, but a series of well-constructed short stories and novelettes. It contains a good deal of wise and wholesome philosophy regarding the little problems as well as the big ones of married life, the slow and difficult readjustments, the problems and blunders incident to house-building and home-making, and the risks that not infrequently arise when husband and wife insensibly begin to drift apart and some outsider, through caprice or vanity, seizes the psychological moment to make trouble. As to the relative merits of these stories individual preference may well differ; but to the present reviewer at least, the one entitled "Frederic Carroll, Monogamist," is easily the best. The subtle portraiture of Muriel Vincent and the way in which she lays siege to Frederic Carroll in his cozy little studio and very nearly succeeds in breaking up a home, deserves high praise for sheer dexterity of treatment. It is so easy to make an episode of this sort cheap and sordid, and so desperately hard to do it with just the inevitable word and the unfaltering touch of real art. That is what Mr. Williams has succeeded in doing in this particular story, and in varying degrees it is what he has succeeded in doing all the way through the book. All of which is just another way of saying that *The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls* is one of the comparatively few books in the course of a publishing season from which one really extracts a few hours of quiet and wholesome satisfaction.

"Second String"

Second String, by Anthony Hope, brings to mind a new tendency in British fiction which has quite unobtrusively been creeping in during the past few years; namely, the tendency to concern itself more and more with the social life of middle class people rather than the upper circles. *Second String* deals with the extremely mixed society of a small English town, in which the hero, Andy Hayes, upon returning home after some years in the Canadian lumber district, finds it somewhat embarrassing to steer successfully between the distinctly "high-life" people on his father's side of the house and Jack Rock, the village butcher, with whom he is connected through his mother's second marriage. There is nothing of great importance in the main thread of the story; it is a tranquil chronicle of how Vivian Welgood, a frail, timid sort of girl, while engaging herself to another man, discovers that there is something in the physical presence of strong, big Andy Hayes that gives her a certain borrowed courage and self-reliance. And of course it is no surprise to the reader when the other man finally elopes with Vivian's hired companion that she promptly and indeed gladly turns to Andy as second string. The value of the book lies in the deft portrayal of present-day manners, and as such, slight and modest as it is, it rings true.

"Nightshade"

Nightshade, by Paul Gwynne, belongs to what we may call the new art-jewelry type of fiction. Its merit all lies in being loud and flamboyant and daringly queer. We all know what colour-blindness is, and we know that the commonest form of it is blindness at the lower or red end of the spectrum. We also know what is meant by ultra-violet rays, those invisible rays beyond the purple to which our retina is blind, although a photographic plate responds to them. Now, if we go a step further and imagine a human eye in all other respects perfect, but keyed up, so to speak, an octave higher than usual, we are ready to conceive of a man like the hero in this story who is blind in ordinary light, but can see with perfect ease in pitch darkness by the help of an ultra-violet lantern. The author has utilised such a human monstrosity in order to weave a fantastic tale of a man who without knowing it loves two women at once, one of whom he knows only through the medium of her voice, while the other he knows by sight as revealed

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by the rays beyond the purple. The book is rather well written, a detail worth mentioning, because it is the only thing which lends dignity to this sort of extravaganza.

"Keith of the Border"

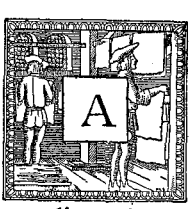
Keith of the Border, by Randall Parrish, is frankly a glorified dime novel of the Arizona frontier with all its customary paraphernalia of Indian massacres, lynching parties, gambling dens, bucking bronchoes and wily desperadoes. The merit of the book lies in the fact that we know precisely what to expect, also in the equally interesting fact that of its type it is an extremely good example. We find ourselves chuckling softly in silent appreciation at the extreme cleverness with which it is constructed, the audacity with which some hackneyed device of sensational romance is seized and forced to take some new form, some unexpected twist. *Keith of the Border* is not an exalted type of literature, but if we are to have that type at all let us by all means be grateful that we can occasionally have it so well done.

The Scourge, by Warrington Dawson, who is already known as the author of another Southern novel entitled *The Scar,* is a book more important in theme and intention than it is in form and execution. The atmosphere of social, political and business life in the new South has not unnaturally tempted quite a number of novelists to try and picture it—among others, Miss Ellen Glasgow, who has the enviable merit of making us really see things as she sees them. The trouble with *The Scourge* is the trouble with a large number of other novels written by serious-minded men and women, vitally interested in existing conditions, and so much in earnest in their task of giving us certain types, certain incidents and certain theories of life that the book as a whole leaves a sort of scrap-book impression upon the mind. It is as though a cook was so vitally concerned in getting just the right amount of sugar and the right number of eggs and the correct measure of flour down to the fraction of a grain that she would forget after getting them together that it was necessary to do a good deal of vigorous stirring to give the compound unity. *The Scourge* lingers in the memory as a series of graphic but detached pictures. One appreciates with one's brain the importance of the social issues that the author raises, but one does not feel them in one's heart.

"The Scourge"

THE SHORT STORY FAMINE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



A FEW weeks ago, the editor of one of the best known of the metropolitan magazines told the present writer that, impression and statistics to the contrary notwithstanding, there existed to-day a veritable short story famine. Asked to express himself more clearly, the editor continued: "I have been engaged in magazine work for the last twelve years and during this period have frequently been put to it to get good short stories for my publication, but never has the effort been more difficult, yes, seemingly more impossible, than at present. And to-day, I do not even put the entire emphasis on the adjective 'good.' I tell you frankly I am having great difficulty in getting short stories that may be characterised 'fair' or even printable. Where short stories were sent in to me and submitted personally at the rate of at least fifty a week a year or two ago, to-day less than one-fifth of that number come to my desk. This is actually a short story famine year."

Subsequent conversation with other magazine editors has not only verified this editor's statement, but has also

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brought to light a state of affairs in the short story market that, it may safely be asserted, has not been equalled in the more recent history of the periodicals devoted all or in part to fiction-in-parvo. As matters stand to-day, judging from the consensus of opinions obtained from the magazine editors, it is as difficult to get hold of a bright, readable short story as it was comparatively simple several years ago. The reasons for this shortage are hazarded as follows: In the first place, say the editors, any number of the former prolific short story writers of two or three years ago are now turning their pens to playwriting. The success of a few writers, such as Porter Emerson Browne and Mary Roberts Rinehart, in this direction has seemingly inspired their fellow short story creators to turn their pens into a similar channel, that holds out promises of greater glory and greater financial reward. In the second place, the advent of a number of new magazines in the field, magazines dealing entirely with the adventure, mystery and crime angles in fiction, has caused many short story writers to apply their efforts to this line of narrative. Why? Because the demand for even stories of average merit in this vein is so great that the writers are practically assured of an immediate acceptance and, what is more, frequently a higher rate of payment than results from the other species of more literary stories. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that even in this branch of the short story market the crop is anything but overwhelming at present.

Thirdly, the editors assert that many of their former short story contributors are now turning their attention to the writing of serials, with the obvious view of publishing them subsequently in book form. Fourthly, the limiting of the specific character of the desired short stories by the magazines has had its share, the editors admit, in causing the writers to put themselves to other tasks. Just how this has operated may be illustrated best by the personal view of a well-known short story writer. This man told the present writer a few days ago that he had written a story of the "character study" species, had sent it to seven magazines and had received it back in due order with letters from as many editors saying that while the story was well written, the day of the "character study" story, at least as far as the magazines were concerned, was past. The writer continued: "This state of affairs is discouraging to short story writers. Almost without exception, the standard magazines to-day insist on the so-called 'uplift' stories. They do not care to consider stories of any other type, seemingly not realising that if short story writers are limited to the 'uplift' style, the writing of short stories must become to a large degree mechanical, of a single monotonous strain, forced in style and frequently abortive. To the writer who has other ambitions than a bank cheque, the arbitrary 'uplift' dictum has proved odious and discouraging and the result has been that writers of this class have ceased to apply themselves entirely to short stories and have turned to novel writing as a means to express honestly the best that is in them."

The editor of another magazine stated to the present writer a few weeks ago, that since O. Henry's death it has been utterly impossible for him to secure for his publication a short story that was original in any way. "The discouragement of the younger short story writers and the comparatively greater remuneration to be gained from the 'crime' brand of fiction," he said, "has left the field almost wholly to the present so-called staple short story men like Gouverneur Morris, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Chester, London, and their much-in-demand 'big name' brothers, with the result that the latters' trunks are being rifled for old manuscripts that, good, medium or bad, are sure to find a ready market in these hard times. It does not require a remarkably astute guesser to forecast the short story writers whose names will appear in any specified magazine two, three or four months hence. You will find, to a great extent, that the same old names reappear month after month, with now and again a solitary new name on which the desperate editor is willing, nay, *must* take a chance."

The editor of a well-known magazine with a large circulation in the Middle West several months ago caused to be

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sent to each subscriber a stamped envelope, with the request that the subscriber indicate on the enclosed card his opinion of the short stories that recently had and were appearing in the publication in question. Nine out of ten of the subscribers who complied with the editor's request stated that they were "sick and tired" of the "crime slant" of the stories and asked the editor to give them relief. "But," said the editor to the present writer, "what am I to do? With the exception of a handful of short story writers who are in such demand they cannot half fill their orders; most of the printable short stories that are submitted to me are of the murder-mystery-detective species. The writers appreciate that there are six safe markets open to this sort of short fiction, where they are certain to sell their products—and they do not care to take a chance with the other kinds of stories. As a result, I have small choice. It remains for me either to print a fairly good 'crime' story or a trashy love story."

The editor went on to say that never before during his publishing career had there been so great a demand for the clean love story. "The short story writer who will set himself to the task of building clear-cut stories with revolvers, spilled blood and hairbreadth escapes left out, will find a market open to him the like of which he has never suspected."

Another reason that is assigned for the dearth of short stories possessing literary qualities is the demand and immediate payment for the slap-dash style of brief fiction. "Give your reader action and plenty of it. Don't stop to polish up your stuff. Write it for quick consumption, just as you would dictate it to a telegraph operator if you were a newspaper reporter 'covering' a late night story and had to rush it into your office from out of town in time to catch the 'bulldog' edition." These are the actual words used by the editor of one of the largest circulating short fiction magazines in America. "I pay my contributors well," he argues. "They can turn in three stories to me in the time it would take them to write *one* for one of the more literary magazines. And there you have the reason why they are doing my kind of stuff." "Stuff" was his word. Here, too, have we a reason why there have been few noteworthy "discoveries" among short story writers in the last two years or more. The young writers of ability, the editors will assure you, appreciate the fact that they can earn three times the amount of money by applying themselves to the so-called "popular" stories than they can by seeking to indulge their pens in the possibly worthier types of fiction, worthier from a literary point of view at least. As a consequence—and this is the concordant opinion of some of the ablest magazine editors in this country—the readers of the higher class publications have to suffer. "It is precisely the same state of affairs that obtains—and must largely obtain—in the drama," we are told by one of these magazine men. "If a playwright can make more money in less time by writing the libretti of musical shows, he is going to write libretti. He will not apply himself to the vastly more difficult task of writing and constructing meritorious drama. He does not care to take the chance with his artistic wares and, really, you can scarcely blame him. Glory, fame and prunes is one thing; bread and butter and dessert is another. If there are six theatres open to musical shows and but one theatre open to worthy drama, it stands to reason that most playwrights are going to direct their endeavors toward the former, does it not? And particularly if the management of the one theatre, like the editors of certain high-class magazines, insist that it will consider only the 'uplift' kind of plays. Many of the world's greatest dramas have nothing of this 'uplift' quality in them, and this is true, too, in the case of many of the world's greatest short stories."

Just what has caused this general demand for "uplift" stories is more difficult of analysis. Obviously, the initial inference is that the readers of the magazines desire this species of story. But is that reason enough for demanding that short story writers literally "turn out"—that is the accurate phrase—only "uplift" stories? An editor with whom the present writer discussed the famine question—an editor, incidentally, who is fair

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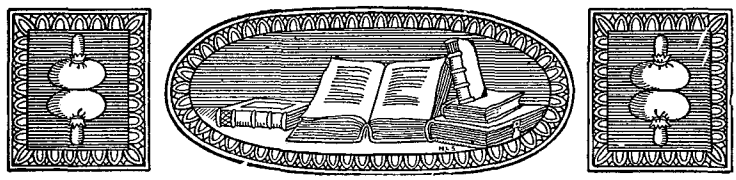
enough to believe the magazines are killing the short story geese that have laid golden fiction eggs for them in the past, because of their arbitrary insistence on the "uplift" fiction—stated that it was his honest opinion that serials would supplant short stories to a considerable extent in the near future unless the magazine editors became more liberal in their dealing with short story themes. "Most of the editors," he said, "seem to be blindly following a certain weekly leader that has gained a wide vogue through 'uplift' fiction. Is it not fair to presume that the reading public may soon desire something else in the way of honest, able short stories besides those with a moral tacked on the bottom? Many editors seem to be of the opinion that unless a story is uplifting, it is degrading. They see no splendid short story, interesting and well written, that deals with real conditions. And, as we all well know, there is not always an 'uplift' in such conditions—but, mind you, there may be a lesson anyway. There is a distinction between pseudo broad gauged 'uplift' and inferential, though quite as effective, reading observation."

We have chronicled the wholesale enlisting, on the part of short story writers of possible promise in other lines, in the "crime short story gang," as it is ironically termed by some of the standard magazine editors. This fact—for fact it is—however, has not lessened the demand for crime stories by the specialised magazines. The condition of affairs in this field is related by one of the editors as follows: "Although there are easily twenty-five times the number of short story writers working on our line of fiction to-day that were a year ago, we are able to take care of all the good material that comes to us. And we always encourage the writers, furthermore, not to let up in their efforts. You see, a magazine of our type prints almost ten times as many short stories in a single number as one of the other magazines, and, as a result, we need just that much more material. Only the other day, we signed up with two writers for their entire output, and each averages a couple of stories a week. The demand on the part of a certain element for our kind of fiction is responsible for the famine in the more literary short stories."

Here we have a broad conflict of opinion. The editors of the standard magazines believe the public wants the "uplift" fiction and sometimes justify themselves in this opinion by gathering statistics, as in the case cited. The editors of the blood and thunder magazines—"blood and thunder" at least in comparison—say that the public wants *their* kind of short stories. There are facts in hand that would seem to prove both cases. But, no matter what view you take, one salient fact remains: There is a short story famine stalking through magazine land to-day. We have the words of the editors on both sides of the fiction fence for it.



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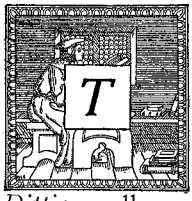
REPRINTED PAGES

KIPLING'S VERSE PEOPLE*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I



THE Story of the Gadsbys was one of those published first in India. Together with the *Drums of the Fore and Aft, Studies in Black and White,* the *Departmental Ditties,* all unpretentious little tomes, modestly and quietly bound, it found its way to England, and soon the Keeper of the Books at the British Museum was struck by the fact that several well-known London literary men were asking from time to time for information in regard to a new writer named Kipling. A few months later Kipling had his "nine days' wonder." It was *The Story of the Gadsbys* that first attracted attention, and this book may be said to mark the turning point in his career. Only a short time before he had been running about Philadelphia trying to persuade editors to print his stories. He was everywhere told that nobody knew or cared anything about India. *The Story of the Gadsbys* ends with an *envoi,* the last line of which is: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." As the theme of the story was marriage, with its attendant joys and woes, the line has been accepted simply as a boisterous dig at that institution which is commended by St. Paul "to be honourable among all men"; another of those notes of warning, half serious, half mocking, which the bachelor animal Kipling used to fling out with fine relish. Did he not say that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke"? It seems, however, to have another, a deeper significance—to sum up the man and his creed. "He travels the fastest who travels alone." The Kipling we know seems always to be travelling alone. It was so in the early Lahore days, it is more so now. His attitude on the part of a man who was not doing something out of the ordinary, who was not making literature, would be impertinent if not boorish. "I will write what I please. I will not alter a line. If it please me to do so I will refer to Her Gracious Majesty—bless her!—as the little fat widow of Windsor, and fill the mouth of Mulvaney with filth and oaths. I will not 'meet people.' If I am on shipboard and prefer passing my time in the smoking room drinking Scotch whiskey I will do so. I will not truckle to old women or fawn upon fools. Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou a laisser!* I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone — always alone." This attitude is of vital interest as being in a measure the keynote of his work. It has another interest. People have invited and received personal rebuffs and gone away crying: "Snob! Cad!" Snob! Of course, he is a snob! So, Madame or Monsieur, is any great man who does not hang gaping and breathless upon your twaddle; who does not accede gaily to your request that he send you an autograph collection of his works; who does not undertake to find a publisher for your own or your daughter's manuscript. A snob! Certainly.

II

Since he began writing, Kipling's prose and verse have ranged side by side, almost in martial step, with amazing precision. The men and women of the *Departmental Ditties* were the men and women of *Plain Tales from the Hills. Barrack Room Ballads* told in verse the stories of Mulvaney, Learoyd, Ortheris and their soldier comrades. Of more re-

*From THE BOOKMAN for March, 1899.

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cent years, in poetry as in prose, he has found his inspiration in the oil of the engine room, the thump of the screw, the salt spray of the sea; the lives of the men who toil in machine-shops, in the cabs of locomotives, in the holds of ships. That his success in treating of these later themes has been complete is open to doubt. Would "The Ship that Found Herself" for a moment have been considered seriously if it had been written by another than Kipling? "McAndrew's Hymn" and "The Mary Gloster" ring hard and cold. They may be very true. McAndrew's soul may have been such a soul as was depicted; there is humanity, if rather vulgar humanity, in the dying Sir Anthony Gloster, but there is an element lacking—they don't cling in the memory—and one gladly turns back to the fire, the dash, the feeling of "Mandalay":

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea.

The verse-people whose joys, sorrows, aims are best understood by American readers are, of course, the people of *Departmental Ditties*. The charm of the *Ditties* as of the *Plain Tales* was their evident spontaneity. It was impossible not to feel the zest and relish with which they were written. They seemed to have been done on fine sunshiny mornings, when the eye was clear and bright, and two or three pleasant pipes had whiffed the cobwebs out of the head. A young genius looked out upon the world, beheld there laughter and tears, folly and wisdom, and considerable wickedness of a healthy sort. The wickedness roused no anger in him. There was no disposition to howl stale moralities, his mission was not that of a social regenerator, his work bewrayed no maudlin indignation. When he wrote about the deception of a husband he treated all three parties in the affair with perfect and impartial good humour. His attitude was that of detachment, his *métier* to watch the comedy and tragedy of it all as one watches a play. And after having been very much amused and a little bored he sat down to his writing table with the conviction that—

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes that ranged
India's prehistoric clay.

There are times when he seems almost to resent the fact that human nature shows so little originality in its weaknesses. The world wags on merrily and busily, new forces are constantly springing up as if out of the ground, the hand of man is growing more cunning and his brain more active, only his heart can invent no new sin. "Jack" Barrett jobbed off to Quetta in September to die there, attempting two men's work, Mrs. Barrett mourning him "five lively months at most"; Potiphar Gubbins, C.E., hoisting himself to social prominence and highly paid posts as the complaisant husband of an attractive wife—these are the oldest of pitiable human stories. Through the verses which tell of these people there rings a note of half humorous protest at the monotonous sameness of life. For the purely narrative ditties he has more relish. A general officer, riding with his staff, takes down a heliograph message between husband and wife and finds himself alluded to as "that most immoral man." A young lieutenant wishing to break an engagement in a gentlemanly manner develops appalling epileptic fits with the assistance of Pears' Shaving Sticks. What an honest, wholesome love of fun! What animal spirits! He can see the amazement on the General's "shaven gill," and chuckle with Sleary over some especially artistic and alarming seizure. Above all he delights as—

Year by year in pious patience vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits,
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

One thinks of him as roaring with laughter as he writes of the astonishment and discomfiture of these people, as the "good Dumas" used to roar with laughter at the humorous observations of his characters.

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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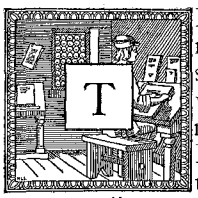
THE MANTLE OF TOLSTOY*

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN



THE reading public does not content itself with selecting its several favourites among the representatives of literature. It does not rest satisfied until it has chosen some one novelist or poet upon whom to confer the rank of the greatest living writer. It is as though each country had a literary throne which could be occupied by only one man in a generation, and which the reading public could not bear to see vacant for any length of time. Critics may agree upon two or three contemporary story-tellers as co-ordinately the foremost masters of their art, each taking precedence in some special field or quality; the public, however, seems to be loath to be dominated by any such oligarchy. While writers are fond of referring to the world of letters as a commonwealth or republic, their readers, much like the Jews of the time of Saul, hate to be left without a king. And if this is apparently the case with Anglo-Saxons, is there anything astonishing in the fact that in a country like Russia the highly centralised political *régime* under which the people live should find its reflection in the domain of art?

During the sixties and seventies of the last century it was Ivan Turgéneff who filled the office of the greatest Russian novelist. Although the chief works by which Tolstoy is best known to the civilised world were published during the same period, it was not until the death of the author of *Rudin* that "the sage of Yasnaya Poliana" came to be rated not only as the leading novelist of his own time, but as the most important writer in the entire range of Russian fiction. And now that Count Tolstoy is an aged and sick man, the question is often asked, Who of the younger representatives of Russian literature is to be regarded as heir-apparent to the throne which he has filled so grandly during the last two decades?

The question is one not easily answered, and the facts with which it is connected disclose a situation unparalleled in the history of Russian literature since the days of Gogol and Pushkin.

Maxim Gorki occupies a position analogous to the one enjoyed by Kipling in English-speaking countries. Every new story from his pen is hailed as an event of prime importance, and his appearance in public is greeted with the most exuberant ovations. This noisy success of his would certainly seem to point him out as the unanimous popular choice for the place of the supreme story-teller of the present generation. Certain elements in the character of his work, however, when viewed in the light of deep-rooted Russian conditions and tastes, prevent one from taking his clamorous vogue seriously. One well-known critic speaks of him as a writer who was "quick to reach the pinnacle of his reputation, but who has already set out on his downward journey"; another writer describes Gorki's stories as the over-seasoned, but ephemeral dish served to a dyspeptic public"; while almost all of his most enthusiastic admirers among book reviewers of note concede certain faults in his art which in a country like Russia must be regarded as fatal to lasting pre-eminence.

That Gorki is gifted with an active imagination, and that his stories possess originality and unusual vigour, no one disputes. These virtues alone are not enough, however, to make literature of the kind which the educated Russian has been accustomed to exact from his leading writers. It should be borne in mind that popular recognition in the country under consideration is not synonymous with a large circulation among the typical novel-devouring part of the population. To be sure, Russia has her George Ohnets and Marion Crawfords, whose stories keep the wife of many a provincial officeholder awake nights; but even this class of readers know that the novels in which they are absorbed are not considered literature, while those who follow the book reviews in the magazines or newspapers scarcely ever come across

*From THE BOOKMAN for December, 1902.

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the names of these authors at all. As to that peculiar species of dime novel which is well written and well printed and sells for $1.50, it never sails under false colours. It is frankly a "dime novel," and one would no more think of calling it literature than one would a popular soda cracker that sold at the rate of so many hundred thousands a day.

Now Gorki's stories are certainly literature, but his talent is not made of the stuff that characterises the genius of men like Tolstoy, Turgéneff, Dostoyevsky, Goncharoff or Pisensky. Gorki is a child of the slums, and of these slums he writes in a novel and forcible way. He is a clever story-teller, and running through all his tales is a clear-cut message, a well-defined central idea, that has never been promulgated through the medium of Russian fiction before. Such a writer, amid the conditions which surround Gorki and his constituency, could not fail to seize the public eye.

The prevailing order of things, added to the psychological peculiarities of the Slavic reader, have worked out literary ideals which in the United States or England would scarcely meet with acceptance at the hands of an appreciable minority. The cultured Russian yearns for political freedom. Living as he does the life of the enlightened Frenchman or Englishman, he naturally misses those liberties the enjoyment of which has so long since come to be looked upon as part and parcel of civilisation. The university-bred subject of the Czar casts upon the parliaments of Western Europe furtive glances full of envy. By rendering politics forbidden fruit his government makes it the dream and passion of nearly every one who can read and think. Words like "party," "political programme," "constitution," or "free speech" are invested with a charm which the Anglo-Saxon of modern times could scarcely realise. In other words, the Russian reader of good literature considers himself a member of a downtrodden, languishing nation. As a consequence, every victim of oppression or poverty—of misery in any form—appeals to him as a fellow sufferer. On the other hand, a senseless censor system lends to every book championing the cause of "the degraded and the insulted," the relish of forbidden fruit. To elude the vigilance of the censor, therefore; to make literary images say things which in the form of an essay or editorial would be likely to bring publisher and writer under the ban, is the kind of art which is sure to attract attention in the land of the Czars.

The upshot has been an ironclad æsthetic theory, under which the talented artist who does not lay bare some form of human misery is looked upon as something like a public officer who neglects his duty. A tax-gatherer seizing the famished cow of a famished peasant family is the sort of pastoral that makes the surest appeal to the imagination of the educated Russian reader.

The salient feature of the best Russian literature, the one directly traceable to the movement which resulted in the abolition of serfdom, is the sympathetic attention paid to the tillers of the soil and the poor, ignorant, weak and defenceless common people generally. "The idealisation of the peasant" is one of the staple phrases in essays and editorials of that period.

The novelist, then, is expected to have something to say, and his theme must have some social iniquity to accentuate, or at least be taken from the life of the disinherited and of the "poor in spirit." Now the peculiarity of Gorki's position in the literature of his country lies in this, that while his art has a moral lesson to inculcate and seeks its images in the lower strata of society, preferably among those who have altogether been dislodged from the regular current of life, his message is a persistent panegyric of strength and backbone, of the master-spirits of the human race, not of its victims, nor of those who are poor in spirit. He advocates the basic ideas of Nietzsche through the medium of "overmen" in the form of drunken peasants or social waifs.

"A fellow must be sized up, to begin with," says the hero's father in his *Foma Gordéyeff*, "you must find out the kind of stuff he is made of, find out whether there is anything in him. If he is a smart chap with some backbone to him and a mind for business, then you might as well give him a lift. But if you run up against a weak-kneed fellow without a bit of

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ambition, and that sort of thing, then spit at him and pass on. This is what I want you to bear in mind: When a fellow is always complaining and sighing and wailing, he is not worth a rap, is not worth your pity. Help only those who won't back down even when they are in trouble. Suppose a rotten plank and a sound one dropped into the mud. What would you do? Why, of what earthly use is a decayed piece of wood? So you had better let it stay where it is, down in the mud, so that people may tread upon it and keep the dirt off their shoes. As to the sound plank, pick it up, put in the sunlight, let it dry up, for, indeed, it may be of some use, if not to yourself, to somebody else."

Such is the ethical doctrine which Gorki preaches in almost every one of his numerous stories and sketches, in season and out of season. It is quite a novel doctrine in Russian literature. As a *leit-motif* it has never been utilised in Russian fiction before; but if it is only too natural that this motive, coupled with Gorki's resourcefulness and vigour, should have brought him into instant vogue, it is equally inevitable that a philosophy of this sort, as a basis of a literary message, shall sooner or later pall upon the Russian reader and gradually arouse opposition.

The average Russian bookman looks upon his government as the embodiment of undue strength and upon himself as an underdog, as one of the weak. The theory of the survival of the fittest applied to human beings in the crude, brutal form in which Gorki applies it through his Napoleons of the gutter is scarcely calculated to meet with lasting favour among a people who are always "complaining and sighing and wailing," always complaining of their own "Hamletism" (as Turgéneff calls it) and of being ruled by a bureaucracy of misfits. The typical Russian does not regard those who whine and have no turn for business as so many decayed planks for the stronger citizen to trample under foot. He pities these weaklings, and, indeed, himself for victims of an effeminating, enervating social system. It is to depict this very shiftlessness that Turgéneff wrote his *Rudin,* that "epic of Russian phrasemongery." But, then, *Rudin* is instinct with human pity, and this all-forgiving pity is what makes it one of the most characteristically Russian novels ever written. The modern Hamlet, the man of great words and small deeds, is quite a common type in Russian literature, and in every case he has been treated with the same human sympathy and philosophical leniency as that which pervades Turgéneff's masterpiece, and which is in keeping with the popular character. It is a noteworthy fact that Russia sees a greater relative number of acquittals in criminal cases than any other civilised country in the world. Tolstoy portrays this inclination of the common people in his *Resurrection,* where the tradesman in the jury box readily votes in favour of the defendant. Not that he thinks Maslova innocent of the charge, but because "Who is free from wrongdoing?" Indeed, so characteristic is this tendency in the average Russian that it has been accentuated as the keynote to the whole psychology of this curious people in whom the world is so keenly interested these days, but whom it seems at a loss to make out.

Rudin, then, is a distinctly Russian novel, and if it is, Gorki's stories are decidedly un-Russian, all his "atmosphere" and the vividness of his characters notwithstanding.

A still graver drawback is Gorki's lack of artistic sincerity. The point is that with all his undeniable skill as a character painter, his tales do not ring true. They are not marked by that freedom from consciousness which another trait of the national character, as well as the best traditions of the country's literature, make a necessary condition to enduring fame. The average Russian has been correctly described by foreign observers as a naïve, unsophisticated creature with a profound sense of human motive; as one in whom the simple-minded sincerity of the child is combined with the intuitive human wisdom of the prophet. Born to be sad, mere cleverness for its own sake would be lost upon him, and a work of art, which is straining for effect, be it ever so lofty or subtle, is sure to weary him. This is as true of music and painting as it is of literature. The overwhelming

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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UNPUBLISHED REVIEWS

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

HUNTING THE PICT IN BRITAIN. By Julius Cæsar. Curtius, Dollabella and Company, Rome.

This book, written by our great faunal naturalist and exponent of the strenuous life, whose hunting trip into Britain aroused such great interest, is sure to meet with an immense sale among those who love stories of adventure or who are interested in sport, science, literature or art. It should become a pocket compendium for all those hunters who hereafter attempt the hunting of the Pict. Mr. Cæsar—who is affectionately known in Rome as "Our Jule"—undertook this hunting trip fully equipped, and was accompanied by a staff of trained hunters. He tells his adventures in his usual modest manner. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that in which he kills his first Pict, the skin of which, by the way, he afterward forwarded to the Remusian Institution, where it is now on view. The volume is illustrated with excellent views of live and dead Picts and other game, as well as numerous likenesses of Mr. Cæsar in his hunting costumes. In addition to killing great numbers of most ferocious Picts Mr. Cæsar was lucky enough to bag several good specimens of Scots, among which was an excellent specimen of the very rare bald-headed Paterfamilias Scotus.

FARTHEST EAST. By Marco Polo, F.R.G.S. Nicolo and Maffeo, Venice.

If this work had been put forth frankly as a romance it might have found numerous readers, for it must be considered a work of great imagination. It is, briefly, a tale of adventure told in the first person by Mr. Polo, in which he takes an utterly impossible journey by way of imaginary countries—Sivas, Mosul, Bagdad, and Hormuz—through Khorassan, to Lob Nor, and a city such as could not exist anywhere in the world: Shantung. It is enough to say that the adventures exceed the limit of possibility. As a work of fiction we might have had more to say of this tale, but being told as a fact we can only condemn it.

A JUMP TO THE MOON. By Baron Karl Hieronymous Friedrich von Munchhausen. Raspe, Gluckstein and Company, Berlin.

At length we have a satisfactory study of lunar conditions and life such as students have been awaiting these many years. Baron Munchhausen, who has already established a reputation for careful attention to details in his *Travels and Adventures in Russia* (Wagner and Blotz, Düsseldorf), gives us in his new volume a scientific study of the Moon and her peoples, the whole written in a reserved tone. In fact, the only adverse criticism possible is that a man of greater imagination might have made the work somewhat more interesting. The Baron's well-known propensity for sticking close to the actual makes the work a little dry in some places, particularly in the chapter where he describes the finding of the resilient clay in South Prussia which, when leaped upon, continues to cast the leaper higher at each rebound, until, as the Baron says: "had I not, at this leap, landed full upon the Moon, my next leap would have sent me hurtling into the Sun, where I might have perished in the flames." We know this book will be eagerly read by all interested in geographical science, but we also recommend it to the attention of managers of Sunday School Libraries. The moral conveyed in the chapter dealing with the Baron's return to earth cannot fail to find a resting place in the infant mind: "The thought of jumping off the moon at first appalled me, for while I knew beyond doubt that I could so aim myself as to hit the earth, I could not, at such a distance, even with my marvellous eyesight, make out one part of the earth from another, and there was not only the danger of alighting in some vast desert, but of alighting atop of a pointed weathercock or in the ocean.

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However, I considered that a man that had so valiantly battled for the truth on all occasions would be cared for by Providence, and I leaped. I was right. Not only did I alight in my own beloved land, but full in the mouth of the great chimney of my baronial hall, and so squarely that I descended the chimney without touching either side or soiling my garments."

LATER POEMS. By H. H. Homer. Aristides, Hippias and Herodotus, Athens.

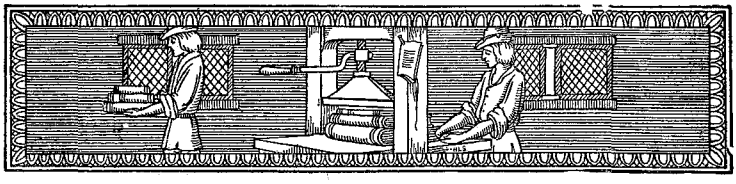
It is with regret we take up this volume for review, since truth compels us to call attention to its many faults. More than once we have mentioned Mr. Homer as one of the most promising of our minor poets, and his *Illiad* and *Odyssey* (Aristides, Hippias and Herodotus, Athens) gave evidence of some spark of the divine fire, although we have always contended that they were too lengthy. Still, we said frankly that we believed the two poems would be read for several years, and that parts of them might be familiar to our people for a decade or so, since portions have been included in *Choice Recitations for the School.*

In the new volume Mr. Homer leaves the field of Aeolic and Ionic legend in which he did fairly well as a versifier of narrative tales, and takes his stand—or fails to take it—among the real poets. It is one thing to write a long drawn out narrative in verse, and quite another to throw off one of those blazing pearls such as a real poem should be. We fear Mr. Homer has missed the idea entirely. Take for instance his "Rhapsody on the Outer Garb and Religious Relationships of a Young Male of Chios":

There was a young fellow of Chios
Whose peplum was cut on the bias:
It was made of goat skin
With the woolly side in,
But his mother's third husband was pious.

No doubt there is a whole story in this poem, but in our opinion it leaves too much to the imagination of the reader. If this is an argumentative poem, it, in our opinion, is a failure, for the last line seems to us to beg the question. If, on the other hand, it aims to tell the old legend of the ancient king of Chios (the name escapes us at the moment and our *History of Chios* is upstairs in the cedar chest) who for infidelity to the gods fell into such poverty that his children pawned their garments and went in goat skins, Mr. Homer makes undue use of his license, for the family fortunes were not restored by the third husband, but by the second, who worshipped Apollo properly. To take a noble old legend, introduce a third husband that did not exist, and cast an aspersion on a second husband by suggesting that he was not pious, when he was, is exceeding the limits of poetic propriety.

Of these "Later" poems of Mr. Homer we must speak in all frankness, and we do so when we say that in this case, at least, it is not better "late" than never. If Mr. Homer's friends have urged him to rush into print with this book we think, by this time, they Odyssey that he was Iliadvised.



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Napoleon in His Own Defence. Being a Reprint of Certain Letters Written by Napoleon from St. Helena to Lady Clavering, and a Reply by Theodore Hook. With which are incorporated Notes and an Essay on Napoleon as a Man of Letters. By Clement Shorter.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens. His Diary kept when a Prisoner at Fort Warren, Boston Harbour, 1865; giving incidents and Reflections of His Prison Life and Some Letters and Reminiscences. Edited, with a Biographical Study, by Myrta Lockett Avary.

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Leading American Men of Science. Edited by David Starr Jordan.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Elizabeth Bisland.

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, with Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Volume I. 1833-1835. Volume II. 1836-1838.

The John Lane Company:

A Princess of Strategy. The Life of Anne Louise Benedicte De Bourbon-Condé Du Maine. Translated from the French of General De Piépape by J. Lewis May.

Little, Brown and Company:

Heroes of California. The Story of the Founders of the Golden State as Narrated by Themselves or Gleaned from Other Sources. By George Wharton James.

The Macmillan Company:

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Volume I. 1804-1837.

Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. By Charles L. Graves.

Reminiscences. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Edited by Arnold Haultain, M.A.

Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska. An Autobiography.

Twenty Years at Hull-House, with Autobiographical Notes. By Jane Addams.

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Dante Alighieri: His Life and Works. By Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt.

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Moffat, Yard and Company:

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Charles Scribner's Sons:

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Lincoln and Herndon. By Joseph Fort Newton.

Wessels and Bissell Company:

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RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, POLITICS

American Unitarian Association:

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Broadway Publishing Company:

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The Oriental Rose, or the Teachings of Abdul Baha, which trace the Chart of "The Shining Pathway." By Mary Hanford Ford.

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Be Good to Yourself. By Orison Swett Marden.

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Echoes of Myself. Romantic Studies of the Human Soul. By Ivan Narodny.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Essence of Religion. By Borden Parker Bowne.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Psychic Science Series. By Edward B. Warman, A.M.
Vol. 5—Suggestion.
Vol. 6—Spiritism.
Vol. 7—Clairvoyance.
Vol. 8—Hindu Philosophy.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Common Sense in Politics. By Job E. Hedges.

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For God and the People: Prayers of the Social Awakening. By Walter Rauschenbusch.

Life and the Ideal. By J. Brierley.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Authorised Version of the Bible and Its Influence. By Albert S. Cook.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Story of Great Inventions. By Elmer Ellsworth Burns.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Home Rule. Speeches of John Redmond, M.P. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien.

The Torch Press:

Egypt and Israel. An Inquiry into the Influence of the More Ancient People upon Hebrew History and the Jewish Religion. And Some Investigation into the Facts and Statements Made as to Jesus of Nazareth. By William Brewer.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Big Game of Africa. By Richard Tjader.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Hawthorne's Country. By Helen Archibald Clarke.

Ways and Days Out of London. By Aida Rodman DeMilt.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

In Africa. Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country. By John T. McCutcheon.

Cassell and Company:

In the Heart of Africa. By the Duke Adolphus Frederick of Mecklenburg. Translated by C. E. Maberley-Oppler.

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A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

Duffield and Company:

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Henry Holt and Company:

The Toll of the Arctic Seas. By Deltus M. Edwards.

The J. B. Lippincott Company:

China Under the Empress Dowager. Being the History of the Life and Times of Tzu Hai. Compiled from State Papers and the Private Diary of the Comptroller of Her Household. By J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse.

Little, Brown and Company:

Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. The Earthquake and the American Relief Work. By Maud Howe.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Story of Old Japan. By Joseph H. Longford.

The Macmillan Company:

Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely. By Rev. Edward Conybeare.

Cuba. By Irene A. Wright.

Japan and the Japanese. By Walter Tyndale.

The Glory of the Shia World. The Tale of a Pilgrimage. Translated and Edited from a Persian Manuscript by Major P. M. Sykes, C.M.C., Assisted by Khan Bahadue Ahmad Din Khan.

The Old North Trail, or Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians. By Walter McClintock.

Home Life in Spain. By S. K. Bensusan.

L. C. Page and Company:

Royal Palaces and Parks of France. By Francis Miltoun.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Romance of Imperial Rome. By Elizabeth W. Champney.

The River and I. By John G. Neihardt.

Islam Lands: Nubia, The Sudan, Tunisia and Algeria. By Michael Myers Shoemaker.

Cathedrals and Cloisters of the Isle de France. (Including Bourges, Troyes, Reims and Rouen.) By Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis.

James Pott and Company:

The Walls of Constantinople. By Captain B. Granville Baker.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Florida Trails, as Seen from Jacksonville to Key West, and from November to April, Inclusive. By Winthrop Packard.

Fredrick A. Stokes Company:

Springs, Streams and Spas of London. History and Associations. By Alfred Stanley Foord.

Egypt of Yesterday and To-day. By Percy Withers, M.B., B.S.

Wessels and Bissell Company:

An Oberland Chalet. By Edith Elmer Wood.

A History of the War of Secession. 1861-1865. By Rossiter Johnson.

The John C. Winston Company:

The Mediterranean and Its Borderlands. By Joel Cook. Two Volumes.

EDUCATION

Cochrane Publishing Company:

How to Speak, Read and Write: A Primer in Rhetoric. By William Wilberforce Newton, D.D.

Ginn and Company:

The New Hudson Shakespeare. A Midsummer Night's Dream. Introduction and Notes by Henry Norman Hudson, LL.D. Edited and Revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black, LL.D., and Moses Grant Daniel, A.M.

Harvard University:

A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects. Lists of Books and Articles Selected and Described for the Use of General Readers. By Teachers in Harvard University.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Brief Grammar of the Portuguese Language with Exercises and Vocabularies. By John C. Branner, Ph.D., LL.D.

A First Book in English Literature. By Henry S. Pancoast and Percy VanDyke Shelly.

Natural Philosophy. By Wilhelm Ostwald. Translated by Thomas Seltzer.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

A History of Education in the United States Since the Civil War. By Charles F. L. Thwing.

The Macmillan Company:

The Essentials of Character. A Practical Study of the Aim of Moral Education. By Edward O. Sisson, Ph.D.

A Text-book on the Principles of Education. By Ernest Norton Henderson, Ph.D.

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Scott, Foresman and Company:

Selected Dramas of John Dryden, with Rehearsal. By George Billiers. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by George R. Noyes.

FICTION

Benziger Brothers:

Melchior of Boston. By Michael Earls, S.J.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

The Singing Mouse Stories. By Emerson Hough.

The Purchase Price, or the Cause of Compromise. By Emerson Hough.

Brentano's:

Nightshade. By Paul Gwynne.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Strength of the Weak. By Mary Dixon Thacker.

A Nest of Vipers. By Morgan D. Jones.

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Tennessee Mountaineers in Type. A Collection of Stories. By J. T. Essary.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Mayor of New York. A Romance of Days to Come. By L. P. Gratacap.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Eagle's Feather. By Emily Post.

George H. Doran Company:

The Golden Galleon. By Lucas Malet.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Adventures in Friendship. By David Grayson.

The Rules of the Game. By Stewart Edward White.

Duffield and Company:

The Drums of War. By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

Angela's Quest. By Lilian Bell.

Forbes and Company:

The Great Moments in a Woman's Life. By Emily Calvin Blake.

The Health-Culture Company:

Courtship Under Contract: The Science of Selection. A Tale of Woman's Emancipation. By James Henry Lovell Eager.

Henry Holt and Company:

Jean-Christophe. By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Gilbert Cannan.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Scottie and His Lady. By Margaret Morse.

Tales from the Old French. Translated by Isabel Butler.

The Winter Queen. Being the Unhappy History of Elizabeth Stuart, Electress Palatine, Queen of Bohemia. A Romance. By Marie Hay.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Readjustment. By Will Irwin.

The Black Cross Clove. A Story and a Study. By James Luby.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The End of Dreams. By Wood Levette Wilson.

October Vagabonds. By Richard Le Gallienne.

The Dawn Builder. By John G. Neihardt.

The J. B. Lippincott Company:

I Married a Soldier; or Days in the Old Army. By Lydia Spencer Lane.

The Golden Heart. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

The Macauley Company:

Simply Women. Selections from the Works of Marcel Prévost. Translated by R. I. Brandon Vauvillez.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Hidden Water. By Dane Coolidge.

Princess Sayrane. A Romance of the Days of Prester John. By Edith Ogden Harrison.

The Price of the Prairie: A Story of Kansas. By Margaret Hill McCarter.

The Spirit Trail. By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles.

The Macmillan Company:

Jim Hands. By Richard Washburn Child.

The Doctor's Christmas Eve. By James Lane Allen.

The History of a Conscript of 1813. By Erckmann-Chatrian.

The Metropolitan Press:

The Rose Coloured World, and other Fantasies. By Ethel Mary Brodie.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Are You My Wife? By Max Marcin.

The Freebooters of the Wilderness. By Agnes C. Laut.

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Hell-Fire Harrison. By W. D. Wattles.

Professional Publishing Company:

The Wizard of Damavant: A Tale of the Crusades. By J. Richardson Parke.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Handicap. A Novel of Pioneer Days. By Robert E. Knowles.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Bird in the Box. By Mary Mears.

Wessels and Bissell Company:

The Golden Road. By Frank Waller Allen.

Witter and Kintner:

Crow-Step. By Georgia Fraser.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Narrative Bible. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

Tales Come True and Tales Made New. By Margaret Coulson Walker.

Golden Books for Children Series: Robin Hood. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

The Arabian Nights. Edited by Anna Tweed.

George H. Doran Company:

Round the World in Seven Days. By Herbert Strang.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Earth and Sky Every Child Should Know. Easy Studies of the Earth and the Stars for any Time and Place. By Julia Ellen Rogers.

Duffield and Company:

Cookery for Little Girls. By Olive Hyde Foster.

Dana Estes and Company:

A Happy Little Time. A Partly True Story for Children of Betty's Age. By Laura E. Richards.

Harper and Brothers:

The Slant Book. By Peter Newell.

Henry Holt and Company:

Stories from the Chronicles of the Cid. By Mary W. Plummer.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Farm Book: Bob and Betty Visit Uncle John. Story and Pictures by E. Boyd Smith.

Tales from the Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Adapted by Josephine Brower.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Mopsa the Fairy. By Jean Ingelow.

Bimbi: Stories for Children. By Louisa de la Ramé (Ouida).

Norse Fairy Tales. Selected and Adapted from the Translations by Sir George Webbe Dasent.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard:

The Boy with the U. S. Foresters. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

The Macauley Company:

Boys and Girls from Dickens. Twenty of the Most Famous Children from the Works of Charles Dickens. Edited by Broughton Scott.

The Macmillan Company:

The Slowcoach. By Edward Verrall Lucas.

The Little King. A Story of the Childhood of Louis XIV., King of France. By Charles Major.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

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L. C. Page and Company:

Famous Scouts, Including Trappers, Pioneers and Soldiers of the Frontier. Their Hazardous and Exciting Adventures in the Mighty Drama of the White Conquest of the American Continent. By Charles H. L. Johnston.

A Texas Blue Bonnet. By Emilia Elliott.

Little Colonel Series: Mary Ware in Texas. By Annie Fellows Johnston.

Seven Little Wisemen. By Frances Margaret Fox.

Reilly and Britton Company:

The Aeroplane Express; or, The Boy Aeronaut's Grit. By Ashton Lamar.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

The Auto Boys' Quest. By James A. Braden.

The Wollopers. By Anne Hare.

Billy Whiskers Kidnapped. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

The John C. Winston Company:

Fairy Tales of All Nations. Famous Stories from the English, German, French, Italian, Arabic, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Bohemian, Japanese, and other Sources. Translated and Edited by Logan Marshall.

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The Abbey Classics: Snow-Bound, A Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier. With an Introduction by Walter Taylor Field.

George H. Doran Company:

Mr. Pickwick: Pages from the Pickwick Papers. With Illustrations in Colour by Frank Reynolds.

The Sleeping Beauty and Other Fairy Tales. From the Old French, Retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet. With Illustrations in Colour by W. G. Simmons.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie. By Richard Wagner. With Illustrations by Arthur Rackham.

Duffield and Company:

The Writing of *Fiona Macleod* (William Sharp). Uniform Edition. Poems and Dramas.

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The Romance of Tristram and Iseult. Translated from the French of Joseph Bédier by Florence Simmonds. Illustrated by Maurice Lalau.

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Silvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe.

Our Village. By Mary Mitford. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Richie. Illustrated.

Greek Studies: A Series of Essays. Collected Edition of the Works of Walter Pater.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. Two Volumes. New and Revised Edition.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Cambridge English Classics: The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Volume IX. Containing "The Sea-Voyage," "Wit at Several Weapons," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "Cupid's Revenge," "The Two Noble Kinsmen." Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Works of George Meredith (Memorial Edition):
Volume XIX. The Amazing Marriage.
Volume XX. Celt and Saxon.

The Centenary Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens:
Nicholas Nickleby. 2 Volumes.
A Child's History of England.

Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles: With the Funeral Oration of Pericles (Thucydides, ii, 35-46). Newly Translated, with Introduction and Notes. By Bernadotte Perrin.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Zodiac Birthday Book. By Beatrice Baxter Ruyl.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Dictionary of Hard Words. By Robert Morris Pierce.
Rugs in Their Native Land. By Eliza Dunn.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Complete Cynic. Being Bunches of Wisdom Culled from the Calendars of Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Addison Mizner.

Ebisu: The Luck God. By W. O. McGeehan.

A Book of Hospitality and a Record of Guests. With a Foreword on Old House Mottoes. By Arthur Guitermann.

Henry Holt and Company:

Uriel Acosta. By Karl Gutzkow. Edited with Introduction and Notes by S. W. Cutting and A. C. Von Noé.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Speeches in Stirring Times and Letters to a Son. Edited with Introductory Sketch and Notes by Richard H. Dana (3d).

The Spirit of Democracy. By Lyman Abbott.

B. W. Huebsch:

Democracy and the Overman. By Charles Zueblin.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Repertory Theatre A Record and a Criticism. By P. P. Howe.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Romance of the Ship. The Story of Her Origin and Evolution. By E. Keble Chatterton.

Under the Open Sky. Being a Year with Nature. By Samuel Christian Schmucker.

The Macmillan Company:

The Conflict of Colour: The Threatened Upheaval Throughout the World. By B. L. Putnam Weale.

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Love, Friendship and Good Cheer. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand.

Story Telling: What to Tell and How to Tell It. By Edna Lyman.

Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest. Especially of Washington and Oregon. Selected by Katharine Berry Judson.

In Town, and Other Conversations. By Janet Ayer Fairbank.

Handicrafts in the Home. By Mabel Tuke Priestman.

Artistic Homes. By Mabel Tuke Priestman.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Robinson Crusoe Library:
Backwoods Surgery and Medicine. By Charles Stuart Moody, M.D.

Camp Cookery. By Horace Kephart.

The Book of Camping and Woodcraft: A Guide Book for those who Travel in the Wilderness. By Horace Kephart.

The Percy Publishing Company:

The Art of the Short Story. By George W. Gerwig, Ph.D.

The Publisher's Weekly:

Whitaker's (London) Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, 1910. Three Volumes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

African and European Addresses by Theodore Roosevelt. With an Introduction presenting a Description of the Conditions under which the Addresses were given during Mr. Roosevelt's Journey in 1910 from Khartum through Europe to New York. By Lawrence F. Abbott.

Lords of Industry. By Henry Demarest Lloyd.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

How to Know Architecture. The Human Elements in the Evolution of Styles. By Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A.

The Conflict Between Individualism and Collectivism in a Democracy. Three Lectures by Charles W. Eliot.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Conservation of Water. By John L. Mathews.

What Eight Million Women Want. By Rheta Childe Door.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Gardens Near the Sea. The Making and Care of Gardens on or near the Coast with Reference also to Lawns and Grounds and to Trees and Shrubbery. By Alice Lounsberry.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness. By S. Hesketh Prichard, F.Z.S., with a Foreword by Frederick Courteney Selous.

The Lady: Studies of Certain Significant Phases of Her History. By Emily James Putnam.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.

Juveniles

1. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. The Lakerim Cruise. Hughes. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.20.
6. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.20.

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NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.
3. Camera Adventures in African Wilds. Dugmore. (Doubleday, Page.) $6.00.
4. Pages from the Book of Paris. Hornby. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.20.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Dixie Hart. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Recruiting for Christ. Stone. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Siegfried. Huckel. (Crowell.) 75 cents.
4. Mind, Power and Privileges. Olston. (Crowell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Man's Man. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. At the Villa Rose. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
2. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Grover Cleveland. Gilder. (Century Co.) $1.80.

JUVENILES

1. Hero Tales of the Far North. Riis. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Crashaw Brothers. Pier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putman.) $1.35.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. The Village of the Vagabond. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. An Affair of Dishonor. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Hunting with the Eskimos. Whitney. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. An American Citizen. Baldwin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.
4. The Lust of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. A Freshman Co. Ed. Lee. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Range and Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.50.
3. The Lakerim Cruise. Hughes. (Century Co.) $1.50.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor's Christmas Eve. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Hunting with the Eskimos. Whitney. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Story Telling. Lyman. (McClurg.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. Winning his "Y." Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. With Lyon in Missouri. Dunn. (McClurg.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. The Court of Lucifer. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Rheingold and Valkyrie. Illustrated by Rackham. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Poets of Ohio. Venerable. (Clarke.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Parrish. (Duffield.) $2.50.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Prodigal Pro. Tem. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Dethronement of the City Boss. Hamilton. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.20.
2. The Education of the Will. Poyot. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
3. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Everyday Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Fight for Conservation. Pinchot. (Doubleday, Page.) 60 cents.
3. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Animal Why Book. Pycraft. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.

Juveniles

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales Books. Lee. (Penn.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Caravaners. By the Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. A Man's Man. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. My Mark Twain. Howells. (Harper.) $1.40.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Prosperity Through Thought Force. Lelland. $1.00.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Successful Wife. Dorset. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. An Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Strength of the Weak. Thacker. (Broadway.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) $1.50.
5. The Green Patch. Von Hutten. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. A Successful Wife. Dorset. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Manual of Spiritual Fortification. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Cupid's Cyclopedia. Clay and Herford. (Scribners.) $1.00.
3. A Garden of Girls. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
4. Poems of Oscar Wilde. (Luce.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. An Annapolis First Classman. Beach. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Midshipman Ralph Osbourne at Sea. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. The Stirring Wheel. Wason. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Hunting with the Eskimos. Whitney. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. Comfort. Black. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.

Juveniles

1. Hilda of the Hippodrome. Paine. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Greatest Wish in the World. Thurston. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. An Affair of Dishonour. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. His Hour. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Let the Roof Fall in. Danby. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. Hamilton. (Scribner.) $3.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Keith of the Border. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
3. Madame X. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON FICTION

1. Along the Old North Trail. McClintock. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. The Battle of the Wilderness. Shaff. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. The Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt. Ed. by Lang. (Dodge.) $5.00.
4. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Dave Porter of Starr Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Larry Burke, Freshman. Odell. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. Cynthia's Chauffeur. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. John Winterbourne's Family. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. Among Friends. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Guide. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oregon Geology. Condon. (Gill.) $1.75.
2. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Varieties of Religious Experience. James. (Longmans.) $3.20.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Impostor. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Caravaners. By the Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Optimist's Good-Night. Perin. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Darius Green and His Flying Machine. Trowbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Kingsford, Quarter. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Winning His "Y." Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romantic California. Peixotto. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Rewards and Fairies. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Purchase Price. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Wonder Book. Hawthorne. (Duffield.) $2.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. No Man's Land. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Holy Land. Hichens. (Century Co.) $6.00.
2. The Song of the Stone Wall. Keller. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Clever Betsy. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Justice. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Hollow Tree. Snowed-In Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Rest Harrow. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Gold Brick. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Sunshine Annie. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Rose in the Ring. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Rules of the Game. White. (Musson.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. Freebooters of the Wilderness. Laut. (Musson.) $1.50.
3. Christmas Day in the Evening. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
4. A Christmas Mystery. Locke. (Lane.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Scouting for Boys. Powell. (Briggs.) 30 cents.
2. The Scout Annual. (Pearson.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Master of the Vineyard. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Recollections of a Soldier's Life. McKim. (Longmans.) $2.00.
2. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with the U. S. Foresters. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. The Animal Why Book. Pycroft. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. Rainy Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Flamsted Quarries. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
6. Burning Daylight. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romantic Days in Old Boston. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
2. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Frank. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tales of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any	list	receives		10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	178
2. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.....	150
3. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	127
4. The Siege of the Seven Suitors. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.....	123
5. The Rules of the Game. White. (Doubleday, Page) $1.40.....	100
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.....	99

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